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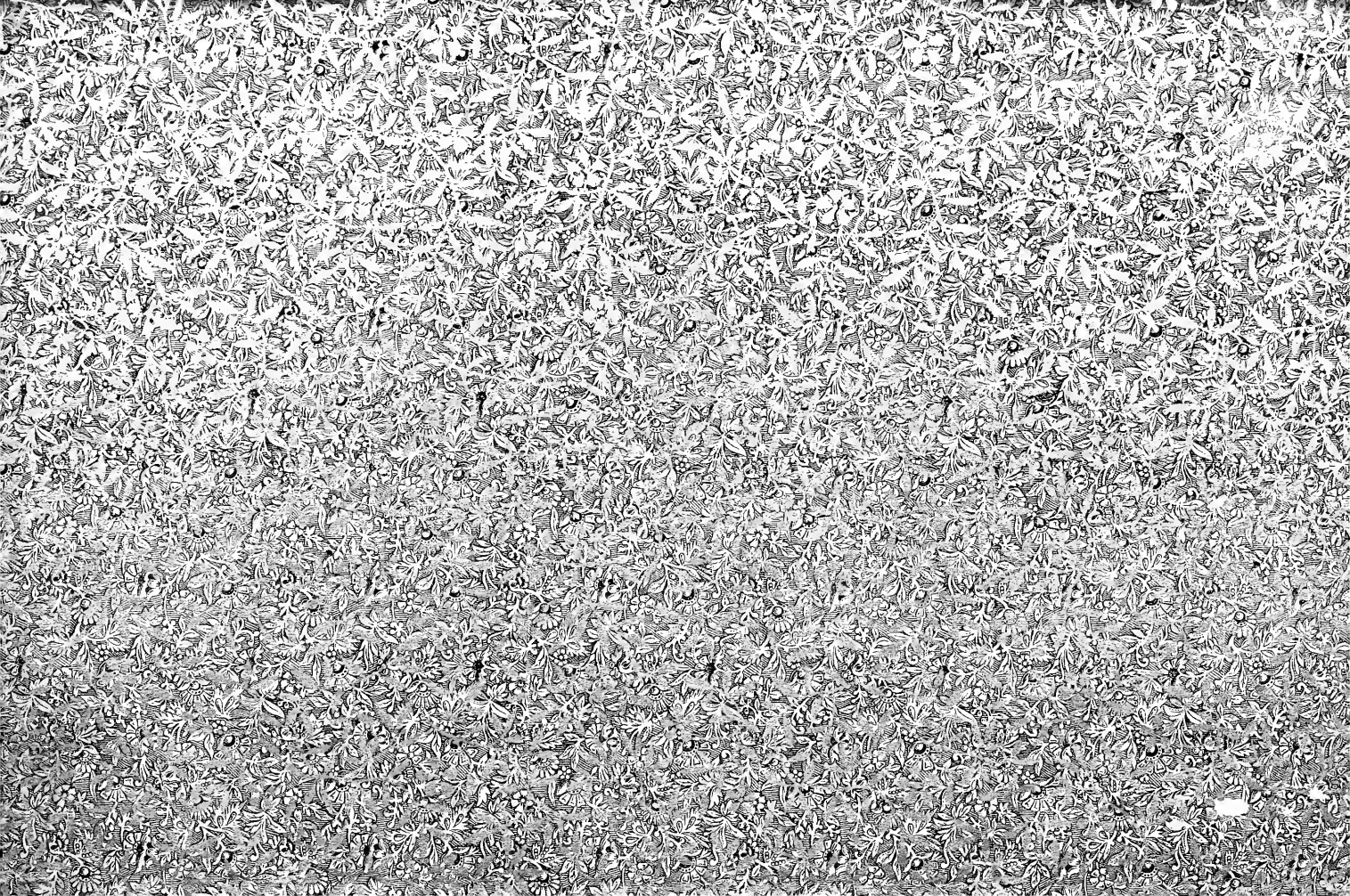

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The Sorosis

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AMERICANIZING THE ALIEN THROUGH EDUCATION

Before I take up the problem of Americanizing the Alien through Education, perhaps it would be interesting to the reader to know what has led me to choose this subject and to interest me in the investigation of it. For three years I have worked with foreigners, adults and children, and it is by contact with them that the necessity of educating them came upon me with full force

The first year in which I did practical Social Service work, I came into contact only with very young children in a Temporary Home for Children under the auspices of The Improvement for the Poor in Pitsburgh. The problem of education concerned not so much the children as it did their parents. The results of a lack of education manifested themselves in the parents' inability to keep their children at home, the fathers' inability to secure work which undoubtedly they could have secured had they been educationally efficient, and the parents' lack of ability and judgment to keep the family together. And so in nine cases out of ten, the cause for the separation of the family was the parents' lack of education.

The second year, when I was leader of a club of girls of High School age, I made personal visits to the home of each of the girls, thereby coming in contact with and getting acquainted with the mothers and sometimes the fathers of these girls. Although in many cases the parents were educated enough to speak English, still in many others this ability was lacking. In one case the mother could not even understand English, and I carried on a conversation with her through her daughter as an interpreter.

The need for education of the parents became more impressed upon me.

This year while doing investigation work for the Magee Hospital and going each week into a different home, almost every case being that of a foreigner, I became more interested in the subject and have been led to invstigate the efforts being made to educate the alien, through not only books and bulletins, but through personal visits to Night Schools. And so it is with a natural interest in the subject through past experiences, and with a hope for future personal usefulness along these lines, that I have compiled this paper on "Americanizing the Alien Through Education."

The American people have recently been waking up to the fact that although there exists in our country a growing need for economic, educational, and social development, there is also need of a movement just as fundamental as these, the development of which will greatly facilitate the solution of the former problems—the need of Americanizing the aliens who come to our shores. We are beginning to realize that peoples living side by side do not necessarily constitute the nation and that quite as important as our economic and industrial problems, is the problem of creating one nation out of many peoples. "Only the organized assistance of industry and the utilization of definite methods of education can make it possible for this country within any reasonable length of time to unify the present heterogeneous factors in our national life. and substitute for a 'babel of tongues' the English language; substitute for a half-dead loyalty to the familiar old country—and a half-active loyalty to the unknown new one—an understanding and unequivocal American citizenship; for the old country homes in American cities and mill and mining towns, American homes with American standards of living; for the vague mixture of memories and aspirations that characterizes these men without a country, a vivid and alert patriotism. It is being borne in upon our minds that in order to develop an efficient and harmonious union of many peoples into one nation, there are at least three prime essentials: (1) A

common language with a minimum amount of illiteracy; (2) a common citizenship including similar ideals, beliefs, standards and customs, and symbolized by the oath of allegiance to America; (3) a high standard of living which in a democratic country tends to diminish disaffection and disloyalty at critical times and at strategic points."

These three essentials are so closely related to and so dependent upon each other that separation in the developing of them is difficult. So much has been done and is being done in all parts of the United States, especially in the so-called "Immigrant Cities" toward fitting the alien for American citizenship and toward raising his ideals and his standards of living that the results are astounding. The success of the movements is due to the co-operation of various agencies interested in promoting the welfare of the alien—Chambers of Commerce, Public Libraries, Boards of Education, Churches, Social Agencies, such as the Associated Charities, the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., Boy Scouts, Women's Clubs and individuals. When the efforts of these various agencies become co-ordinate and democratic, when the aims of one become the aims of the others, and when the ultimate goal for which they are working becomes "Americanization of the Alien" in its broadest sense, success is inevitable. But both "training the alien for citizenship" and "raising the standards of the alien" are inexhaustible subjects in themselves, and space does not permit their treatment here.

Let us shift our interest to the movement upon which these others depend—that of Americanizing the alien through education. For after all, education is the first requisite toward Americanization, and the other movements are so built upon it that education must necessarily be the first, as well as the most important step.

In the work of Americanization, so long neglected, now so urgent, many functions of government and society are concerned, such as our employment systems, our courts, and our social protective organizations. But all of these must co-operate with our public school systems if the best results are to be obtained; for

the Americanization of our foreign-born workmen is too vast a project for one force alone. The swiftest hope of America lies in the active, practical co-operation of all agencies. Teaching citizenship and the English language to immigrants is a legitimate part of the public policy. It belongs to the public schools and the courts of every community, aided by every civic force. The greatest service the industries of any community can render to themselves and to the social destiny of their community and to the cause of our national solidarity is to "back their organized support solidly up against the public school system in the task of making English speaking residents and citizens of every family in the community."

The problem is an acute one, the seriousness of which increases every year. What is the reason for this? "A century and a half ago, it was determined that English should henceforth be the language of the land. From the beginning of the colonial period, English has been the language of the great majority of the arrivals, from across the sea, and it continued to be for many years thereafter. . . . So long as the newcomers were of Teutonic stock, the problem of educating the aliens presented no serious difficulty. With the change in the character of the immigrant tide, however, when immigrants began to come from southern and eastern Europe, new difficulties presented themselves. It beame evident that the United States must 'raise these newcomers to the literary level of its own people,' and to make it imperative that they be held responsible not only for obeying the laws and regulations of their adopted country, but also for the acquiring of the English language."

And thus it is that immigrant education becomes one of our most vital problems. From the legal standpoint, immigrant education deals with three quite distinct groups: (1) Children who come within the provisions of the compulsory school attendance law (usually up to 14 or 15 years); (2) youth of both sexes between the close of the compulsory school attendance period and the close of the school age period (18 or 20 years); and (3) all above the age limit just indicated, who may be termed

adults from the school age point of view. It is to this last group that our attention is turned for the present. Teaching the adult immigrant is a very different problem from teaching the child immigrant. It is not only a question of providing courses in English and kindred subjects, but rather of giving the immigrant the kind of instruction which will help him become adjusted to his surroundings as rapidly as possible and of "giving him the practical knowledge that will help him to find the way for himself." This country, then, faces a very serious social problem created by the nature of the recent heavy immigration which is composed mainly of Slavs and Italians, who, in their folkways, their habits of mind and life, in their traditions and phychic reactions, are very different from the people into whose midst they have come. They may be, and they are, possessed of great gifts and latent possibilities that will prove at some future day a great asset to this country, but, for the time being, they present a serious problem, that of adjustment. In attempting to meet this problem, the effort we put forth is to teach the foreign speaking man, reared under such different conditions and acquainted with different institutions, to adapt himself to a new environment and thus to become a more useful citizen, a better worker, and a more congenial neighbor. "For this purpose, American educational facilties should be utilized to lead him to the ways of American civilization."

"The education of the immigrant adult should begin on shipboard when these people have nothing to do but to listen and to learn." During the two weeks of passage they are particularly alive to the best ideals that we can give them. Trained social workers appointed by civil service examinations should be selected for the work, "to start these new Americans on the road toward good citizenship and to warn them against the dangers which await them." The social worker could act as a guardian of the people against abuse from deck hands, he could plan concerts in which the foreigner could take part, and he could stimulate their interest in the "New Country" by conducting classes in English each day and by relating to and teaching the aliens

interesting facts about the land of their destination. The greatest value in teaching them on shipboard lies in the fact that they are stimulated to continue studying in the evening schools after they have landed.

The establishment of evening schools for teaching foreigners has increased doubly in the last decade, until a vast and effective system has been developed, whereby the alien is educated through co-operaitve efforts of the nation, state and city. But the development has been slow, having been retarded by many unavoidable obstacles and delays. Problems such as the selection and requirements of teachers, the methods of teaching and the content of instruction have not been as yet adequately systematized, nor have such requirements been made uniform. Each city is therefore responsible to a degree for the way it handles such problems, and consequently the lack of uniformity detracts from the good results that might otherwise be obtained. However, there are a few fundamental requirements and regulations which are adopted by practically all the schools.

The difficulty of securing the best type of teacher presents a serious problem. The qualification of teachers for adult foreigners has been the subject of considerable dispute, chiefly because of the difference of opinion that exists with regard to the use of English or the foreign language in instruction. It is claimed on the one hand that a teacher who uses the English language only will not usually compel the student to use that language; while on the other hand, others claim that the teacher who speaks the foreign language will be apt to use it too frequently in making explanations and consequently the pupils will fail to acquire the habit of thinking in English. Years ago, we are told by an educator, it was thought necessary for a teacher to have knowledge of the foreign tongue, but, he goes on, "we found that many of the foreigners who were accepted as teachers because of that requirement were very poor in other respects and we did better with our own teachers who knw how to go about the work and how to manage a class." Other qualities than that of ability to speak the foreigners' language have proved more

important. For instance, a teacher who instructs immigrant classes should be healthy and vigorous; should possess originality, resourcefulness, enthusiasm, perseverance and sympathy; should know the students personally; and should be well versed in their occupations and interests in order to connect the lesson with their daily lives. In no other branch of instruction does the personality of the teacher count for so much. It goes without saying that he should know how to teach. Far more important than methods of instruction, however, are interest in the pupil and enthusiasm in the work. Immigrants are truly strangers and they must feel not only that they are learning, but that the instructor has a peculiar interest in each pupil. He should know something of each individual's life, occupation, and home surroundings. The teacher, too, should be able to realize what the background of the immigrant's experience is. "The right professional spirit is the most important requirement of a teacher of foreigners; the spirit of earnest and sincere sympathy with the work which evening schools are attempting to accomplish among immigrants; the spirit of one who assumes the work, not for the compensation, which is often inadequate, but for the love of the work and for the sake of doing good to the state and to his fellow men."

The methods of teaching also are in a chaotic condition. There are about five general methods of instruction employed by various teachers and instructors throughout the country. First is the visual method which is employed more extensively than the others and is used by practically all teachers. The teacher points out an object in the room, names it, and asks the class to repeat the name after her. Many texts are so constructed as to bring this method into use in the first few lessons. While this method is frequently carried to the extreme, still it is valuable in the teaching of names of objects and the expressions concerning them; it is practically useless, however, in dealing with expressions of motion and with abstract ideas.

In a sense, the laboratory method is the outgrowth of the visual method. It differs in taking advantage not only of the ordinary class room objects, but of other objects important in

the class room for more detailed conversation. The chief method is to take the class on an excursion into some factory, city department, or institution, where practical, intelligent discussion concerning the environment is carried on. A teacher in one of the Rochester (N. Y.) schools employs this method quite successfully. He takes his class out upon the street and holds conversations with them, teaching expressions with reference to direction, buildings, streets, and local environments. He also takes his class to the nearest police station and fire department where similar instruction is given. This is probably the closest approach to the ideal method of teaching English to foreigners that has yet been devised.

The so-called "dramatic method" of teaching English has come into vogue in recent years, following the widely known work of Gorin, and more recently by the efforts of Dr. Peter Roberts of the Y. M. C. A. Dr. Roberts has devised a text book with action as the starting point. In this method the teacher goes through some motion or act, at the same time pronouncing the appropriate expression in English and asking the pupils to repeat the expression after him, thus: "I go to the door, I turn the knob, I open the door." This method proved to be of value in teaching expressions with respect to motion and action, but is wholly inadequate in teaching expressions regarding objects and abstract ideas. Teachers who employ this method habitually are likely to use too many expressions during the class hour, and as a consequence confuse the class. The chief criticism is that expressions taught in this way are not of any particular value to the student in carrying on a conversation.

The vernacular method brings into play the native language of the pupils taught, and depends for its success upon the teacher's fluency and efficiency in the foreign tongue. The value of it lies in the ease with which rules of grammar, technical terms, idiomatic expressions and terms concerning abstract ideas can be explained to the pupils. It has been severely criticized by school authorities on the ground that there is danger of the teachers using too much of the native language of the pupil. This is

perhaps true to an extent, but the definite rule that the foreign language should be employed only for the purpose of making a necessary explanation when it is impossible to explain the expression felt by the pupil. Once this is done, it becomes unnecessary to use the foreign togue further, and "attention can then be devoted to the important thing in language instruction, i. e., associating the idea directly and immediately with expressions concerning it."

The fifth type, the technical method, has its advantages and its disadvantages. In the first place it is absolutely necessary that a certain amount of technical instruction be given as a foundation to the pupil, but the advance must be slow and careful, for we cannot expect too much of an alien absolutely ignorant of our technical terms. This method should not be carried to such an extreme as it was carried by a teacher in one of the Cleveland schools. This particular teacher spoke English almost perfectly and although his pupils could neither speak nor understand it, he carefully explained to them about inflections, voices, moods, tenses, numbers and persons. He then told them they were to conjugate "to have" and "to be." After this was explained to them in their own language, the pupils went to the board and began to write, "I have, thou hast, he has," and "I am, thou art he is," etc. The teacher explained that "art" was the second person, singular, indicative mood, present tense of the substantive verb, "be." Although entirely successful results cannot be obtained by the use of one of these methods alone, the wise teacher will accomplish his aim by use of all the methods, adapting at his own discretion, the methods best suited to each particular circumstance and to each class.

With an idea of what methods have proven most successful, let us consider which the content of instruction should be. "It is the duty of the evening schools to provide a motive to the foreigner, to create in him an abiding interest in this country and its institutions. What, then, are the subjects best fitted for the attainment of his end? First and foremost it is English, and secondly such subjects as history, civics, geography, with par-

ticular reference to our institutions, customs and manners. When we consider the question how to make the foreigner socially efficient, we again find that the most fitting subjects are the English language, portions of industrial geography, and elementary knowledge of trades, and business customs and manners. The teacher must not forget that the primary function is the teaching of English, and not geography and mathematics. He usually commences the evening's work with conversation, the subject of which should be based on the foreigner's experience. It should be about his work, home, country or business relations. What the teacher must do is to give his pupils English equivalents. He must teach them to express these words in such a way that they will be understood. Conversation should be made the basis of instruction. Drill in phonetics, concert reading, and individual reading will lead up to conversation. The unaccustomed ear must be made accustomed to the sound of words and phrases. Grammar should be taught in connection with each lesson; at times, however, it must take a minor place on the program, for dry, formal technique will fail to hold the interest of any group. Spelling is the stumbling block to most foreigners. "His language is generally phonetic, while ours is not; hence the difficulty." Therefore we have the double task of breaking old habits and forming new ones. Teachers would be willing to conform to an established system if they only had access to suitable text books on which they could base their work. But "suitable text books have not yet been compiled. The field is very large. The immigrants are of different types, with very different degrees of preparation. Each requires special treatment, and nobody has yet mapped out in detail the specific treatment for each class." The work is yet to be done, and until it is done, it will fall upon the individual teacher to adapt the methods she considers best suited to her classes. From the inadequate supply of text books on hand, she could select those in which the subject matter is organized and adapted to the use of foreigners. When conversing, she could teach expressions that bear on the immigrant's daily life. He is little interested in learning such sentences as: "I am a little yellow

bird. I can sing. I can fly. I can sing to you''; or such poems as ''Little drops of water, little grains of sand,''etc. Practical conversation arouses deeper interest, as: ''Where do you work? I am working at the steel plant. Where is the steel plant? It is on Mill street. How many days a week do you work? I work six days a week.'' And so, only by arousing and sustaining the interest of the immigrant in the language and people with which he is surrounded that he will continue his attendance at evening school shall we be able to accomplish our desire—the education of our aliens. And the content of instruction at these evening schools is the basis of decision, as to whether he will or will not continue to come.

In spite of the vital need for the education of the immigrant alien, public facilities for educating him are as yet scarce. Evening school authorities, taking the country as a whole, do not yet seem ''alive to the necessity of bringing their schools to the attention of the people whom they ought to reach. Too frequently, a hit or miss plan is followed, if indeed plans are not altogether neglected. Training af adults in English and civics has not been considered a primary and essential function of the school system. Evening schools through which only adults can be reached effectively, have usually been regarded as adjuncts to the day school system; hence they are maintained only when funds can be spared or eked out. Adequate facilities for adults are rarely organized and maintained as an organic part of the educational system with a specific appropriation and unified supervision. In fact, the education of the immigrant has been left too largely to the well intentioned by sporadic interest and effort or private organization and individuals. Even in places where evening schools have been established, it is evident that effective supervision, until just recently, has been practically neglected, if the country as a whole is to be considered. Relatively few cities are attempting it at all, and the number attacking the problem effectively is insignficant. The provision of public facilities may therefore be treated at present and for some time to come as a legitimate extension activity for the educational system. It is

with this conception in mind that the United States Bureau of Education has for a considerable period been engaged in promoting the extension of facilities for the education of the immigrant over the compulsory attendance age. Activity along these lines has been made effective by the organization of a Division of Immigrant Education with a staff of experts and assistants specializing in the subject in hand.

With the assistance of this staff, innumerable evening schools for foreigners have been established in cities all over the United States, the movement having spread even to small towns where mills and industries employ a large number of immigrants. Pittsburgh must be enumerated among the cities that have made great progress in the Americanization movement through Education. Besides several "Evening High Schools" which are mostly for young working men and women, Pittsburgh maintains a well organized evening school for immigrant adults—the Franklin Night School. During a recent visit there, I observed that no one particular method of teaching was adhered to, but a combination of the Visual, the Laboratory, the Dramatic, the Vernacular and the Technical proved most satisfactory as each case demanded it. Both men and women teachers were employed. An unusual interest in the work was displayed not only by the teachers but by the eager aliens. It was almost pitiful to see old men and old women (these cases were exceptional, but there were a few old persons) with their wistful faces and child-like faith in the instructors, trying intently to follow the sounds of letters and words and to trace them from the blackboard. The reading aloud by them of the word or of the single sentences, the struggle to get just the right inflection, the giving of themselves to this great effort, was a tremendous thing to see. It was courage personified—it was the keen desire to keep up with their children, to know for themselves the things they were living in the midst of, to get to the point of writing and speaking a common language.

Another city in which progress has recently been noticeable is Rochester, N. Y. Above has been quoted the instance of the

Rochester instructor who, using the Labratory method, is getting such significant results. Another advantage of the Rochester plan is summed up in the following statement. "This part of our work (supervision) is in charge of our Director of Immigrant Education, who prepares the outlines, supervises the teaching and conducts normal classes for the training of teachers."

Detroit is also a typical immigrant city. Attracted by the lure of heavy demands for labor and good wages, foreign workmen have flocked there by the scores of thousands. Business men were quick to recognize the need for Americanizing these people and they wisely turned to the evening schools as the means for accomplishing this purpose. Backed by the Chamber of Commerce, a city wide campaign was opened in 1915 with "co-operation of all available forces" as the watch word. Employees of labor, churches, municipal departments, social and philosophical organizations, employment agencies, and clubs all "pulled" together. As a first result, "an increase of 153 per cent in the registration of evening schools was reported. It is yet too early to express an opinion as to the ultimate effects or results of this campaign. Such initial success, however, is a harbinger of greater effectiveness for the future."

Cleveland too has discovered that the most important instrumentality for the instruction of the adult immigrant is the public night school. Cleveland has maintained night schools for the past 35 years. The first one was established in 1880 and had for its object the instruction of boys and young men who had left school early or had not been so fortunate as to receive any regular education. The first school was supported partly by the Newsboys' and Bootblacks' Home and partly by the Board of Education. Its work proved so successful that the Board took over its control and proceeded to establish other similar schools elsewhere in the city. Very soon the character of the work began to change. More and more non-English speaking men attended until finally the evening schools have become almost exclusively devoted to the instruction of foreigners in the English language. The evening schools in Cleveland in-

creased in scope and importance until they became a large educational enterprise, enrolling in the school year of 1914-15 more than 1,100 students. In addition to their regular work, the evening schools established, three years ago, classes in citizenship for the benefit of aliens desiring to secure naturalization papers. Such a movement was one of vital importance since Cleveland's record in the matter of unnaturalized aliens was poorer than that of almost any other city. In spite of the optimism of the educational officials of the Cleveland school system concerning the quality of the work, the members of the Cleveland Survey Staff, after careful investigation, concluded that the work done in these classes is far from ranking high in either quality or amount. While there were many enthusiastic teachers and hundreds of eagerly conscientious pupils, the class room work was deficient in unity, method and intelligent direction. The trouble seemed to lie in the fact that the methods of insruction were not intelligently adapted to the needs and abilities of the pupils. There seemed to be no effective supervision, no plan for improving the teachers, and no effort to find out which of the many methods used produced the best results. It is the conviction of the members of the Survey Staff that reorganization of the evening school system is essential, and they are confident that through efficient leadership and wise reorganization, the system can be improved and raised to its former high standard.

But the movement is not confined to large cities alone. Just last winter, a small class for the teaching of foreigners was organized in Warren, Pa., a town of about 15,000 inhabitants. The Superintendent of Public Schools, realizing the necessity for such a class, and also realizing that the board could scarcely afford to hire an instructor, very generously assumed the responsibility of supervising the class himself with no thought of material compensation. In spite of the limited number of pupils, three distinct "grades" were being taught. Those who had a fair knowledge of English were being instructed in the fundamental principles of the government of the United States. The lessons were based on text book work which was read aloud and

then explained by the pupils, when possible, with the help of the superintendent. For a new class, the system was working remarkably well. The ultimate results are not yet able to be computed.

Taking things as they are, then, generally and specifically, and assuming the general chaotic condition in which our evening schools are at present, the next step to be taken by all states and schools toward acquiring unity both in instruction and in content and method, is the adoption of uniform methods and standards in the organization and administration of immigrant education. A more vital interest in this serious problem is being awakened as can be seen by the attempts at amelioration by town, city, state and government. All are beginning to realize that the English language and a knowledge of the civic forces of the country are indispensible. All are coming to the conclusion that America is facing now not simply the Economic problems of giving the immigrant a chance as a piece of benevolent paternalism, but that in the large number of unassimilated groups in our factories and towns, we are facing also a vast social problem involving our national unity, the preservation of a uniform ideal of citizenship, the maintenance of industrial peace, and the consercation of a social ideal based on the use of English language, a regard for American citizenship and American standards of living. And it is only by overcoming the inability to speak English by eliminating illiteracy among aliens, and by installing the ideas, attitudes and habits of thought of America , that we can hope to make real citizens of the strangers within our gates."

Martha J. Crandall, '17.

THE REMEDY.

Mrs. Faber sat with her sewing in the window seat. Opposite her a little girl sat silently looking at a book of pictures. The child was tastefully, almost fastidiously dressed. Her hair hung in glossy black ringlets around her forehead and neck. The features of her face were unusually regular for a child. The little

staight nose and chin made her look older than her four years. Her cheeks were flushed a vivid pink. From time to time, Mrs. Faber glanced inquiringly at her. Once she frowned.

"Helen, look at me," she said abruptly.

The child started imperceptibly, and raised her eyes with a wondering expression. They were unusually bright.

"Do you feel all right, Helen? Mrs. Faber's voice had a startled tone.

"Yes, mother, I'm not sick," the child answered. A faint smile on the child's face seemed to reassure the mother and she resumed her sewing. For a few minutes there was silence, save for an occasional turning of a page by the child.

Finally, Mrs. Faber turned to the window. A man was coming up the path.

"Helen," she said. "Your father's coming."

The child's face lit up with joy.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and with a bound was out into the hall. Mrs. Faber stopped to fold up her sewing. She sighed softly. From the hall came shouts of childish laughter, breaking the dead stillness which had reigned in the house but a few minutes before.

She went out into the hall and encountered her husband galloping back and forth with the child perched on his shoulder. He come to a stand still at sight of his wife and grinned.

"Well, Horace!" she exclaimed.

Helen clung to him. A mischievous smile curled her lips. The little arms encircled his neck in a vigorous hug.

"O-ooh! I love you daddy!" she cried. She caught her mother's eye. Her expression changed a little. Then with almost a chuckle she added. "Daddy, mother has a pretty chin!"

Mr. Faber broke into loud laughter. "That's diplomacy, now—" he broke off shortly as he noticed the grim smile on his wife's face.

"Come, Helen. Time to eat," he announced. He stooped down and the child slid to the floor. "Dinner ready, Margaret?" he asked.

'Yes, if you're done with your nonsense I'll tell Mary to serve it. Horace, you know what I told you about 'spoiling'. Helen, don't pull at daddy's hand that way!''

''Oh, bosh,'' her husband ejaculated and disappeared with the child into the living room.

In a few minutes, his wife appeared again. Helen was sitting on his lap, her eyes fastened on his face. ''And then the big wolf said to Red Riding Hood,'' he was saying.

Mrs. Faber stifled an impatient retort.'' ''Come to dinner,'' she said shortly. She turned to the child as Mr. Faber rose and passed into the dining room.

''Helen, how did you get your dress so wrinkled?'' she demanded. ''Aren't you ashamed?''

''When I was playing, mother.'' Helen answered quietly.

''You don't get your dresses wrinkled like that all day long with all your playing!'' Mrs. Faber's tone was impatient.

''Yes, but mother, you don't ever get dresses wrinkled just playing with books and dolls!''

Mrs. Faber went into the dining room and Helen followed. The meal progressed quietly. Now and then there was a conventional remark. Mrs. Faber watched her husband and Helen ''flirting'' at each other across the table. Occasionally a ripple of laughter escaped the child's lips as she more vigorously than artfully winked at her father. Once she noticed Mrs. Faber watching, and immediately her face became sober.

Dinner over the three went again to the sitting room. Helen climbed to the arm of her father's chair and laid her arm quietly against his shoulder as he spread out his newspaper before him. Mrs. Faber picked up her sewing again.

Somewhere a clock struck eight. Helen glanced at Mrs. Faber and snuggled closer against her father.

''Helen, bed time!'' Mrs. Faber announced.

Mr. Faber laid aside his paper. Helen sighed and slipped to the floor.

''Good night, daddy!'' she said. An afterthought brought a

roguish wink to her eye, she turned to her mother. "Good night, mother," she said simply.

She trudged slowly into the hall. On the stairs the sound of her footsteps stopped. Mr. Faber leaned forward in his chair and answered a wave of the hand. The footsteps were resumed and soon were faintly heard overhead.

"Margaret!" he exclaimed, "It's awful to be so strict with that child. Hereafter, I intend to take her upsairs. I can't bear to see her go alone when I know she's scared to death!"

"There you are!" Mrs. Faber responded. "All the good I can accomplish during the day you spoil at night. You teach her to be boisterous by romping all over the house with her Then you tell those horrible stories that children ought never to be told. And you teach her impertinent tricks! I'm discouraged. You just won't understand!"

"Oh, don't think it easy for me," she resumed. "I don't like to be flattered instead of loved. She heard you teasing me about a pretty chin, the other day. She hears everything."

"But Margaret, you needn't be so strict," Mr. Faber pleaded. "She's only a child."

"I do have to be strict, Horace. If she were our own it would be different, but I have to be on my guard against every one of her little faults as it is. I can't take a chance with her when we know so little of her."

Mr. Faber turned again to his paper and buried himself in it. Mrs. Faber sat for a time with the sewing untouched in her lap, then rose and left the room. She walked quietly up the stairs and went on tip toe to the door of Helen's room. The child was asleep. Mrs. Faber walked to her bedside and stooped over her. The cheeks looked more flushed against the white pillow. She passed her hand over the little face. It was hot. She watched her anxiously. The breathing seemed regular.

"I guess it's nothing," she murmured. She stooped and kissed the round soft cheek and left the room.

* * * * * * * *

The quiet of the night had long settled on the house but Mrs. Faber lay wide awake. A vague fear possessed her. Twice she had gone to look at the child sleeping in the next room. A door leading into it from her room stood open. Unconsciously she listened for the sound of breathing. Suddenly she started. There was now an unmistakable catch in the breath.

In a moment she was in the next room and had flashed on the light. With every breath there was a sharper catch. Finally, with a little gasp, the child awoke. She stared up at her foster mother.

"Daddy!" she called.

Mrs. Faber winced a little. She hurried to the door.

"Horace!" she called, "Horace!" A muffled answer responded. "Telephone for Dr. Brown; Helen has croup, I think." In a moment she was back at the bedside. Helen moaned. Mr. Faber appeared at the door, a wild expression on his face.

"Margaret. I—Ican't find the number!"

Nervously he turned over page after page of the directory. Mrs. Faber took the book. Deliberately she searched out the number and pointed to it. She turned again to the bed.

Sickeningly she realized how helpless she was. She stood gazing at the child. In the hall outside the room her husband was shouting frantically at a telephone operator. Suddenly the memory of her own childhood came to her. Croup had been common then, and the curative was—what? She racked her mind. Coal oil! She had seen a little can of it among her husband's tools in the garage.

In a moment she had thrown a wrap about her, and was down the stairs. She flashed on the lights for the sitting room and garage. She grasped a bunch of keys from her husband's desk and let herself out the side door. As she crossed the lawn, the cool night air fanned her face. She was vaguely conscious of the stillness. She fumbled with the door of the garage. The key refused to turn. She trembled, afraid of the darkness and silence. A vison of Helen trudging upstairs into darkness and silence came to her. Finally the lock turned and the door swung

open. In a moment, she was on her way back to the house with the can.

She paused for a moment to empty the contents of the can into a cup and verify them.

Another moment and she was upstairs again. Her husband was pacing the floor.

"This is a terrible dose, Horace. You give it to her. She'll take it for you."

Mr. Faber nervously grasped the cup and went to the bed.

"Here, Helen—take this—like a good girl." He jerked the words out shakely.

The child only moaned again.

"Come, come, Helen," he remonstrated.

"I can't, Daddy!" the small voice broke into a wail.

Mr. Faber turned helplessly. Silently Mrs. Faber took the cup.

"Helen, take this." her voice was firm.

The child stopped short in her tossing, and looked at Mrs. Faber with glassy eyes. Obediently she touched her lips to the cup and swallowed. The little frame shuddered at the sickening oil.

"Again!" Mrs. Faber's voice was almost stern.

Another supreme effort and another mouthful of the oil was swallowed. The child sank back on the pillows. Mrs. Faber set the cup down on the table, and listened as the breathing began to become more even. Soon the gasping ceased. From the hall came the sound of pacing back and forth. Once more the picked up the hideous cup and the child drank obediently.

In a little while, Mr. Faber returned. The child opened her eyes and smiled at him. Mrs. Faber watched her silently. The breathing was almost regular now. The child turned to her and heached out one little hand.

"I love you, mother—daddy's a nice man."

Mrs. Faber started. The sound of the door bell summoned Mr. Faber from the room. She sank down beside the bed. "You love me—at last." she murmured. R. Olive Wolf, '18.

BORROWINGS.

We take the liberty to print the following three poems from the "Columbia Spectator" of August 3, 1917. It says of them. "The following are three of the daintiest poems ever written by college students. "A Knot of Blue," appeared in the Yale Record about 1885, and for many years Harvard students tried to produce something equally good, "On the Stair" being their choicest product. "Sir Galahad" by J. S. O'Neale, Jr., '14 is perhaps the best recent poem from the Columbia pen."

We present them for the approval or disapproval of our readers. We may not like their subject matter, but we can not miss the dainty, light style of all of them. However, we think we can rival them. Wait till we print some of our poems!

A KNOT OF BLUE.

She hath no gems of luster bright
To sparkle in her hair;
No need hath she of borrowed light
To make her beauty fair.
Upon her shining locks afloat
Are daisies wet with dew,
And peeping from her lissome throat
A little knot of blue.

A dainty knot of blue,
A ribbon blithe of hue—
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams,
That little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane
Beneath the apple tree;
The balmy blossoms fell like rain
Upon my love and me;

And what I said or what I did
That morn I never knew.
But to my breast there came and hid
A little knot of blue.

A little knot of blue,
A love knot strong and true—
'Twill hold my heart till life shall part
That little knot of blue.

—From the Yale Record, about 1885.

ON THE STAIR.

We have just come in from walking;
Still we linger, laughing, talking
On the stair.
Through the casement blow the breezes;
How they play, the shocking teases,
With her hair.

And her soft hand shyly lingers,
With her dainty dimpled fingers
In my grasp;
And she yields without a murmur,
When my arm assures a firmer,
Closer clasp.

Though imprisoned thus securely
Still she keeps her eyes demurely
Turned away;
Bu her lips are coyly pouting,
While I hesitate half doubting
If I may.

Glancing up at last half slyly,
"What a view," she whispers shyly.
"Just look there!
Isn't this cool breeze delicious?
Yet a trifle too officious,
See my hair!"

"Still," she adds, half gay, half tender,
"I can pardon the offender
Even this,
For he fanned my cheek so sweetly
That it feels almost completely
Like a kiss!"

Here she stops in shy confusion:
"May I finish the illusion?"
I implore.
Prettier she looks than ever,
Quickly turning—vain endeavor—
To the door.

"No," she pouts with glance coquettish,
"No, indeed!" in tones half pettish,
Shyness, mask.
Then with sweet and sudden doubting,
"But the breeze," she whispers pouting,
"Did not ask!"

—From the Harvard Lampoon, about 1887.

SIR GALAHAD.

Sir Galahad! Sir Galahad!
My lady loves thy name,
Thy strength the strength of ten loves she,
She loves thy lofty aim.
Thy spirit's mighty harmony
Thy presence free from shame.

Sir Galahad! Sir Galahad!
  She calls me by thy name!
In her sweet maiden dreams she sees
  Me standing without blame,
And heavenly trust accompanies
  Her shy and sweet acclaim.

Sir Galahad! Sir Galahad!
  May strength be in thy name!
May her pure blessing banish wrong.
  May her faith banish shame.
For her dear strength God make me strong,
  God keep me—in her name!

—J. S. O'Neale, Jr., in Columbia Jester, 1914.

EAGLES MERE

Conference Meetings

The task of conveying to you some idea of the impressions we received in the meetings at Eagles Mere is indeed a hard one. When we had been there a day or two we realized that by far the biggest part of the conference was "meetings," of all kinds and sizes, at all times and in all places. From eight-thirty in the morning until one and from eight until nine-thirty in the evening, with sometimes a vesper service thrown in at four-thirty in the afternoon, the meetings really filled our day.

Each day was begun by a short service of prayer and inspiration, led by Miss Conde, the leader of the conference. When the bell began to toll, calling us together, girls could be seen coming from all directions along the walks leading to the little auditorium in the woods. Softly played music as we came in added much to the impressiveness of the hour. The reverent spirit and stillness which came over the hundreds of girls was beautiful to see. After listening to the Scripture readings and

prayers by Miss Conde we went away feeling that the day had been well begun in His presence. To a great many people these were the most helpful meetings of the whole conference.

The rest of the morning was given over to mission study classes, Bible study and technical councils.

Dr. G. A. Johnston Ross of the Union Theological Seminary of New York, taught the Bible class of which I was a member. He is a most original and fascinating speaker and presented the letters of St. Paul in a very interesting way. His knowledge of the life and character of St Paul enabled him to give us a clearer idea of him than we ever had before.

Mrs. Ralph Harlow, lately returned from Smyrna, taught one of the mission study clases. Her subject was "Turkey" and her class was, to me, the most enjoyable of all. She had lived in Turkey for several years and returned home when the war broke out. She was not a great deal older than some of us and her presentation of conditions in Turkey, of the life of Greek and Armenien girls was most appealing. Stories of the dreadful sufferings of the Armeniens made one long to be able to do something for these unfortunate people.

The technical councils were conducted by various student secretaries of the Young Women's Christan Association and here the work of student associations was gone over in detail. The receiving of ideas from other colleges was most helpful.

The evenings were devoted to talks on Christian fundamentals and our Dr. Robert Mac Gowan of the Bellefield Avenue Presbyterian Church was the chief speaker. His sermons on "The Bible and Individualism" and "The Bible and Social Service" and such topics were very profitable.

There are a great many things I have had to leave out of this account of the meetings, but there s one more thing I must mention and that is the willingness of the conference leaders and speakers to meet with the girls for private conferences at any time. This spirit of helpfulness on their part was the means of many a girl getting a deeper spiritual significance out of the

whole conference than would otherwise have been possible. It is this spirit of the conference which is the hardest to put into words, but which means the most to all of us who were there.

Martha Temple, '18

Ten Nights With the Punkies

(Extracts from my dairy)

Tuesday, June 26th—All aboard! No one missed the train, thank goodness! Such a lunch—will we ever eat it all? And the train letters—Jane's was so comforting and Louise's so inspiring. Dirt? I never felt so grimy—but we're all alike. Williamsport so soon? Martie's man will watch our bags while we explore. Each of us aimed to buy a different brand of white shoe cleaner, I guess. Who was he, Martie? Never mind, that was interesting about Captain John Brady—and he rode past his own station just to show us that cemetery! Oh, the dear little train,—but I wonder why they couldn't make enough steam before we started? Eagles-Mere Park at last! and only an hour and a half late. "Oh, thank you, we can carry our own bags." This adorable cottage and all to ourselves. But such a rain! Why certainly sit down—on the porch. I'm still hungry; it's lucky we saved this lunch. Let's go to bed—I was never so tired. No hot water? Oh, dear. Do you think our trunks will come tomorrow?

Wednesday, June 27th—Of course we're late for breakfast the first morning. Have you seen the lake? Classes just as in college. Only two trunks,—what shall we wear to the get-acquainted party? Besides meeting the girls we've met the punkies—something new to most of us—they appear to be friendly. Martie gets the first mail. Our lunch is finished at last.

Thursday, June 28th—Two more trunks and more mail for the Marthas. Explored the Red Arrow Trail and The Jigger Shop. We must go in bathing tomorrow. Arrived for dinner before the doors were open—our appetites improving. We have

unanimously decided to come here on our honeymoons in spite of the punkies.

Friday, June 29th—This morning at breakfast we surprised the dining-room and ourselves, too, by singing the "P. C. W. Girls." Martie's trunk has been located at last and restored to its owner. She was so overcome with joy, I had to stay home with her this afternoon. The others braved the perils of the rain and went for a hike around in rain-coats and flaming bathing caps. More excitement—a registered letter for Martie. "Please use the green ink to sign with." I'm afraid my roomy won't be able to sleep tonight.

Saturday, June 30th—Classes on Saturday This is a good preparation for the fall. Why do we Seniors always have the experiences? Martie and I for the five-mile hike with the crowd —there wasn't much of a crowd on the way home. We'll cross the lake in the little boat and get home in time for dinner. Oh! the little boat has gone to bed? Martie, we can never walk around the lake, it would kill us. We'll call Morton's jitney—only it wasn't Morton's after all. Why don't we stop laughing? I'm so tired. Thirty cents? Oh, dear, the little boat would only have cost five—and we'd missed dinner after all—couldn't go in the way we looked. We have bought out the Jigger Shop. Glad was inspired to make fudge—we must get some wood and coal tomorrow. Hurrah for Martha Crandall's salt water taffy! It wouldn't take us a minute to run back to the post-office, and it would be such fun, Martie. Brownie is receiving too—such wonderful cookies. Is that the bell for lights out? But the fudge isn't done yet—"State" is still up—all right, we're going.

Sunday, July 1st—We needed a little rain. We were so honored to have Dr. McGowan take dinner with us. As a whole the delegation behaved nobly—only we should have had regular places at table. Ham and Glad were not as bashful as the rest of us. We observed quiet hour beautifully. Ham locked Pinkie in the "second floor back" and we showered mission literature under the door. She had quite mastered Siam and Silliman Institute when she came out. This is my third book of stamps.

We could have a meeting in the cottage just as well as in the auditorium—really! What shall we say tomorrow night?

Monday, July 2nd—Rowed over to Eagles Mere for more fudge materials—we were going to treat Miss Seesholtz, but we didn't have time. It wasn't nearly as bad as we imagined—and we did not laugh. Ham deserves a medal—her first letter and had to wait until after the meeting to read it. Oh, that's the choir serenading the leaders—let's go down on the porch. I just turned on the light a minute to find my hair curler that rolled under the bed.

Tuesday, July 3rd—Conference picture taken—depend on P. C. W. for being on top—even though we nearly broke down the grandstand. Now for the ball game—here comes the parade—did you ever see anything funnier than the men leaders in dresses? There's Ham and Brownie snapping Camey. Only three innings. It wouldn't do any harm if we practiced our song at least once. Made the acquaintance of Trixy, the Wild Girl. Gracious—we're the next ones to sing—here we go. Well, we sang! It was pitched a little low, that's all.

Wednesday, July 4th—The glorious Fourth. To celebrate, we all got up and walked around the lake before breakfast. Poor Glad had a dreadful fall and Ham couldn't eat any breakfast. Glad was wonderful—she put P. C. W. on the map in the lake sports. If only Ham and Brownie had had rowing costumes. We'll have to make some fudge—oh—it fell off the stove. Well, run down to the Jigger Shop for more chocolate. Dr. Williams advocates the cessation of the continuous meal—this is our last time. Pinkie's still in fine spirits.

Thursday, July 5th—Our last day—packed in fifteen minutes—trunks have gone. Here's a box of the most delicious fudge from Katherine Keck. Ham and Brownie are calling on Camey. The lake is so lovely tonight—the last night. Had to use up the remains of our supplies so we began some fudge for the train. Where, oh where are those clothes? Packed, of course!

Friday, July 6th—Escorted Glad to the 7:30 train. Martie

turned cook and finished the fudge. We cleaned up the dear cottage just to put in time. Ham wrote clever things in the log book. We must come back again. Good-bye Hollywood and Punkies.

Later, on train—Ham left her coat at the station in the rush, now she's bribing the conductor to get it for her. Is this Hughesville, Martie? Again we're in Williamsport—we'll lunch in the diner. Poor Martie's sandwich! Do you suppose that means not to tip the waiter—we'd better risk iit—ah—we were right. Big wash-out—wait an hour and a half. Is this East Lib? Yes. I get off here, good-bye, good-bye—now write a fellow once in a while.

Emilie S. Kates, '18.

* Editor's Note:—For the peace of mind of questioning souls, we beg to give this definition of "punkies": Punkies are a kind of mosquito found in abundance when conferences are held at Eagles Mere.

Athletics at Eagles Mere

While athletics are not the most important part of the ten days spent at Eagles Mere, they add a large amount to the enthusiastic spirit of the conference. After a series of meetings in the morning and looking forward to a lecture in the evening it is with relief that one plans for an afternoon of recreation or re-creation. This is the time to get to know the girls from the many different colleges.

The difficulty is to get in everything that you want to do. The hikes are wonderful for those who enjoy walking. Thru the woods which cover the mountain top around Eagle Mere there are paths marked out with colored arrows. You feel as if you were discovering new land as you walk thru the woods but just as you think your'e lost in the deep woods an arrow is found which guides you on. On several afternoons there were organized hikes led by the leaders of the conference.

The beautiful lake adds much to the pleasure of the con-

ference. The hour for swimming is from four to five. At that time the beach is crowded with spectators who gather to see the girls in the water.

Rowing was very popular also. Many of the delegations rented a boat for the ten days and spent every possible moment out on the lake. Often when rowing around the lake you would see boats in shady little nooks and girls writing, sewing, or reading.

Tennis tournaments in singles and doubles were announced and many girls signed up for them. On account of time and rain only one could be finished. Two Vassar girls won the doubles.

The basketball field could not be used, but baseball and bowling were popular.

Some of the special features may be interesting. One afternoon, after quiet hour, we all went over to the athletic field to watch a baseball game, a most singular one, between the gentlemen of the Conference and the girls. We sat on the bleachers expectantly and soon a queer procession of old maids, cooks, and bottle washers appeared. The girls in bloomers and middies were already on the diamond, and so the game commenced. Each inning brought forth new stunts and the leaders stopped at no danger to their limbs to get a hearty laugh from the spectators.

On the fourth of July, the afternoon was given over to aquatic sports, many of which we had never seen before. The funniest stunts were a crab race, which consisted of lying in a boat on one's stomach and rowing with the hands, an umbrella race, a tub race and canoe tilting—in the latter most contenders ended in the water, which added much to the enjoyment of the crowd. Swimming races and diving displayed the real skill of the participants and kept the spectators continually thrilled.

"Horace Mann" through one girls efforts attained the first place, Wilson and Goucher tied for second place, each having twelve points. We are proud to say that P. C. W. was one of the eight colleges to win any points.

Martha Brownlee, '19., Gladys Wilson, '20.

Excerpts from Eagles Mere Dairies

"Here's Red Arrow Trail," exclaimed Brownie, leafing through her diary, "Do you remember the day we took that? How we stumbled over big rocks, covered with ferns and along squashy, mossy, paths with roots sticking up to trip us. It's the one that runs around the upper end of the lake, back into the birch woods and finally comes out at the big swamp, where we found the little red lizards."

Here we were ,after making three rapid changes of trains, speeding toward Pittsburgh. Did I remember the Red Arrow? Well, how could I forget it, or the Green Arrow Trail, or the Triangle, or the Blue Arrow Trail? As these familiar names flashed through my head, they were accompanied by vivid pictures.

There was the Triangle Trail, winding in and out, over rustic bridges and out over flat rocks, swept by the clear mountain air, far above sparkling Eagle's Lake. Now I saw the Blue Arrow trail, up hill and down hill, threading its way through rocky caves. Then, there come to me a picture of Green Arrow path, which encircled the lake and finally ended at Crestmont Inn, the most imposing hotel at Eagles Mere. Green Arrow path, noted for its Fat Man's Squeeze, which almost caught Martha Temple.

Mere thoughts of Crestmont Inn revealed another picture—of cold dark mountains, standing black and bare in the distance, surrounded by a deep wooded valley—of a little blue lake, sparkling in the sunlight. All of this could be seen from the tower of the Crestmont, for after climbing three flights of stairs, to say nothing of a ladder, the only access to the roof, one was enabled to gaze over sixty miles of the great mountainous country.

"A baseball game between the girls and the men of the Conference was played today on the athletic field," read Emilie Kates from her dairy. "Girls, didn't those men look too funny, dressed in middies and skirts, with those ribbons and bright colored ties. Can't you just see Mr. Campbell pitching left

handed in one inning, and making a home run in the next? How he ever got around in that long skirt is a mystery to me. Wasn't that Swarthmore girl, with the military coat and horn funny?"

"Oh, yes, and do you remember the song fest we held that night at Forest Inn," exclaimed Martha Temple. "Of course our song was quality and not volume, but I must say that Emilie and Gladys did nobly in rendering it."

"I'm sure there was a lot more to it than 'Alone Tee Hee,'" consoled Dorothy Rutherford. ("Alone Tee Hee, Alone" was Dennison's contribution to the contest and took honorable mention). "Say here's my card, with my name and college on it that I wore the first afternoon. Wasn't that the best way to get acquainted, just read a girl's card and start to talk to her."

"Big tennis tournament," Martha Temple was reading, musingly. "Well, P. C. W. was well represented by Gladys beating that State girl, and Brownie beating Wilson. Yes, and Brownie was able to go in swimming after it." Here we all laughed at the memory of Dorothy Rutherford and Martha Brownlee in the "twin" bathing suits, wonderful creation of heavy blue serge and white braid, which buttoned almost to the ears and quite snuggly around the wrists.

"Let's see what's next. Fourth of July," Brownie announced, turning a closely written page. "Well, it was a glorious glorious Fourth—the hike in the morning—then the row and visit to the Jigger shop—the ice cream for lunch and then the sports in the afternoon. Weren't we proud of Gladys in the swimming, diving and tub races? Well, Marg, we almost "also ran" in the double oar rowing. I'm glad we got pictures of the canoe tilting and the high diving for they——"

"We'll cheer Eagle Mere" burst forth from a group of girls behind us and was gradually increased till everyone was singing. Then Oberlin started—

"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her poor doggie a bone,

But, when she got there the cupboard was bare

So she threw him out the window." and Oberlin didn't stop uptil Little Miss Muffet, Old King Cole and all other Mother Goose characters were thrown out the window. By that time, we had reached Pittsburgh so we closed our diaries. We had no more time for quiet thoughts and chatter but voted Eagles Mere one large pleasure.

Margaret Hamilton, '19.

THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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OUR NEW DEAN

When Miss Coolidge left us in June, we could not help feeling that college could not be quite the same again. There would be something lacking in its atmosphere, we thought, which only Miss Coolidge could supply. However, when we returned this fall, although we missed the actual presence of our beloved former dean, nevertheless, we felt that her spirit was present, and we found it to be embodied in the pleasing and gracious personality of our new dean, Miss Root. We understand now why Miss Coolidge felt she could happily leave the carrying on of her work among us to Miss Root. Her friendly and helpful

attitude toward each one of us, has opened her way into all our hearts. We assure her of our good will, and if, at any time, we fail to please, it will be only through misunderstanding, and not by intention.

THE NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY

The Sorosis, also, wishes to extend a hearty welcome to the new members of the faculty. We feel that our college has gained a great deal by their presence as teachers, and we hope their work will be a source of pleasure and happiness to them, as we are sure it will be to the college. Rumours have come to our ears in regard to, "What class are you in?" or "Are you a special?" We hope these will be considered compliments, given with the best intentions.

THE FRESHMEN

"How do you do, dear Freshmen, how do you do!
Is there anything that we can do for you?
We'll do the best we can,
Stand by you to the man.
How do you do, dear Freshmen, how do you do!"

Sixty-five new Freshmen! The Sorosis extends to you the good will and friendship of the college. We want you to feel at home with us, and learn to love the Alma Mater that you share in common with Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors. We want to help you in any difficulties you may have. Sometimes the Sophomores may tease you a little, but it will be only because you must have "Freshman experiences" to look back upon and be amused by in after life.

FOREWORD

This is the first issue of the Sorosis for this school year. With the exception of two members, the staff is new. There is a year before us in which to improve, and so we humbly beg the

patience of our readers for the defects of the first issue. The Staff is resolved to do its utmost to make the Sorosis a paper worthy of our College, one which will compare favorably with the publications of other colleges, but it can not do this without the help and co-operation of the student body.

Every student in College owns the Sorosis. It is not the property of the staff alone. Every student in college helps to support the Sorosis by her subscription, but she can do more than this. First, she can aid the reporter of her class by submitting items of class interest to her. The reporter can not be everywhere at once, and so needs to be informed of class affairs which occur in her absence. Second, every student can mention the Sorosis when patronizing its advertisers. If this were done, advertisements would be easier to obtain. Some students could obtain advertisements for us, for it is in this way that the Sorosis is largely maintained. Last, but not least, every student can endeavor to write for the Sorosis. There is constant need of literary material, stories, poems, essays, etc. The staff can not publish a paper whose aim is "to stimulate a literary interest among the students," unless contributions of this kind are made

The Sorosis goes to other colleges, and through it impressions of our College go out. We want to show other colleges what a fine place P. C. W. is. The staff will do its part, and will rely on the student body for support.

MATRICULATION DAY

The "Matriculation Day" service was held on Friday, September 21, in the chapel. The following program was carried out:

National Anthem: "America"

The Lord's Prayer

Responsive Reading from the Scriptures

Gloria in Excelsis

Solo: "Song of Thanksgiving".....Frances Allitsen
Mr. Mayhew

Welcome to Dean Root:
For the Board of Trustees.....Rev. W. L. MacEwan, D.D.
For the Faculty.....Miss Green
For the Alumnae.....Miss Janet Brownlee, 1914
For the Students.....Miss Janet Hill
Welcome to New Faculty Members:
For the Faculty.....Mr. Putnam
For the Students.....Miss Elinor McElroy
Welcome to Entering Students:
For the Faculty.....Dean Root
For the Resident Body, Instructors and Students.Miss Marks
For the Student Government Association.Miss Josephine Paul
For the Young Women's Christian Association.....
.....Miss Martha Temple
Solo: "Waltz Brilliante".....Chopin
Miss MacKenzie
Address .....President Acheson
Alma Mater

The service was impressive and inspiring, not only to the Freshmen, but to the other classes as well, to whom it served as a fit opening for another year of college work. The public welcome given to our new Dean and to the new members of the faculty was but the formal expression of the feeling of each student in regard to their taking their places in our college.

Dean Root's Matriculation Day Address

The almost overwhelmingly cordial welcome I have received is after all only the verbal expression of the splendid spirit of co-operation on the part of both faculty and students which has made these first days a joy, in spite of the many new tasks. The one thing necessary to make me feel perfectly at home is the opportunity in my turn to welcome someone else, and so I gladly extend the heartiest welcome on behalf of the faculty of this college to our entering class, the Class of 1921. It is impossible to give you any idea of the joys and opportunities that are before

you. These you will realize yourself as your college years pass —and oh how quickly they will pass! I can only assure you that whatever you do after you leave college, you will never regret the four years spent here. At this particular time I want you to feel that in training yourself to think sanely and wisely you are performing for your country the greatest service that lies within your power. We are glad that you are here and we not only wish for you every happiness, but we shall strive to bring this happiness to you.

Dr. Acheson's Matriculation Day Address

Members of the Faculty and Students of Pennsylvania College for Women:

From all that has been said this morning, it would seem that the vocabulary of welcome were by this time exhausted. Such, indeed, would be the case did not the greetings we extend come from our hearts. As we enter together upon the work of another year, I extend to you all a most cordial welcome to the friendships, the labors and the fellowship of this institution. To those who have been here before, the prospects of spending another season at the Pennsylvania College for Women is not one, I trust, filled with gloomy apprehensions. To be sure this is not to ignore the certainty of hard work and the probability of temporary defeats.

To those who are entering college for the first time, I would extend a most cordial welcome. I trust that you will find here choice friendships and worthy inspirations. If I mistake not, you will discover that this is a wholesome atmosphere, and that every member of the faculty is sincerely interested in our highest welfare, and earnest in its desire to secure for you the best results from your college course.

Let me say to you, new students, that if it is your purpose in entering here to achieve the best things, your ambitions will be realized. Every conscious influence will tend to that end. If,

on the other hand, you are content with mediocre achievements, you will probably not be disappointed in this respect either. However much we of the faculty may desire to do for you, it will be impossible unless you, by your spirit of earnestness, co-operate with that desire. A college of the right sort can do much for its students through instruction and inspiration, but the best of them can supply neither intellect nor character. These are the raw materials which you must offer to the college, if there is to be a finished product worthy of our mutual effort.

The fundamental purpose of the modern college is dominated by a four-fold ideal: to increase one's capacity for intensive application; to give a broader vision to live; to develop in the individual powers of self control, and to inspire the largest service to humanity. Those who pass through four years of college life and are not moulded by these ideals have missed the finest things that the modern college has to offer. I trust that all of you who enter this institution have clear conceptions of the opportunities and responsibilities involved in modern college training. Never in the history of our country were the opportunities for education so easy of access as today, and never have the responsibilities for a proper use of education been so insistent as they are at the present time. We face a world torn with strife and baptized in blood. We behold in humanity the reincarnation of the brute, and our boasted civilization all but in eclipse For its reconstruction, after this rage and folly have passed, there will be demanded a race of men and women moulded by the finest educational ideals and consecrated to the principles of justice and democracy. Into your hands and those of your fellow students throughout the world, will this task be committed. This truth leads me to speak to you briefly this morning upon the relation of education to our national life. That the ideals and activities of any people are profoundly affected by the system of education under which they have been trained is proven by all history. Never has this fact been more tragically illustrated than by the history of the German people for the past forty years. Committed to the policy of military autocracy by her leaders, the

German people, through all their educational agencies, have been schooled in the doctrine that "might makes right." The result of this educational propaganda is exhibited in all its ghastly frightfulness in Europe today. We may well pause to ask ourselves what bearing education has upon national ideals and conduct. As a basis for any discussion in this field, we need to keep before us a clear conception of the meaning of education. For generations the true significance of this word has been obscured by superficial thinking and hazy definition; to many it has been a mere synonym for instruction. There could be no greater fallacy than this—confusing a method with an end. To others it has been the mere talisman of material success—a sort of mental alchemy, with the power of transmitting brain into brawn to the end that man may be fed with meat and clothed with raiment. True, education does confer material success, but vastly more; for education means not living only, but life in all its abundant fullness of glorified manhood and womanhood. In our search for a true definition for education none better can be found than the one given by that prince of teachers, Horace Mann, who speaks of education as "that noble culture of the soul which seeks to enthrone the moral faculties over all animal desires and propensities, and to make all courses of instruction subservient to the great duties of love to God and love to man; or, as another puts it in a cogent phrase, "education is character translated into action." With this clear conception of the meaning of the word, I am bold to affirm, without fear of being misunderstood, that education has commercial value; that it is the touch-stone of material progress; that it constitutes an important asset in the trade balance of any community; in a word, that it pays in dollars and cents to be educated. The commercial spirit of our day, we must admit, demands of its votaries not so much what they know, as what they can do. Yet after all, knowing is an absolutely necessary condition of doing. The man who knows most, other things being equal, will prove to be the most efficient in commercial and industrial life. It is a significant fact that although the college bred people of the United States constitute

but one per cent. of the population, they hold 56 per cent. of the highest offices of responsibility and trust. Investigation conducted by our National Department of Education a few years ago demonstrated the fact that a common school education increased the earning capacity of the individual 50 per cent.; an academic education, 100 per cent., and a college or university training, 200 per cent. It is indeed high time that we realized as a people the imperative necessity for a high degree of education if we are to eliminate the wastefulness of life and exhibit in national affairs our maximum efficiency. Men and women cannot have too much education, and that, too, of the spiritual and cultural type, no matter what their ultimate vocation may be. The commercialism of our age is calculated to stultify the finer instincts of the soul. Sublimity, faith, reverence, pathos, love, must not be crushed out of the heart by the inexorable wheels of trade. Let us not deny then to the youth we would train for the activities of life, the highest type of education that it may be possible for us to offer.

In the second place, our educational ideals affect profoundly our social and political life. The American ideal of education might be stated tersely, "as the training of all for the service of all." It must, therefore, show results in the highest type of enlightened citizenship. Respect for law, obedience to authority, unselfish devotion to duty, a robust type of integrity and high standards of morality—these must be the characteristics of its product, if it is to achieve its highest mission for America. If the American system of education does not produce this type of citizenship its failure is complete. It may have rich endowments; it may be housed in splendid buildings; it may boast of teachers who have drunk deep at the fountains of human knowledge, but if the young men and young women of America are not sent forth from our educational institutions clothed in the majesty of royal manhood and royal womanhood, these mere material trappings will avail us little. Never has there been a time in American history when this truth needed emphasis so much as today. We possess unbounded wealth,—the product of

the shop and the mine and the fertile valley have given us a supremacy that the Greek phalanx and the Roman Legion never attained. Yet with it all there is great danger that the corruption that wrought the destruction of once mighty empires may be working in our own body politic. America today is confronted by colossal problems—the liquor traffic, the race question, the social evil, capital and labor, the menace of concentrated wealth and the greed of those who would industriously enslave their fellows. American politics is a seething cauldron of corruption. Public office, instead of being a sacred trust, is too often the spoil of political buccaneers. The authority of criminal statutes is trampled under foot, and God's law made a mockery and a byword. All this gives us pause. Many serious and practical thinkers feel that we are hastening toward a crisis in our affairs that may affect the destinies of the race. Never has America stood in so great need of men and women of education and strong Christian character, who will uphold the law and maintain the sanctity of the ballot-box. If these altars, sacred to our country's liberties, be kept inviolate, factions may rage and parties rise and fall, but America's destiny is fixed, and that birthright of freedom, for which both Puritan and Cavalier poured forth their life's blood at Bunker Hill and Yorktown, will not be sold for a mess of pottage.

Here then at our hands lies the task God sets us as a people. This task, in the thought of another, "is the development of our inner lives, the encircling of our minds, the purification of our hearts, the education of ourselves through liberty and labor; the reform of our politics, the rooting out of cant, of lying, of vulgarity, of greed and dishonesty, of drunkenness and lust."

The task of the American school and college is to make morality the basis of our entire national life; a morality not divorced from religion, but permeated and vitalized by the teachings of the strong Son of God.

These, then, are the high ideals that are set before us as a people in our educational life. Therefore, it becomes the duty of every loyal citizen to extend the aid, both moral and financial,

that will render all our educational agencies stronger in personnel and equipment to accomplish the great task which has been committed to our hands.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The Y. W. C. A. meetings have started with a flourish and we hope the interest will increase as the year goes by. You have heard the enthusiastic reports from the Eagles Mereites and no doubt have made up your mind to visit that delightful spot next summer. We who were there this year are endeavoring to put some of the conference spirit into our association.

As a new experiment this year we are aiming to have the same reverential spirit shown in the Y. W. meetings as in chapel. Music will be played softly as the girls gather and we ask each of you to refrain from talking as soon as you enter the room. We will appreciate the co-operation of all

It's not a bit too early to begin making something for the bazaar. Let's get busy.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Miss "Mother Hubbard" came to our hill
In order to start athletics,
But when she got here she was disappointed, I fear,
To find us so enthusiastic.
The Freshmen and Sophomores came out fine indeed.
They have to take "gym," 'tis true.
And then we heard rumors that some Seniors and Juniors
Had consented to be interested, too.
Now when "Mother Hubbard" looks over the scene
She sees more girls on the courts,
So before very long we'll have quite a throng.
Won't you all come out—be good "sports?"

We are glad to welcome Miss S. Esther Hubbard as head of the Physical Training Department. Miss Hubbard is a graduate

of Goucher College, at Baltimore, Md. After specializing in Physical Training at the New Haven Normal School of Gymnastics she taught for two years at Milwaukee, Wis., and three years at Trenton, N. J.

More interest is being taken this year than ever before, forty-four girls having entered the tennis tournament and forty-four applicants have already signed to join swimming classes which will meet on Wednesday afternoons at the Central Y. W. C. A.

New supplies have been procured for the gymnasium and squads are being formed for Hockey, Baseball and Basketball. After some practice a series of interclass games will be arranged —and then, most wonderful of all, we're to have varsity teams ! !

Everyone in school must come out and try for one, if not more, of the teams. If you have never before been interested in athletics this is the time to begin. It will be heaps of fun, besides being beneficial. And, girls, you can't have such opportunities after college. Better make use of them now.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The School of Music of Pennsylvania College for Women announces the opening of its forty-eighth season Tuesday, September 18, 1917.

Miss MacKenzie gave a delightful interpretation of the "Waltz Brilliante," by Chopin, and Mr. Mayhew sang a "Song of Thanksgiving," by Allitsen, at the Matriculation Service, September 21.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew will give a recital of New England Songs of the Past and Present for the Pittsburgh Colony of New England Women, November 22.

Mr. Hines has written a song on the popular lines, "It Can Be Done." The song was composed at the request of the World's Salesmanship Congress, which organization intends to distribute it to all salesmen throughout the United States and establish it as a slogan in all business concerns.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT

The Department of Expression is larger than it has ever been before. Fourteen students have enrolled for private work and eleven of these are certified students. Some very interesting programs are being planned for the year.

"WHERE, OH WHERE ARE THE WISE OLD SENIORS?"

Martha Crandall, '17, is teaching in Warren, Pa.

Ruth Gokey, '17, is a children's worker at the Friends' Neighborhood House, Philadelphia.

Leah Claster, '17, has entered the New York School of Philanthropy for advanced and specialized training.

Katherine McKenzie, '17, is teaching in Aspinwall, Pa.

Louise Reinecke, '17, is teaching in Carnegie, Pa.

Martha Dunbar, '17, is teaching in Atlas, Pa.

Ada Spriggs, '17, is teaching in Prosperity, Pa.

Jane Errett, '17, is studying and teaching at Mt. Holyoke College.

Edna Balsiger, '17, is teaching in Rural Valley, Pa.

Katherine Keck, '17, is teaching in the Greensburg High School.

Aline Van Eman, '17, is teaching English in the Blairsville High School.

Helen Pardee, '17, is teaching in the High School at Saegerstown.

Ruth Law, '17, is substituting in the public schools.

Estelle Shepard, '17, spent the summer at Chautauqua, and is now at home.

Carrie Bailey, '17, is traveling for pleasure and her health.

On Friday, September 21, Elizabeth McClelland, '17, became the bride of George Earl Crawford of Edgewood Park. The first wedding in the class of '17!

Gertrude Frame, '16; Margaret Lee, '16, and Dorothea Eggers, '17, are attending Martin's Secretarial School.

Edna Gaw. '16, is secretary at the United Presbyterian Book Store.

The girls who took the Social Service Certificate in June are beginning work in new positions. Virginia Hackney is now Girls' Worker at the Jan Hus Neighborhood House, on East Seventy-fourth street, New York City. Marion Sallows is in the Social Service Department of the West Penn Hospital, Pittsburgh. Ruth Gokey, Leah Claster, Katherine McKenzie, Martha Crandall and Louise Reinecke have been mentioned above.

JUNIOR NOTES.

The Juniors, not knowing that they were being "interviewed", responded nobly to a little stimulus, and the tale of their activities is long and varied.

Elinor McElroy stayed at home and did nothing—as usual, she said, but the statement is open to doubt.

Marjorie Erret spent part of the summer at Bethany Beach, Delaware, where she swam all around the ocean.

Laura Taber went to Oklahoma to visit her brothers at Tulsa, where she dwelt in the oil fields, in the midst of 10,000 barrel gushers, and other excitement.

It takes Margaret Hamilton to offer real variety in the way of summer occupations. She went to Eagles Mere to give the summer a proper start; kept house for a while, was chauffeur for the family and when these duties were ended, she rusticated. Rumor has it that she was "lost" one time, presumably while serving as the aforesaid chauffeur, but the details of his adventure were not forthcoming.

Winifred Black held a position at Carnegie Library for the summer.

Martha Brownlee didn't say so, but she doubtless spent a large part of her time in earnest preparation for her arduous duties as House President. Incidentally, she went to Eagles Mere for the Conference, and later was Y. W. C. A Recreation Leader at Chambersburg, Pa.

Ethel Davis held a position in the Complaint Department at Kaufmann's. N. B. If you want any complaints settled, take 'em to Ethel. She has had experience

Mary Richards had her usual wonderful time in "old Kaintuck", but the latter part of the summer was marred by a rather bad automobile accident, from which she is just recovering.

Mary Crawfod was the Juniors' real business woman. She was an auditor in the freight department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and traveled about Western Pennsylvania and Ohio relieving people of their money in the interests of the Road. In addition to this, while camping near Emsworth, she was returning to camp one dark night in a canoe, with an enormous sack of sugar. A towboat hit the canoe, and Mary and the sugar went overboard. Did she scream for help? No. She swam the river back to camp.

Dorothy Sander enjoyed the gayeties of Atlantic City for a while.

Margaret Brand stayed at home and tried to forget that winter would come again.

Dorothy Clark had a good time visiting in Springfield, Mass.

Clara Miller took a fine motoring trip to New York.

Henrietta Leopold spent the entire summer on Lake Huron.

Virginia enjoyed vacation at home with her family, and several visits to her friends.

Margaret Workman's thoughts turned mostly southward. She should have had enough vacation this summer to satisfy any poor overworked schoolgirl; but as soon as school opened, Margaret was noticed hurriedly taking a train for Washington, to spend the week-end. And then, on the following Monday night Woodland Hall had an opportunity to see the "reason" for said hurried vacation.

Imogene Armstrong had a motor trip during the summer.

Eve Weston spent most of the summer telling a soldier goodbye. She was also ill for several weeks, whether as a result of repeated farewells and accumulated grief, we are not able to say.

Sarah Crouse assisted obliging people to pay their bills at Horne's. All who need assistance of this type during the year in regard to class and other inconvenient dues, may be able to secure a few pointers from Sarah on how to do it in the most graceful way.

Christelle Jefferson said she stayed at home and behaved herself. But a little questioning brought forth the facts of the case. She had a long trip to Washington, D. C., Mt. Vernon, down the Shenandoah Valley, and was fortunate enough to visit Jefferson's home and the Luray Caverns.

Helen Bell stayed in the country, went to Atlantic City, played tennis, and had the misfortune to hurt her shoulder, but she is able to play again.

Florence Farr took several automobile trips. It is rumored that she gained such experience in driving cars that she is seriously considering taking up racing. It is a question how fast she is able to drive. Ask her.

Betty Stevenson went camping; also to Atlantic City for a while. She became the champion knitter of the class, as well as having a war garden, for which she is to be g reatly-commended.

Viola Cox stayed at home and learned to cook.

Helen Ailes spent her vacation at her summer home on the Lakes.

Jane Sheppard was also on the Lakes all summer.

Augusta Rogers stayed in Kentucky like she should and tried her hand variously at resting, swimming, keeping house and working in a regular "position."

We are glad to see Ruth MacMillan back as a day student.

Bryson Findley has deserted the Juniors for Radcliffe; Mary Philput and "Winkie" Thoburn have gone to Mt. Holyoke. We wish them wonderful years in the east, but the Class misses them every day.

We are glad to welcome four new members to thr Class. Marjorie Barron, Gertrude Bair, Margaret Leighton and "Peg" Borland have joined us this fall.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Uncle Sam should be as proud of his young women as he is of his soldiers. A girl has proven herself worthy of his approval when she has sacrificed her vacation in doing Red Cross work. As for example: When "Betty" Shipley was not taking lessons in surgical dressing she succeeded in knitting seven sweaters. But she was not the only one, nor has their good work ended with vacation, for, if you should visit our den almost any time you would see anything from a wristlet to a helmet being knitted.

Our girls certainly are industrious! Rosalie Morris spent her summer in Chautauqua, where she took a course in physical training.

Ethel Perry thought she would like to be a business woman this summer, but she found it more pleasant to be a New York society bud.

It was hard for Margaret Hare to settle down to study after her wild life camping along Georgian Bay.

When Catherine Caughey graduates she certainly will be "safe in the wide, wide world," for no one can take from her the knowledge of housekeeping which she acquired this summer.

Between motor trips Julia Aspinwall found time to visit Rosalie Morris at Chautauqua.

In her work at Mellon Institute during the summer, Clara Graham has been preparing herself to take part in the reconstruction of the chemical world after the war.

Mabel Boehm recuperated from her hard year's work in Atlantic City.

Elinor Newell visited her Alma Mater, but was not satisfied with one glimpse, of the east, for she took a number of trips with some friends along the coast.

Elizabeth Fleming has been preparing herself during the summer to become an ambulance driver in France. You would say so if you should see her driving.

Grace Brosius has certainly been touring the country. She visited the President at Washington, proceeded to Worcester,

where she tried to manage the business world, and finally decided to grace Pittsburgh with her presence once more.

We are sorry to lose several of our girls. Virginia Wilcox has gone to Swarthmore, Ruth Lowman and Mary Norman to Goucher, Dorothy Rutherford to New Haven Training School, Mildred Knox and Isabel Phillippi to Tech, and Dorcas Hill to Oberlin. Ruth Woodburn, Edna Felmuth, Hazel Henry, Catherine Penn and Betty Forsythe have also left us.

HOUSE NOTES

Five of the girls who were in the house last year are day girls this year. They are Elinor Newell, Ellinore Salinger, Helen Ailes, Catherine Caughey and Mary Richards. Doris Fredericks, Jeanette Spira, Gwendolyn Johnson, Dorcas Hill, Ida Bigg and Elizabeth Forsyth are now staying at home. Katherine Penn is atending a business college in Washington, Pa. Josephine Paul and Mary Crawford, day girls last year, are in the house this year. Hazel Henry and Mildred Knox are now at the Margaret Morrison School. Dorothy Rutherford is going to a physical training school at New Haven, Conn. "Winkie" Thoburn has entered the Junior class at Mt. Holyoke.

Vesper service was held for the first time this school year in new "lecture hall" on Sunday evening, September 23. Dr. Acheson gave a splendid talk, and Miss Butterfield sang a solo.

Quite a few changes have been made in the house this year. Dr. Acheson's study has been changed, and the faculty now have a parlor in which to receive their friends and have good times together. All the rooms in Berry Hall are rivalling one another in striving to bring out the beauties of their newly covered walls.

Owing to the very large enrollment of Freshmen this year, all the rooms in Berry Hall are occupied.

THE FRESHMEN

Margaret Sarah Agnew.....Aspinwall, Pa.
Jeannette Margaret Anderson.....Homestead, Pa.
Elizabeth Thompson Askin.....Ingram, Pa.
Frances Madeline Beekfield.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
Esther Ann Berryman.....Charleroi, Pa.
Margaret Ellen Biles.....Clairton, Pa.
Helen Agnes Brallier.....Berlin, Pa.
Marcella Irene Collier.....Roscoe, Pa.
Miriam Le Fevre Crouse.....Sharpsburg, Pa.
Hazel Jewel Curry.....Donora, Pa.
Rachel Margaret Curtis.....Turtle Creek, Pa.
Mildred Mae Evans.....Pittsburgh
Lois Margery Farr.....Avalon, Pa.
Florence M. Fast.....Fairchance, Pa.
Ruth Hannah Ferguson.....Pittsburgh
Bessie K. Finkelhor.....Jeannette, Pa.
Frances Atwell Frederick.....Pittsburgh
Catherine Marcella Geary.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Margaret Boyd Gilfillan.....Bridgeville, Pa.
Roberta Isabelle Gilmore.....Emlenton, Pa.
Anna Hatfield Green.....Gibsonia, Pa.
Margaret Wood Greenlee.....Dravosburg, Pa.
Esther B. Greer.....Ligonier, Pa.
Harriett Elizabeth Grier.....Pittsburgh
Marion Edith Honsaker.....Masontown, Pa.
Dorothy Mae Hopper.....Canonsburg, Pa.
Esther La Vietoire.....Jeannette, Pa.
Helen Lucile Long.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Frances Willard Ludwick.....Oakmont, Pa.
Ella Ferguson Martin.....Pittsburgh
Louise Emma Montgomery.....Pitcairn, Pa.
Elisabeth Murphy.....Vandergrift, Pa.
Edith Pero.....Wilkinsburg, Pa.
Mary Elizabeth Reed.....Latrobe, Pa.

Mary Elizabeth Rimer.....Clarion, Pa.
Mabel B. Shaffer.....Kittanning, Pa.
Elizabeth Plumer Stevenson.....Wheeling, W. Va.
Gladys Marguerite Sullivan.....McKeesport, Pa.
Caroline Elizabeth Sumpter.....Fairmont, W. Va.
Helen Margaret Treloar.....Homestead, Pa.
Nelle Van Sickel.....Ursina, Pa.
Christina Kirk Walsh.....Pittsburgh
Margaret Rachel Wills.....Belleville, Pa.
Bell McMaster Wilson.....Pittsburgh
Katherine Kurtz Wolff.....Pittsburgh

Specials

Mary Margaret Armstrong.....West Newton, Pa.
Bessie Adeline Bradley.....New Castle, Pa.
Marjorie Josephine Caughey.....McKeesport, Pa.
Ethel Mary Collins.....Scottdale, Pa.
Wilma Marion Boilais Davis.....Gross Lake, Mich.
Saran Ann Drabkin.....Youngstown, Ohio
Stella Elizabeth Espey.....Pittsburgh
Rena Ray Goldberg.....Pittsburgh
Ruth Janis Grinberg.....Homestead, Pa.
Mildred Christine Hawkins.....New Lisbon, N. J.
Helen Naomi Hesselgaser.....Freeport, Pa.
Hulings Elizabeth Lappe.....Pittsburgh
Irene Marguerite Leighton.....Braddock, Pa.
Nancy Louise Lohr.....Ligonier, Pa.
Margaret Alida Robison.....Pittsburgh
Marguerite Mae Ruch.....Pittsburgh
Mabel Wallace Shane.....MacDonald, Pa.
Dorothy Stoeltzing.....Pittsburgh
Julia Eunice Tobias.....Pittsburgh

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

The illustrious Class of 1918 has been "mustered in" (to caps and gowns?) and appear in print now for the first time in the role of Seniors.

We are glad to welcome into our midst Dean Root as our honorary member. We assure her in advance of the lasting affection of '18.

As a sure sign of progress we have moved into new quarters. However, since it has been repapered and decorated with our old rock-bottom couch you would never recognize it as the former Senior Sanctum.

During the summer most of us have ventured far and had many thrilling experiences. Now we've come back to college to rest up for the strenuous life.

Jo Paul, contrary to custom, did not attend summer school. She spent an annoying month at Atlantic City and the rest of the time preparing to leave home for the dorm.

The latest development! Annetta Marks loafed all summer. Can you imagine it? But it's true—she admits it. She was away off and on and had a wonderful time without rest.

Betty Sheppard, while waiting for a "real man" to arrive, conducted a kindergarten for seventeen- and eighteen-year-old children at the Sheppard summer home in Michigan. It is rumored the pupils received some unknown thrills.

Martha Temple dropped in to Hollywood Cottage Eaglesmere Park, just to see how things were going. She's just as enthusiastic a Mereite as ever. Later she practised home economics in Washington.

Esther Evans had no experiences. However, we doubt that statement. She visited Eleanor Fuller and together they went to "The Willows."

Helen Leitch favored Atlantic City with a visit. Her latest accomplishment is that she has learned to knit—however, it's for herself and not the soldiers. She refuses to relate her other pastimes.

Ruth Long claims she summered in the country. While there

she went to bed at twelve P. M. and arose at five-thirty A. M. We wonder just where in the country she was.

Miss Mollie Davidson spent the entire summer in Trenton, N. J. After this year she expects to take up a permanent residence in that city. (!)

Ruth Kaufmann managed to have some slight excitement by taking part in a street car accident. Later she recovered and got fat.

Kitty Myers went to the same old place. From her tone of voice she gives me to understand that everyone should know where she spends her vacations.

Due to the most excellent course in First Aid we received last spring, Ruth D. Logan was able to benefit mankind extensively. She used her newly acquired science right and left. She looked in at Canada and was the victim of an auto accident that almost cost her her life. We are thankful Ikey is able to return.

Eulalia Fournier visited the home folks in Beaver Falls. She says she had some remarkably exciting times, but does not care to have them published.

Virginia Jeffers taught at the Epworth Fresh Air Home in Bakerstown just as she said she would last spring. She also visited Washington, D. C. It rained every day she was away!

Miss Fuller spent one half of her vacation on the street car going back and forth to Gibsonia. The other half she kept house. While acting in this capacity the house was full of company. She managed to put in her time, though, by using the phone and losing eight pounds in one week.

Betty McKenzie was difficult to interview. From friends we learn she took a motor trip to Bedford. She also visited a metropolis in Ohio, where she spent exciting evenings dancing.

To quote Olive Wolf exactly, she was "office boy, big chief, and advisor to the manager in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company" for two months.

The Sorosis

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BROWNING'S "IN A BALCONY," AS A DRAMA.

"In a Balcony" was written in 1853. It is short, with only about eighth hundred and fifty lines in the whole play. But into these few lines, Browning has condensed all the intensity and the suspense of the fourth and fifth acts of a longer play. The opening speeches plunge us immediately into the tense situation.

Norbert—Now!

Constance—Not now!

Norbert—The Queen must grant whate'er I ask. How can I gain you and not ask the Queen? There she stays waiting for me, here stand you; sometime or other this must be asked; now is the one time—what I ask, I gain. Let me ask now, Love?"

Thus in three speeches Browning states for the reader the entire problem.

Let me first give a brief outline of the play before discussing it.

Norbert has served the queen for a year as her minister. In payment for his service, he wishes to obtain from her the hand of her cousin, Constance. Constance at length persuades him that a better way to obtain a favorable answer is by appealing to the Queen on the grounds of love, rather than gratitude. Norbert consents, and leaves Constance. In a few moments the old Queen enters. Norbert has been so successful in his appeal that she believes he loves her. All the pent up love of the Queen bursts forth passionately. Constance realizing her debt to the Queen, and the Queen's ability to satisfy Norbert's high ambitions, resolves to give him up to the Queen. The Queen leaves. Norbert returns. Constance draws from him a fuller

expression of his ambition, and expresses more deeply her love. As Norbert, fired by her enthusiasm embraces her, the Queen enters. Constance explains the embrace on the grounds of gratitude. By direct appeal to the Queen she gets from the Queen an expression of her love for Norbert. He believes he is being tested by the Queen and refuses to hold more than devotion for the Queen or less than sincere love for Constance. The Queen hastens out. The two tested lovers have only a few moments of happiness in their love before the guard comes.

It will be seen from this summary how slight the action is, and how simple the plot. The scene between the Queen and Norbert, which might have taken place on the stage is reported only, by the Queen. The action depends on character. Browning has presented each of the three in a soul crisis and the action arises from the interaction between the characters. The suspense of the play is well handled. It is evident in the first speeches, and is held consistently and steadily throughout the play. It is greatest at the climax when the three characters are on the stage at one time. Each has to decide his attitude. Norbert's crisis is a decision between ambition and love; Constance's for renunciation in love, and the Queen, disappointment in a longed-for love. The situation is intense. Gradually it is worked out, leaving the Queen's decision to the carried out in action at the close of the play. The close of the play is rather uncertain. There have been various interpretations as to the exact meaning of the closing sentences. But the fact that the dance music stops and then the guard comes, gives the impression that harm of some kind is coming to the lovers though the exact nature of it is left vague and indefinite. This indefiniteness is peculiarly appropriate to this play with its intense situation. The action is balance throughout. The scenes shift so that there are only two on the stage at once—with the exception of the climax, where the three characters are together. But though two are generally on the stage, the near presence of the third is constantly before the reader.

Dialogue forms the greater part of the play, for the action is slight. Through dialogue rather than through action do we comprehend the crisis in each of the characters. Many of the speeches are long, unnaturally long at times. But the language is kept appropriate to the characters.

The play is written in blank verse. The rhythm is usually smooth and beautiful. Sometimes it becomes obscure. While there is not a remarkable delicacy about the style, there is strength, which is more appropriate to the theme.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of the play is the atmosphere. The title suggests the scene of the play. But even without the title, the reader would get a clear idea of the scenery. To begin with, Browning has followed the rules for the unity of time and place. All the action takes place in one spot and at one time. The time of day is suggested in these lines:

> "This eve's the time,
> This eve intense with yon first tremblng star,
> We seem to pant and reach; scarce aught between
> The earth that rises and the heaven that bends."

A little later, the moon rises, giving a picturesqueness to the balcony. The atmosphere of stealth is evident everywhere, yet so subtly it is given that one can hardly say exactly where the impression arises. These lines give a rather definite idea,

> "You would go now
> And tell the queen, perhaps six steps from us,
> You love me."

and also these:

> "What's conceived
> Of us without here, by the folk within?
> Where are you now? immersed in cares of state—
> Where am I now? intent on festal robes—
> We two, embracing under death's spread hand!"

Yet even these examples state nothing very definite, but give an impression for the reader to grasp.

Music adds greatly to the atmosphere, more by way of contrast than by interpretation. Each time a character enters or leaves the balcony, there comes the sound of dance music suggestive of the festivities celebrating the close of Norbert's first year's work. The music, with its suggestiveness of gayety, is a theatrical contrast to the tenseness of the characters, each in a crisis.

In the last scene, when the lovers have found happiness in the knowledge of their tested love, and when their mood is more nearly harmonious with the dance music, the music stops, and the sound of "measured heavy tread" is heard. Thus we sense the impending doom.

The characters are the greatest source of interest in the play. They are clearly drawn, each is individual, and each is portrayed psychologically. It is characteristic of Browning that he is interested more in the crisis of his erections than in their action. There is a deep searching study of the characters because of his interest in them. They are consistent and well motivated. There is a constant balance between the characters, and also between the feelings of each character in the scenes. For example, the contrast in characters is shown thus: the Queen stands for love hunger; Norbert for truth to love rather than to ambition; Constance for sacrifice in love. The second kind of balance is shown in the various scenes. In the first one, Constance is self-assured, Norbert is doubtful; in the next one, the Queen is elated, Constance puzzled and disconsolate; in the climax scene, Constance is nervous and anxious, the other two are perplexed and confused. It is only in the very last scene between Norbert and Constance that there is perfect harmony, and that is contrasted with impending doom and possible destruction.

But the individual characters, as Browning has worked them out, are fascinating. We get a slight hint of Constance's appearance in one of the speeches of the Queen. She is dark and tall. We get none of her mannerisms, nor any realistic portrayal, but we know her heart and her soul. She is of the court, and knows court ways in all their deviousness. She is self-confident, and

sure of her analysis of the Queen. She is warm-hearted and loving. In speaking of the Queen's justice in comparison with her own feeling, she says:

> "For me,
> I have no equivalent of such cold kind
> To pay her with, but love alone to give
> If I give anything. I give her love."

She is usually calm, collected and in control of the situation. In the climaxes the very tension which she is under makes her "a mild girl" and "in fancy fit, eccentric speech and variable mirth."

Her love brings out the best that is in her. Because of her love for Norbert, she is willing to sacrifice all pleasure for his best gain. She makes her decision calmly. The Queen says, "He loves me." Constance answers, "He shall." In the quiet of that decisive sentence, there is more sincerity and naturalness than if she had said five or six times as much.

There can be no question of the sincerity of her sacrifice, for she says and does all she can to make it succeed. It is because of this sincerity that love becomes all the sweeter when she finds her sacrifice a failure, but a failure through Norbert's truth, and not through any weakness of hers. She says to Norbert:

> "Yes, love lives best in its effect: and mine
> Full in its own life, yearns to live in yours."

And later she says,

> "On the breast of God
> I thought of men—as if you were a man,
> Tempting him with a crown!
> . . . . It is one blaze
> About me and within me."

The Queen is a tragical figure. We pity her so. Constance says of her:

> "She is generous—ay, despite your smile,
> Generous as you are: for, in that thin frame,

Pain twisted, punctured through and through with cares,
There lived a lavish soul until it starved,
Debarred of healthy food. Look to the soul,
Pity that, stoop to that."

She has lived a life of loneliness, she has seen others have the everyday experiences of life, which to her are only pictures. In her bitterness of loneliness she says:

"Oh, to live with a thousand beating hearts
Around you, swift eyes, serviceable hands,
Professing they've no care but for your cause,
Thought but to help you, love but for yourself,—
And you the marble statue all the time
They praise and point at as preferred to life,
Yet leave for the first breathing woman's smile."

* * * *

"There have been moments, if the sentinel
Lowering his halbert to salute the Queen,
Had flung it brutally and clasped my knee,
I would have stooped and kissed him with my soul."

The loneliness is pitiful. It is no wonder that Norbert's expressions she transforms into statements of love. Her heart is starved for such love. She says,

"Remember, I . . . .
Would give up all for one, leave throne, lose life,
Do all but just unlove him! He loves me."

She is so wrapped up in the happiness of this longed-for love that she sees none of Constance's anxiety nor her self-sacrificing decision. That little touch of Browning's shows how well he understood human nature. In the climax, there is only once that she speaks, and that is at the request of Constance. It is her confession of love to Norbert. The rest must be guessed at indirectly. She is angry, and hurt. There is one moment when the two women glare at each other. Then she goes out. And a few moments later the guard comes. Hers is the real tragedy

of it all, for whether she punishes Norbert and Constance or whether she allows them happiness, her own life is still as miserable. The love she longed so for came, opened her heart, gripped her with its passion, and then she found that love was not hers, nor ever would be. The tragedy is a deep one.

Norbert is the favorite in the play. He was one of Browning's favorites, for in "One Word More," his dedication of a group of poems to Mrs. Browning, he speaks of "Karshish, Cleon, Norbert and the fifty."

The man he has portrayed is truly noble and inspiring. We get a hint that he is short and dark, but aside from this, there is no hint as to his appearance or his mannerisms. Instead there is a searching portrayal of the man's soul. And he is a man. Truth is the keynote of his character. He says:

> "Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life be true,
> And love's the truth of mine."

He expresses his philosophy of life in the words

> "I count life just a stuff
> To try the soul's strength on, educe the man."

He has risen by his year's work to be the Queen's most trusted man. His explanation of his success is simple. The force of his character has done all. He says,

> "See this Queen,
> This people—in our phrase this mass of men—
> See how the mass lies passive to my hand
> Now that my hand is plastic, with you by
> To make the muscles iron! Oh, an end
> Shall crown this issue as this crowns the first!
> My will be on the the people."

This reference to "the mass" is more interesting still when we compare it with Shakespeare's treatment of the mob.

Besides power and truth, Norbert has love. Love is the motive of his work. "I worked," he says to Constance, "because

I want you with my soul.'' He is slower of soul than Constance. In a life he rolls the minute out whereto she condenses hers. But his love is pure and deep. It will not succumb to the callings of ambition. To the Queen's love he answers,

> ''Devotion to the uttermost is yours,
> But no, you cannot, madam, even you,
> Create in me the love our Constance does.''

He is even hurt that Constance should make such a test of his love. He loves once as he loves but once. He says,

> ''Though I might curse, I love you. I am love
> And cannot change: love's self is at your feet.''

Perhaps there is criticism that Norbert is perfect, and inhuman, and unnatural. There is no question that he is idealized. But he is like some of Shakespeare's characters, transcended, but not unnatural.

As an acting play, it would not be a success. Some of the reasons I have already indicated; its slight action, the long speeches, which almost form debates, the psychological treatment of the characters. These make acting difficult, and do not hold the audience. To any who were familiar with the play, a dramatization of it would be exceedingly interesting. But to those who were unfamiliar the play would not be pleasing or popular.

Estelle Shepard, '17.

THE MOON BABY

The man in the moon
  Is not a man at all;
He's only a baby,
  Very small.

And when there's rain,
  It's because he cries,
And the tears are falling
  From his eyes.

Most times he sleeps
  In his cradle bed,
With a cloud blanket
  Over his head.

But the other night,
  When I looked to see,
He was wide awake,
  And smiled at me.

He grows big and round
  For a while, and then,
The next time I look
  He's thin again.

The babe in the moon
  Don't stay grown like me;
How he grows small again,
  I can't see.

Emilie S. Kates, '18.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

(Sir Walter Scott)

The "Heart of Midlothian" is a novel of national characteristics of the Scottish people. It is a representation of the manners and principles of interesting Scottish types and in its portrayal of these attractive but typical characters it brings out the national characteristics of the Scots. It is a novel of manners and character and contains a hint of the Gothic romance in the portrayal of the crazed woman, as well as something of the travel and adventure that we find in earlier works such as "Tom Jones."

The theme of the story is the noble love and sincere morality of Jeanie Deans. The entire story centers about the strength of Jeanie's character, when she is brought to testify in the court to save her sister's life and then, true to the principles of her life, she tells the truth, which she knows is the final step toward her sister's punishment and death. Then, to save the life that has thus been sacrificed for the sake of the truth, she makes her long and dangerous journey to London to procure her sister's pardon. The story is molded on the frame of this tale of the procuring of pardon for her sister in order to show the nobility, purity, uprightness and strength of character of Jeanie Deans.

The story was written most particularly to show and sympathetically explain Scottish life and Scottish character. The second purpose of the story is that named by the author himself—"to illustrate the great truth, that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; . . and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness are always those of pleasantness and peace." I think, too, that there is a somewhat sympathetic satire in the representation of the narrow religion of Davie Deans, who thought all religions but his own were unfounded and not in accordance with the true conception of Christianity.

The story is told as though by a schoolmaster—Peter Pattieson—probably to conceal the real author's identity. The author does not begin to tell his story immediately when he begins his

book and through the whole first chapter the reader tries to find what the story is about. Yet, the author even then does not give a definite idea of what his story is to be and it takes some time to get through the rather cumbrous introduction to the real story. The conclusion of the story, too, is rather long and drawn out, but at least there is no doubt left as to the ends of the various characters and threads of the main story. The movement of the story is slow because in so many places, indeed at every opportunity, Davie Deans enters into a discussion of the wars of religion in Scotland or upon a representation of what he believes to be the only true creed. At other times, he preaches sermons or debates on some religious matters with anyone who offers a contrary opinion. The story is full of these references to the religious wars and controversies, in that land. Then, Mr. Saddletree has his legal doctrines to show off and these, though they are somewhat more amusing than Davie's discussions, are not much less prosy. The story is told in the English language but the conversations of the people are all carried on in the Scottish dialect, which is absolutely necessary to a real national novel and which adds to the local color and charm of the book. The story is exceedingly long but it is vivid and stirring and lively, with a realism that is close to life but far from any coarseness. It is given more force by its loose, hurried and unfinished style. There is a certain sympathy with the actors of the story, a love of the country and its manners, a tense interest in the life of the people pervading the story. It stirs the emotions but it is far from a plain of sentimentalism. There is a nobility in the affections and feelings of these people and a horror or even pity for those whose principles and whose lives have been degraded. The humor is delicate and, in places, almost half serious.

As has been suggested before, the story is very long. The main plot is that of Effie's imprisonment, trial and final release through Jeanie's efforts. Closely connected with this is the love story of Jeanie and Ruben, and the foundation of it is the story of Effie and George. The climax is reached when Jeanie obtains Effie's pardon and returns to her father and her lover. There

are numerous other plot strands that can hardly be separated—the Madge-George-Effie plot, so closely connected with the Effie-Jeanie plot; the Dumbiedikes-Jeanie-Butler plot; the Wilson,Robertson-Porteous plot—all are woven together so that it is all one solid whole. The only place where there is any great suspense is in the trial scene—the suspense naturally expected in the journey is somewhat lessened by the immediate adventures of Jeanie. Here there is something of the old travel plot and in the George-Effie plot we find something of the old repentant villain plot There are other splendidly powerful scenes but the suspense is not so great as one might expect and the ending is not so strong as it might have been made.

The setting of the story is vivid and in every way true to its Scottish background. The quiet home life of the cotter, the wild landscape of the north, the dialect, the Scottish dress—all help to form the setting of the story. The "clannishness" of the Scots which is so beautifully portrayed in the relations of the Duke of Argyle and Jeanie's family is typical of the Scots and necessary for a real picture of Scottish life. The crude and simple life of Jeanie and her friends is contrasted with the life of the nobility and the court. The superstitious beliefs of the time and the cruel punishment of witchcraft belong to a complete picture as well as the view we have of the method of carrying out the laws of the time. No representation of Scottish life—especially at that early period—would be true without some image of the religious nature of the people. Then after we have seen the troubled life of the family at St. Leonard's, the prison life of Effie, and the journey of Jeanie through danger and uncertainty, we come to peaceful, quiet Knocktarlitie, where the tragedy of George and Effie is completed and the others live on in love and happiness.

The characters of the story are portrayed through their manners yet they are not really manneristic. They are unusual characters but they are real and lifelike. In many cases they are representatives of types but they are far from being merely types. They are consistent and true throughout.

David Deans is the industrious farmer and thrifty Scotchman that one so often hears about. Besides, however, he is a

strict adherent and upholder of a dogmatic religious creed. He has been a soldier for his religion and believes it is the only means to salvation. His religion might almost be said to be his life. In the moments of bitterest anguish he forgets his sorrow temporarily in a religious controversy. He is narrow in his religion and in his life and one can see that possibly if he had been a little less strict and narrow in his religion, his daughter might not have had such a fate. He does not realize that as his religion is the joy of his life and pride of his soul, so other people may have other means for enjoyment. He is vain and even proud in his religious principles, but he does not perceive this. One can not help thinking that his eternal reprimanding of Effie after her release from prison and his admonition must have tormented her until she could bear it no longer. Yet, he was a human man, and a father, as his suffering in the court room at the trial showed. He was a true friend to Butler and would not have hurt him for any reason—it was just his almost fanatic religious interest that must come between them. Then, in the end, although he did not give up any of his creed, we see him yielding to the force of circumstance as all must do at some time.

Reuben Butler was somewhat broader than David in his religious principles, but that is to be expected from one who has had a broader education. Yet, in his way, Butler is just as determined in his creed and belief as the older man is in his. Reuben is not so distinct a character as Jeanie. He is good, sincere, honest and pious and he loves Jeanie. He is something of a scholar and in the end becomes a notable man. He is more cautious than Jeanie and less impulsive, but he is not cowardly. In the beginning he displays some pride in his learning but this wears off as he matures and we leave him an honored, sincere, and upright preacher of the Gospel and a friend to humanity, but firm of belief.

Effie, Jeanie's younger half-sister, though "the child of prayers," is willful and spoiled. Her temperament is widely different from that of Jeanie. She is not religiously inclined, loves a good time, is passionate and emotional. But she has enough

of her father's religion to be truthful. She is unfortunate in her love for George Staunton and is divided between this wild affection and her duty to her father and her love for her sister. She is selfish although she does not mean to be so and does many apparently selfish things for the sake of her husband. We are somewhat surprised when we meet her as a leader in the social world among those to whom Jeanie had gone to petition her release and her boldness amazes one and you wonder if such a change could be possible.

George Stanton is a peculiar figure. We see him first as a smuggler imprisoned and sentenced to death, and we follow through his wild youth in horror. The son of a noble house, he spends his time among the lowest class of people. Still, he does it for adventure, not from love of evil. But a youth indulging his wild love of adventure in such a way can not but fall into the bad habits of those with whom he is associated, and so it was a natural thing for him to become an unruly man. But before we leave him, we feel that he is not so bad as we imagined and are willing to forgive his misdeeds in the end when we see his secret suffering and repentance in spite of pretended indifference.

Madge Wildfire is a splendid representation of insanity. She belongs to the outlaw band to which George belongs. Through the ill treatment of her mother and her rough life, the poor creature's mind has become disordered. She is a pitiable creature. At times she seems to have a consciousness of reality and her mind seems to clear temporarily, but then it lapses into the confused state again. At unexpected times she is perfectly sane, but her condition is ever changing. She is restless, unhappy. She loves bright personal adornment and dresses herself in such freakish outfit that she is tormented by the boys in the towns. To this poor, demented creature is given the task of disposing of Effie's little son. To me, Madge's insanity is much more real than the madness of some of Shakespeare's mad people.

Her mother, Meg Murdockson, is a vile creature. Low, cruel, revengeful and vulgar, she is one of the most repulsive features of the story.

Among the friends of the Dean family, the most eccentric is the Laird of Dumbiedikes. In his laced hat, seated on his old mare that knew but one path and would travel by that one only, he is a funny sight. His quiet, contemplation of the unsuspecting Jeanie as she worked, his daily visit to the cottage, and his silence furnish plenty of enjoyment. And then, after all these years of contemplated marriage with Jeanie, to think that on the very day after her refusal he should go a-courting to the daughter of a neighboring laird! I'm not sure that Jeanie relished the funniness of it, but I hope she did enjoy it. But the laird must have been very stupid not to have noticed Jeanie's love for Butler and even to have dreamed of her marrying him for wealth and position. I should like to have seen him coming after Jeanie on his old horse after he softened his heart and was willing to lend her the money she needed.

Mr. Saddletree is an amusing figure, too. He is almost as prosy as Davie, but his hobby is law rather than religion. His imperfect Latin, the pet of his life and pride of his heart, and his assumed importance when any legal point is brought up, are very amusing. Sometimes he is tiresome but usually amusing.

His wife is suited to him. Somebody must keep up his business while he is at court, so she is shop-keeper. But poor Saddletree's law meets a cool reception at home and so the reader gets a little rest.

The Duke of Argyle is a historical character and is portrayed as such. He is a friend of his countrymen of lower degree. He is noble, generous and friendly and so almost an idol of his people.

Captain of Knockdunder is a rough character. Boisterous, presumptious, non-religious, he sways the town with a strong hand when his master is away. He loves to eat and drink and smoke and talk and he loves to be esteemed and feared by all the parish.

Jeanie Deans is the chief character—the heroine—but she is not the conventional novel heroine. She is just a simple-hearted peasant girl of the Scottish lowlands. Reared in the strict dogmatic principles of her father's religion, she can not desert them

even in the greatest trial of her life. In spite of all the deep sisterly affection in her heart, she can not abandon the truth even when her sister's life is at stake. Her feeling is deep, but its expression is repressed. She is the possessor of a strong will and a courageous heart. Although her education is scant, and her learning scarcely worthy of mention, her sturdy common sense helps her through difficulties and her broader religious tolerance is a means of domestic harmony that could not exist without her in the religious discussions of her father and her husband. She is somewhat simple minded, too, for she does not entirely disbelieve the superstitions of her time. She is industrious and thrifty —anxious to "save a penny for a rainy day," but not desirous of gold for wealth's sake. She is a pure, noble and strong woman, able to comfort and forgive an erring sister, patient in consoling a broken-hearted, almost relentless father, and strong in her devotion to that which she believes is right.

The story is wonderful, not for the story it tells or the action, but for the variety of the characters, the skill with which they are drawn, and their truth to nature, their real representation of Scottish character.

Esther Evans, '18.

ENTER MARY JANE.

Mrs. Mary Lindsey slowly went down the stairway. Her face was pale but the muscles were set and firm. Only the rustle of her gown broke the empty stillness of the house. She passed through the lower hall. Profuse floral decrations were strangely out of place in the gray dullness of the morning. On the floor before the library door an orange blossom lay trampled. She glanced at it hastily and walked around it.

She entered the dining room. There was but one place at the table. As she sat down a maid appeared.

"Good morning, Minna," she said quietly.

"Good morning, Ma'am," the maid answered. She looked searchingly at her mistress.

"Just rolls and coffee this morning, Minna. I'm not hungry."

The maid disappeared and Mrs. Lindsay looked out of the window. The sky was overcast. A sharp wind violently shook the new spring leaves. There was a chill in the breeze which came in at an open window at the lower end of the room. It was as if winter were threatening to return and destroy the beauty which the last few warm days had brought.

The maid returned with her breakfast. As she turned to go, she stopped and looked at Mrs. Lindsay.

"Oh, Ma'am," she exclaimed, "wasn't it lovely? Miss Helen was a beautiful bride. You'd ought a been proud of her!"

"Yes, Minna." Mrs. Lindsey's response came in a far-off tone as if she somewhat doubted her own sincerity.

"But to think of her going so far away to live! India! Mrs. Lindsey, I—I kind of think she ought've thought about that. You being all alone, now, I mean." The maid spoke hesitatingly.

Mrs. Lindsey bit her lip and answered shortly, "Please don't talk about that now, Minna."

Minna left the room, and Mrs. Lindsey turned to her breakfast. In a moment she rose and walked deliberately into the library. Before the hearth palms and flowers were arranged. She gazed at them for a moment and then turned to go. On the wall facing her hung a small round picture of a child with laughing eyes. A sigh came to her lips. "My little, laughing girl!" she murmured and quietly left the room.

She walked up the stairs. In a few moments she came down again dressed to go out.

"Minna," she called, "I am going to a directors' meeting at the orphanage."

"Yes, ma'am," the maid answered.

A few moments' walk and Mrs. Lindsey was before a large, rambling, carelessly kept house. She ascended the steps slowly. The sounde of childrens' voices came out to her. She rang the bell. The quick patter of childish feet came to the door and stopped.

The door opened. A little child with chubby face and golden hair stood before her. The large eyes twinkled.

"Hello! Is you comin' to visit or to get a little girl? I'm a good girl!"

Mrs. Lindsey started. There was pleading in the blue eyes before her. Before she could answer a tall and unattractive woman bustled out of a door to the left.

"Oh, good morning, Mrs. Lindsey. Mary Jane, go back to the play room and don't you answer the bell again! I hope you'll excuse me, Mrs. Lindsey. That child's into everything. The ladies are waiting for you in the directors' room."

Mrs. Lindsey followed her into the room at the left. An hour passed by in discussion of the affairs of the asylum. Mrs. Lindsey's thoughts refused to stay upon the matters in hand. As they rose to go, she called the matron to her.

"Miss Brown, may I see Mary Jane?" she asked quietly.

The matron answered with a surprised, "Why, yes!" and disappeared. The other directors departed.

In a few moments, Miss Brown led in Mary Jane.

Mrs. Lindsey smiled and was rewarded by one in return.

"I'm a good girl!" the child murmured.

Mrs. Lindsey looked at her for a moment and then spoke deliberately, "Miss Brown, I think you shall hear from me in a few days."

She turned, and Miss Brown accompanied her to the door. She walked slowly homeward. Before her house a florist's delivery truck was standing. A man was carrying out palms.

As she entered, the old empty stillness surrounded her. She went to her room and sat down at her desk. In a few moments she addressed a letter to the directors of the orphanage. As she sealed the envelope a sunbeam fell across it. The sky had cleared.

R. Olive Wolf, '18.

THE SOROSIS

PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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THANKSGIVING DAY

When the Sorosis goes to print, two questions are being generally asked. The first is, "How shall we celebrate Thanksgiving Day this year?" The second is an outgrowth of the serious spirit which prompted the first, "Shall we have a Thanksgiving Day this year?"

Thanksgiving Day is a part of our national life, like the Fourth of July and Memorial Day. Its celebration is a national

custom, founded upon a universal appreciation of the significance of the event which formed its origin. However, in recent years we have as individuals departed to a greater or less extent from the sort of observance which is implied in the term, "Thanksgiving Day." We have considered it merely a holiday, and have lost its true spirit of reverent thankfulness.

This year finds us a much more serious people than we have been for years past. The shadow of the great war in which we are engaged is beginning to color our whole life, and we are willingly giving up pleasures to which we have long been accustomed. The question of how we shall celebrate Thanksgiving Day naturally arises in this connection of pleasure. The question surely does not require a definite answer in the way of some sort of suggestion from national headquarters. Certainly our sense of propriety will force us as individuals to a celebration in keeping with our national situation. In this way, we shall return to a degree to the kind of Thanksgiving Day which its founders celebrated—a day of solemn and heartfelt appreciation of our blessings as a nation.

With the change of attitude toward Thanksgiving Day, the spirit of the second question is eliminated. It will not be a merry holiday, but a day of genuine Thanksgiving—and, as a nation, have we not ample cause for Thanksgiving? Our position this year as a nation is glorious. Every American can truly say, without being Pharisaical, and more truly than ever before, "Thank God, I am an American!" Last year we were salving our consciences, while we let other nations fight our battle for democracy. This year, we have entered the conflict, and confident in the righteousness of our cause, we can truly have a Thanksgiving Day.

A NEW LITERARY EDITOR

Owing to a necessity to lighten her work, Eva Weston, elected Literary Editor in June for this year, has resigned her position. The staff has elected Winifred Black to fill the vacancy.

LIBERTY BOND DAY

Liberty Bond Day, October 24th, was a big day for P. C. W. From eleven o'clock until one, things buzzed. Miss Suzanne Beatty gave a rousing address in favor of Liberty Bonds. She emphasized particularly the part that women can play in the war. Mr. Putnam then spoke in an informal, practical way, upon the necessity of the purchase of Liberty Bonds by all to whom it is in any way possible. Mr. Putnam's address will be remembered by all of us for its true and enthusiastic patriotism. He impressed upon us the fact that we are, each of us, in the war, as well as the soldiers in the trenches, and that each one of us has a consequent and compelling duty to our country if we are to be victorious.

After Mr. Putnam's address, subscriptions were received. Each of the four classes subscribed a fifty dollar bond. Members of the faculty and individual students also subscribed. By one o'clock the total amount subscribed was $2,700. This amount was subsequently raised to $3,600. As a whole the college was represented by a subscription of $7,700. Alumnae and students can not help but feel proud of these results.

COLLEGE NIGHT

The evening of October 22nd was "College Night" at the Nixon Theatre. The attraction was David Warfield in "The Music Master." The Pennsylvania College for Women was well represented, having about two hundred representatives. About thirty-five other colleges were represented, but none so well as our own college. It was the first time many of our students had seen David Warfield; but not only they, but the audience as a whole was thrilled by the wonderful art of Mr. Warfield and the touching pathos of the play. Between the acts our college led in the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies" and the Liberty Bond Song.

LECTURES

On Friday, October 12th, Mr. Sidney Teller gave us a most interesting lecture on "The Second Line of Defense." A second line of defense is a reserve to take the place of the first line of defense when it is exhausted. In the case of the United States, the first line is our soldiers, sailors and all others who are at present in our training camps; the young boys and women who are to be the leaders and citizens after the war, are our second line of defense. If we turn our whole effort and attention to the men at war and forget our ideals, forget our boys and women who need our attention at home, we lose in the end even if our first line is victorious.

He suggested to us four big problems which are confronting the social workers at the present time, of which the first is the housing of the ten thousand people who came into Pennsylvania within the last year. The problems of health and recreation must be solved for the development of our children. Lastly we have the question of child labor—whether we shall permit children to be killed, one might say, in mills and factories.

He left this impression on our minds, that "the boy of today is the man of tomorrow" and if we neglect the second line of defense now we will have fought for democracy in vain. If our men die for their country on the field, let us live for our country at home.

Dr. Bausman entertained us on October 5th with his lecture on James Whitcomb Riley. He gave us poems which expressed many sides of Riley's character. His love of nature is strongly emphasized in "Knee-deep in June." There is a good deal of humor and fun in "When de Folks Is Gone" and especially in "The Tree Toad." But the more serious side of his character shows itself in "Nothin' to Say," where the sorrow of a father at seeing his only daughter leaving him is pathetic. This same strain runs through "Out to Old Aunt Mary's." His ability to picture the pleasures of a child is seen in "At Auntie's House." "What Chris'mus Fetched the Wigginses" especially illustrates what Riley's intention was in writing, that is, to picture the sim-

ple life of the people about him using their language and their customs. It is certain we would not have derived so much from these poems if Dr. Bausman had not put himself into them.

Rainy weather did not lessen our enthusiasm on Color Day, which was held on Friday, October 19th, in the Chapel instead of on the campus. The Junior Class handed down the colors entrusted to it by the class of 1917. The colors are red, for constancy, and white, for purity. On behalf of the Freshman Class, Miss Biles promised to be as true to the red and white as was the Class of 1917. Then followed school and class songs which showed the splendid school spirit of P. C. W.

THE COLLEGE MUSICAL CLUB

The need has been felt in this college for a big, live musical club to take the place of the Whitmer Musical Club. We are glad to welcome among our other college organizations the College Musical Club, whose object (as stated in the new constitution) is to create in the college a broader appreciation and love of music, to develop individual talent and to provide a musical center for the students of the college.

The officers of the organization are Estelle Miller, president; Mabel Shane, vice president; and Ruth Seaman, secrtary and treasurer. The club provides for program, membership and social committees, and a poster and advertising committee to further the activities of the club. The officers, with the aid of the committees, promise some very novel and interesting, as well as educational programs for the coming months.

Y. W. C. A.

Don't you enjoy the eleven o'clock sandwich sales? The money is to be used to send a greater number of delegates to Eagles Mere next year. The summer conference is worth every sacrifice we can make. And the more money we have, the more girls can go. So do your bit, eat the sandwiches and perhaps you'll be a lucky girl.

We are going to have some big meetings soon. You can't afford to miss one. The Thanksgiving service will be better than usual. It is a special day. Olive Wolf will be the leader. On December 5th we will have quite an original service. We have never had one like it before. Then don't fail to come December 12th, for on that day we are going to have a special speaker whom you will all enjoy. We depend on you to be present to make the meetings a success.

PHI PI.

Greek drama, mythology and archaeology are some of the subjects to be discussed this year at the monthly meetings of the Phi Pi. The first meeting was held October 24th, and the program was very interesting. The fifteenth Idyl from Theocritus was charmingly acted out by Margaret Hare, RitaCriste, Loretta Weirick and Marjorie Errett. Annetta Marks, Gladys Wilson and Rosalie Morris read papers on the life of the people at the time of Theocritus. All the future programs promise to be just as entertaining.

ARIEL CLUB.

The Ariel Club is planning to start the years work with an interesting and exciting trip. The first formal meeting held on October 31st was mainly a business meeting devoted to the selection of new members.

OMEGA.

The first meeting of the Omega Society was held October 10th. The books for discussion were Gogol's "Taros Bulba" and "The Inspector General." Miss Rodgers and Miss Jeffers led the discussion. Miss Jefferson and Miss Kates were hostesses.

DEUTSCHER VEREIN.

The "Deutscher Verein" held its first regular meeting on Wednesday, October 17th. A number of new members were

voted upon. Plans were made to make this club even more interesting than in the past. After the business meeting, refreshments were served by the hostesses, Virginia Hooff and Eleanor Salinger.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT.

Miss Marianne Rea, a student in the Department, has gone to Atlanta, Georgia, where as a volunteer worker for the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., she will organize girls' clubs. The establishment of a large army camp necessarily causes confusion in any community. For this reason the Y. W. C. A. is doing systematic community work in localities so affected, and the organization of girls' clubs is one of their important activities.

A member of the class of 16, Miss Frances Boale, is assisting Miss Meloy in the instruction and executive work of the Social Service Department.

Another member of this class, Miss Grace Woodrow, will be found in the Employment Department of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, East Pittsburgh.

Miss Mary Estep, '15, is employed in the office of the Improvement of the Poor, both as Recorder and Visitor for the downtown district.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Mayhew gave a lecture on "Folk Songs" for the Academy of Science and Arts, November 6th.

At its first meeting, the Music Club elected its officers. Estelle Miller was elected president, Mabel Shane, Vice President, and Ruth Seaman, Secretary and Treasurer. Very interesting programs are being planned for the year.

Miss Butterfield sang three delightful songs at the Colloquim Club, and Mr. Hines played the "Quartet from Rigoletto."

The Glee Club has resumed its duty of singing in the choir in chapel. Many splendid voices have been discovered among the new girls and we are sure the years work is going to be a success.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

P. C. W. may well be proud of the splendid showing that the girls are making this year in athletics. Tennis and hockey have both been responded to with a great deal of enthusiasm and vigor. Swimming also, has aroused some interest. If the girls go out for basketball with as much zeal as they have for the other sports, we may look forward to a very successful year in athletics along every line.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Katherine Keck, '17, is teaching English in Greensburg High School. She paid us a short visit recently.

Ruth Gokey, '17, is doing settlement work.

Margery Stewart, '14, is attending Columbia University.

Margaret McBurney, '14, substituted in our history department during the absence of Miss White.

Frances Boale, '16, is assisting in our social service department.

SENIOR SCRIBBLES.

We treated ourselves with one of our famous spreads and are almost ready for another by now. We certainly enjoyed the "eats" especially the remains which were eaten the day after. Our guests of honor were Dean Root, Mrs. Acheson and Mrs. Sterling.

"Bill' Van Kirk has been unanimously elected class cheer leader.

Because of the Senior's love of music the Senior Mandolinites sooth our nerves occasionally by playing some new "pieces."

The entire class wishes to thank Dr. Lawson for his surprise tests in education. As a source of merriment we certainly appreciate them.

SENIOR SAYINGS.

"The Greek's studied the Bible."—E. V. E.

"A strait usually connects two bodies of water."—R. D. L.

"A river flows in its own channel."—Miss B.

"Do you get me?"—Miss H.

"A Brahmin is a man who founded a religion called Brahminism."—V. J.

"Animism is a state in Chinese education."—J. B. P.

"Animism is a way of teaching by imitation."—E. E.

"Socrates used no text-books when he taught, he used the lecture method entirely."—E. K.

"President Grant's son, Jessie."—Miss B.

JUNIOR NOTES.

On Color Day the Juniors handed down the colors of '17 to the Freshman Class. Considering the size of said class, there was a moment when they felt the need of a longer song; but at any rate the colors were pinned on to music. Thanks to the Freshman for their generous and accumulated compliments! After that, with '17's admonitions handed down, the Juniors have more to live up to than any mere mortals have a chance of doing. They welcome once more their "sisters" and are glad they have such a large family.

The most lucrative business the Juniors could engage in at present would be a dairy. A sure thing for making a fortune.

A "Drink Milk and Grow Fat" Club has sprung up in the den, and now studying is done between drinks!

Bottles, bottles everywhere; not a place to read. Glasses, glasses on the chairs, and every place we need.

We have reason to believe that a certain member of the class has established a Faculty Detective Bureau. Any faculty member having a secret is warned to keep it well concealed, or it will be aired one of these nights at the dinner table in Woodland Hall.

Gertrude Bair (reading in Junior Expression)—'Idle you call it, and muse perfectly. How I could paint, were I but back in France, one picture.'

Miss Kerst—There—not another word.—

G. B.—(Finishing the line in pleading tone)—'Just one more—not yours this time.'

Mr. Putnam (In Novel) — Tristan was brave, knightly, heroic, generous, loyal—and what else.

Mary—He was a liar.

Again in novel. Mr. Putnam told a love story with a very forceful and pronounced climax, as follows: "They wandered by the sea at evening. The moon and stars shown down and they listened to the wavelets playing on the beach. 'Oh, what are the wild waves saying?' quoth he, 'What do they whisper to you?'" And the lady fair answered quite truly, "They say 'splash, b'gosh, splash, to me."

Miss Brownson (in Renaissance History) — Savonarola preached and the people wept all over the church.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

A party for the Freshmen was held by the Sophomore Class on Friday, October 19th. You should have seen how those children enjoyed making animals and performing suitable stunts. But the refreshments, animal crackers, sticks of peppermint

candy, and ice cream cones, pleased them more. A set of rules, stating their conduct towards the upper classmen, was impressively read to them.

A variety of jellies and preserves is kept on hand in the Sophomore den. For particulars, see Grace Brosius.

It is certainly not the fault of the Sophomores if the soldiers in the training camps are not made happy by interesting and consoling letters.

FRESHMEN.

Have you ever heard the songs of Anonyms and Synonyms? For particulars, inquire of Miss Rimer and Miss Gilmore, who have proved that they can even chant their lessons.

Miss B. (to young lady, in Geometry)—"Oh, my dear child, the sun is shining in your eyes, just slide over into another plane."

Friday, October 19th, was a big day for the Freshmen. At the Color Day exercises in chapel they were presented with their colors, the "red and white," by the Juniors, their sister class. In the afternoon the Sophomores had a delightful party for them at which the rules and regulations for initiation week were read. Friday evening, the Freshmen, dressed as little girls, entertained the Seniors and Sophomores in Assembly Hall.

HOUSE NOTES.

Miss Root spoke at Vespers, September 30 and Mr. Hunter of the North Presbyterian Church on the Northside, spoke October 14. Both talks were very helpful and inspiring. The solos by Miss Florence Youkins and Miss Margaret Armstrong at these services were enjoyed very much.

P. C. W. recently responded nobly to a call to help "do its bit." The call was for coat-hangers for the soldiers at Gettysburg. The girls showed fine spirit in their giving and surely the young men will enjoy the novel little verses accompanying the gifts.

The Woodland Hall girls gave a delightful tea in honor of Miss Root and the new girls on Friday, October 12th. Every one entered into the good time with lively spirits and there is certainly no doubt but that the tea was a success in more ways than one.

Saturday evening, October 13th, was an enjoyable one for all those who attended the patriotic rally at the Shriner's Mosque. Such meetings as this one, without doubt, do inspire us with love of country and of "Old Glory" more than ever.

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OUT OF THE SHADOWS

(Prize Story of the Omega Short Story Contest)

With the night was falling a deep, noiseless snow. A pure white blanket was obliterating all the scars of desolation, and bye and bye the disfigured plain would be healed. All about was a ghastly scene of devastation and ruin; grotesque remains mutely bespoke the passage of some awful avenger. In the middle of what had been a street, now gutted and torn with shell, stood a baby's crib, unharmed; partially protected by a charred and tottering wall, a crucifix reared its height, untouched in the heart of the ruin.

In the shadow of the wall something had moved, something living in that ravaged waste! Beyond the crucifix a man stirred slightly, striving feebly to brush from his face the soft cool "fingers" clinging there. Weakened by the effort, he again lay still,— He felt warm. . . . . Ah! . . . Soon he should sleep.

But the snow, persistently demanding attention, was not thus to be denied. An eyelash fluttered and before its half-drawn curtain, flake after flake took fantastic form, crossing the vision one by one, and constantly passing on into the great void.

Snow! . . . Christmas! What time was it, indeed? The man had lost all reckoning of time, but surely . . . the snow . . . it must be almost Christmas now. Yes, they had expected to smash the enemy's line and spend a comfortable Christmas in the town. How long ago it all seemed—what had happened?

Vaguely, gropingly, the benumbed mind searched the intervening time. There had been a surprise attack . . . . the fight had been close and terrible . . . . hand-to-hand . . . . . the Germans had won, for there were many comrades left in the field, and many prisoners had been carried away. . . . Ah, now his memory was clearing—flying shrapnel had found him and left him lying out there. The battle was already lost. . . How cunning he had been, holding his breath, never flinching, when the German boche had kicked him to see whether he were living—dead prisoners could not work!

Petrified, he had waited until everyone had gone and all was still again. Ages he had waited and then, dragging himself slowly, with infinite pain, he had instinctively sought the shelter of the cross.

It was getting so warm now. Presently he would sleep, . . . it would be so good to sleep.

For a while he lay, surrendering to complete oblivion; but what was that dark thing gleaming there in the whiteness? A plated altar vessel, attracting his gaze, again riveted his mind. Other thoughts took troublous shape,—the people who had so lately laughed here, and prayed,—where had they gone? What had become of them? His own Jeanne and little Marie, God! what might have become of them! A pitiful heap of little bleached bones by the road, little rats of children who slunk wolf-eyed in the wake of the camps, snarling and fighting over fallen scraps, recalled themselves to his anguished mind,—and Jeanne, his beautiful Jeanne,—what of her?

Impotently he cursed, writhing in a hell of torment. Dying, how was he to protect or avenge?

His mind hearkened back to the first days of the war! The declaration had come like a blow out of a clear sky when they were all so happy and content. He had thrilled with immense patriotism, and he with all France, was in arms. Now, details from those first hours returned with startling vividness. He remembered park benches lined with strained-faced men, men weeping, men he had despised, but now,—how much farther had they

seen than he! His Jeanne had bade him go, had kissed him a smiling fare-well, but now he remembered that haunted look in the depths of her eyes and half realized the anguished lonely hours she had endured. Jeanne had understood better than he. . . . . The last clinging warm embrace of the little Marie, and her "Hurry back, daddy," became horrible torments. He had promised blithely to come back soon; to bring her a German doll,—soon, and it was now three years, and almost Christmas!

What a mockery,—Christmas, and that crucifix up there! He laughed in derisive blasphemy.

Back over the years to the little peasant home of his boyhood his sick memory bore him. Then, at his mother's knee, he had long ago heard a wonderful tale of a little child, and angels who filled the sky with a glory, and sang of peace and good-will to men. Shepherds who took care of their flocks, simple men like his father and Andre, his mother said, had seen the marvelous sight, and everyone had been so glad.

Listening, the little boy had believed and simply loved. He had never grown up it seemed.

Why did they tell such stories? His mother was a good woman. Why should she wish to deceive him? . . . He had had no hate in his heart, he had never done anyone wrong, he hadn't wanted to kill! His belief had been a simple one, founded upon faith in a merciful and just God. But where was the mercy, the justice—it was a lie, an awful sham.

His despair mingled with an impotent rage that he had been so easily deceived. Muttering frightful oaths, weeping weak tears for what he had lost, he knew himself dying, and in his madness, spat at the crucifix, cursed his God.

Spent by his excess of wrath, the man again fell into a sort of stupor—a stupor peopled by lurid forms and troubled by hideous fancies from which the burdened soul was fast fleeing.

Into this region so shadowy and terrible, there penetrated faintly a sound low, monotonous, whirring like a multitude of wings fanning the air.

Angels! oddly enough into the poor disordered brain, that

was the thought which sprang unbidden, and strangely all the troublous figures were dispelled.

And now, in the heavens, a bright, dazzling globe took a star-like form and hung, lightly suspended, bathing all the poor wreckage in a soothing radiance.

Across the brilliant path-way a dark object had passed, and stopped. Hurrying over the soundless snow, a muffled form sped toward the blanketed figure by the wall. Stooping and raising the poor burden, it sought to rouse the last lingering vestiges of life, and pressing close over the cold numbed ear, it cried, "Peace! Peace!"

But over the features of the man there had spread a happiness divine.

Mary L. Stevenson '20

"FIRST-LAW"

(Honorable mention in Omega Contest)

James G. Graham, Jr., hastily swallowed the last fried potato. He gave his mouth a swift dab with his napkin—quite an unnecessary convention—and with an undistinguishable muttering which sounded very much like "stew me" but which his mother, from long practice, had learned to recognize as "excuse me," he slid from his chair toward the door.

Mrs. Graham looked after him with astonishment. "Jimmy," she called, "don't you want some dessert? It's cherry pie."

"Naw, I ain't hungry," sounded from her rapidly retreating son. The next moment the door banged and Mrs. Graham heard him calling his dog, Tibs, from the enjoyable pursuit of the next door neighbor's cat.

"James," she said, turning to her husband, "I'm afraid Jimmy's sick; I never knew him to refuse pie before. Do you think I should ask the doctor about him?"

"Oh, leave the kid alone," replied her husband. "A boy ten years old ought to be able to refuse dessert without disturbing the whole household. You worry too much about him."

"Well, I suppose you're right," sighed Mrs. Graham. "It

does worry me sometimes though. I feel as if I don't know enough about Jimmy. The text books we are studying in the Mothers' Club say that the understanding of child nature is the most vital question which confronts parents." (Mrs. Graham was president of the Benton Mothers' Club and was fond of quoting it.) "I've always thought, though," she added, "that child nature isn't really so complex if you try to understand it. I've had very little trouble, now, in managing Jimmy. I believe the reason is that I've always tried to put myself exactly in his place."

"Well, you have the right idea, all right," admiringly agreed Mr. Graham.

Five minutes later, when his mother went to call Jimmy to his usual task of washing supper dishes, she found neither boy nor dog. Both had completely disappeared. Walking to the front gate, she looked up the street. Yes, there was Jimmy, one of seven excited little boys—technically styled "his gang." She hesitated a moment, and then turned back to the kitchen. "I'll do them myself tonight," she thought. "I don't believe he's very well anyway."

Mr. Graham found her, some half an hour later, washing the last pots and pans. "Where's Jimmy?" he inquired. "I thought this was his job."

"Oh, I guess he forgot it tonight," answered his wife. "I don't mind washing them."

"Forgot nothing," returned Jimmy's father. "I see I must have a talk with that young gentleman," he added sternly.

At nine o'clock that evening, a very dirty little boy came silently into the living room. His father, however, was on the lookout for him. "Well, son," he began, laying down his paper, "what do you mean by running off and leaving your mother to do the dishes herself?"

Jimmy hung his head, vouchsafing no reply.

His father sternly gazed at him for a few minutes. "Remember, son," he said, "that's not to occur again. And if it

does—well, you must take the consequences. You understand, don't you, Jimmy?"

Jimmy nodded silently.

His mother anxiously regarded him. "It's bedtime, dear," she called softly. "Come, kiss me good-night."

Without a word, Jimmy dutifully bade both father and mother good-night. His osculatory exercises having been completed, still with the same uncanny silence, he crossed the room and disappeared from view.

His parents listened for his usual boisterous passage up the staairs. There was not a sound. Father and mother looked at each other in astonishment. Jimmy was not generally so easily cast down.

To his mother, there was something pathetic in the tired, dirty, little figure. "James," she said to her husband, "maybe you were too cross with him. He doesn't usually forget."

"No, dear," returned Jimmy's father; "the boy must be taught to obey. He knew well enough he was supposed to wash the dishes. He's all right, though. He'll forget all about it by tomorrow."

Though Jimmy carried out his father's commands and every night faithfully washed the dishes, his mother was disturbed by an ever increasing alarm. Jimmy certainly did act queerly! He seemed to possess a positive fear of the door and kept as far away as possible from it. At times, in the midst of washing or wiping a dish, he would stop and stand as if listening to some approaching danger. He moved with a strange, noiseless swing, always seeming to keep as far as possible from the sight of anyone who might be passing along the street.

Mrs. Graham was alarmed and puzzled. "James," she asked her husband one night, after a particularly trying scene with her son, "Do you think there's anything wrong with Jimmy? When he's helping me with the dishes, he behaves so queerly. He acts just as if he were haunted or terribly afraid of something."

Her husband laughed. "Of course not," he said. "That's

just some boyish spasm. Maybe he's playing Indian. I used to do that when I was a kid."

Although slightly comforted by her husband's words, Mrs. Graham was not satisfied. Jimmy did not act as if he were playing "Indian."

Several days later, Mrs. Graham hesitatingly said to her son at the breakfast table, "Jimmy, I must go to town today and may not get home for supper. Do you think you could get yourself something to eat? I'm afraid you'll be the only one here, too. Your father must go to a board meeting from work."

She stopped, expecting his usual remonstrances at being left alone. To her astonishment, she saw a delighted expression steal over her son's face.

"Sure, maw," he said. "I don't care. Don't worry about me," he added, with unaccustomed magnaminity.

"That's my good boy," she said, drawing him swiftly to her and thinking what a really superior child Jimmy was. "You're sure you don't mind? I'll be home anyway by seven o'clock. You won't have a chance to be afraid."

"Afraid," sneered Jimmy, hastily freeing himself from his mother's embrace. "Well, I guess not."

That afternoon Mrs. Graham left home in a very pleasant frame of mind. This glow of satisfaction was due partly to to Jimmy's remarkable behavior of the morning and partly because of the really excellent program which she had finally succeeded in arranging for the Mothers' Club, which was to meet in two days. As president, she felt her responsibility.

This feeling of "all's right with the world" continued throughout the afternoon and was still in evidence when she reached Benton on the half past six train. She walked briskly down the street toward home, wondering if Jimmy had warmed the supper which she had left on the kitchen table for him.

As she was passing the Mackey residence, she suddenly stopped. "I believe I'll go in and tell Mrs. Mackey about the Mothers' meeting on Tuesday," she thought. "She wasn't there last time."

Mrs. Graham felt a kindred tie between herself and Mrs. Mackey. That lady was the mother of a boy just her Jimmy's age and the two children were great friends. Mrs. Graham approved of little Richard Mackey. She mentally termed him a "nice child."

To Jimmy, however, Richard Mackey was an entirely different being. He was "Red"—the brave and daring leader of Jimmy's gang.

Unconscious that she was approaching the home of her son's adored chief, Mrs. Graham opened the gate and walked up the cinder path to the front door. Mrs. Mackey herself answered the rap.

"Why, come in, Mrs. Graham," she cried. "I haven't seen you for a long time."

Mrs. Graham smilingly shook her head. "Oh, I can't. Really I can't," she said. "I just stopped to tell you about the Mothers' Meeting on Thursday. You'll try to come, won't you?"

"Yes, I will," responded Mrs. Mackey. "I have planned upon going. Thanks though for telling me. But do come in. I haven't had a good talk with you for a long while."

Mrs. Graham hesitated and was lost. "Well, just two minutes, then," she said.

Seated in the cozy living room, the two minutes stretched into thirty. Suddenly there was a knock on the kitchen door.

"Dickey," called Mrs. Mackey to her son who was washing the dishes in the kitchen, "open the door."

Dickey apparently did not hear.

"Son," repeated his mother, "don't you hear me? Open the door."

This time Dickey apparently did hear. The two mothers heard three hesitating steps and then the reluctant opening of a door.

Then Mrs. Graham was surprised to hear the voice of her son, Jimmy. "Hullo," he said.

"Hullo," answered Red gruffly, something which sounded very much like embarrasment in his tone. "What'd' you want?"

Jimmy's voice came again. "I want you to come out and play." And then in a careless tone, "I just had my supper."

Mrs. Mackey had caught the word "play." "Dickey," she called, "you'll have to finish the dishes before you go. You know that's a rule every night."

Red did not reply. A dead silence reigned in the kitchen.

Suddenly Jimmy moved into the room. His voice came, with a curious little tone of joy, to the two women in the next room. "Say, Red, I'll help with them dishes." And then, as if in explanation, "I do 'em every night myself anyway."

Simultaneously both boys stepped forward in to their mothers' line of vision. The two women saw Red hold out a wet hand to Jimmy. "Shake," said Red.

"Sure shake," returned Jimmy.

Mrs. Graham turned a beaming face to her hostess. In her eyes was a look of pride and joy. Her Jimmy had unconsciously proven his true metal. He was the—

But suddenly she was arrested from this fond contemplation of her son's character by a peculiar silence in the kitchen. All rattling of spoons and glasses had ceased.

Suddenly a boy's shrill voice—later she identified it as belonging to Georgie Burns—sounded to the living room. "Sissies," it yelled.

There was a sudden clatter, a stomping of feet, a bang of the door, and then silence.

Both mothers hurried to the kitchen. There lay the dishes, half washed; one tea-towel on the floor, the other on the chair. Both boys had disappeared.

Very much confused and indignant, Mrs. Graham helped her equally outraged hostess to finish the dishes and then promptly departed. Her mind was in a tumuld. She was angry and indignant in turns. How dared Jimmy act in such a manner! How dared anyone call her son a sissy! What, in the world, did Georgie Burns mean? It was a problem that the president of the Mothers' Club could not solve.

Five minutes after Mrs. Graham reached home, Jimmy came

boldly into the living room, where his mother awaited him. "Jimmy," she began, and then stopped aghast. "Why, child, what's wrong? Are you hurt, dear?"

Jimmy grinned sheepishly and held a cut hand over his varicolored eye. "Naw," he said. "I ain't hurt."

"But, Jimmy, where did you—" Then sternly, "You weren't fighting, were you?"

Jimmy nodded proudly. The light of a victor was in his eyes. "Yes," he said, "and we beat 'em, too."

"Jimmy, tell me at once what you have been doing."

Jimmy was silent a moment. Then he said in a tone which he vainly tried to render indifferent but which was fairly dripping with pride, "Some of the kids called Red and me 'Sissies' and so we beat 'em up. I bet they'll be the same kind of sissies now for a while."

"Oh," said his mother, in a tone of relief. "So that's the reason you boys left Mackeys' in such a hurry tonight? Well, Jimmy, I don't want you to fight, but of course you couldn't let the boys call you names. Sissies! The idea," she added hotly.

The meeting of the Mothers' Monthly Club of Benton was drawing to its close. The afternoon had been a decided success. Mrs. Young had read an enlightening paper on "The Youth and His Home"; Mrs. Appleby had contributed a half-hour talk on "Moral Development in the Youth." The members had just finished applauding the last speeches.

Mrs. Graham rapped for attention. "The last thing on our program this afternoon," she stated, "is general discussion. Has any member anything of interest to give us this afternoon?"

Mrs. Burns immediately rose from the back of the room. "Madam President," she said, "I wish to tell the Club an interesting incident which I think upholds Mrs. Appleby's views on the youth's strongly developed moral nature. My boy, George, last night asked to be allowed to wash the dishes for me. I supposed it to be simply a fancy upon his part and at first refused. He begged so hard though that I finally gave in and now he insists that he will wash them every night. I call that an example

of awakening moral nature, all right,'' she concluded triumphantly.

Simultaneously three women rose. ''Why, my son did that very same thing last night,'' one exclaimed. ''And mine, too,'' echoed the others.

The Club looked amazed. The women sank down again, much excited. The room was in an uproar.

Mrs. Graham rapped for attention and slowly rose. ''Dear friends,'' she said, ''as Mrs. Burns says, we have here a remarkable example of great moral development in our sons. It must be the outcome of some great, good force—and what other force than our Mothers' Club. I think these ladies, with the Club, can congratulate themselves on the development of a power which can influence so strongly the moral nature of our youth.

It is now past time for the meeting to adjourn. With this comforting thought let us return home, resolved afresh to continue our efforts which will lead our boys to glorious manhood.''

Miriam Crouse, '21.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

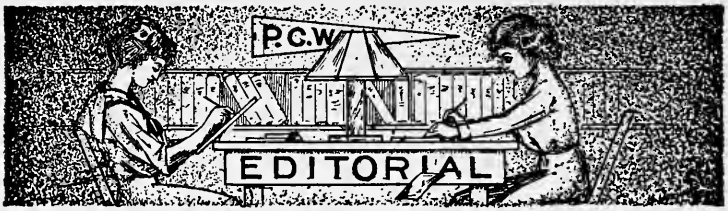
Heigh-ho! For a fir tree!
For our festive day;
Off to the forest,
Let us away.

Heigh-ho! For a stout tree!
The sharp ax lays it low;
Let us step light with it,
Over the snow.

Heigh-ho! For the bare boughs!
Bring tinsel and ball!
See how the candle-light
Brightens the hall.

Heigh-ho! For the gay fir!
The good cheer prolong!
Join hands 'round the tree
With laughter and song.

Emilie S. Kates, '18.



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Lois Farr, '21.....Music and Expression
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CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Once more the Christmas season is here, and we approach the day on which the Saviour's birth is celebrated. Throughout the centuries, the story of the holy birth in Bethlehem has stirred old and young, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, by the very simplicity of its appeal. For one day in the year at least, the sweet message with which the angels heralded His lowly birth has soothed our nervous activity and clarified our motives. The celebration of Christmas Day, has been universal throughout all

Christian countries, and, though varying in form and custom, has been a living monument to the Christian religion.

This year, because the shadow of a fearful war is upon us, we must not falter before the message of Christmas Day. "Peace on earth, good will toward men," is not now a mockery. It is an ideal toward which we have been striving for centuries, and which the struggle in which we are now engaged will bring nearer.

We will be more serious this Christmas Day than many of us have ever been. Perhaps this will be a god thing for us, for have not some of us in recent years sullied true Christmas joy by frivolities, which, though perfectly human, were leading away from an appreciation of the real significance of the day? Many of our homes will be saddened by anxiety for an absent loved one, and some of us may wish the day could simply be omitted from the calendar. However, if we will only strive to get the real spirit of peace and good will into our own hearts, so that it will last not only through Christmas Day, but throughout all the year, then the joy of this Christmas Day will be genuine.

THE PATRIOTIC NEWS SERVICE

"The Patriotic News Service was started by the National Committee of Patriotic Societies with a view to stirring up patriotism in our American Colleges and acquainting stduents with not only the problems of the war, but with their duties in connection with it."

The following article was written, as is evident, for Men's Colleges, but it also applies in some very important respects to us.

THE PROBLEM OF COLLEGE STUDENTS

By

Hon. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War.

(From the Patriotic News Service, of the National Committee of Patriotic Societies, Washington, D. C.)

When the call to national service arose, spirited young men everywhere of course wanted to be employed in a patriotic way,

and I suppose there is scarcely a young man in any college in the country who has not very anxiously addressed to himself the question: "What can I do?"

I think that there is no general answer to this question. Even in those cases where it would be obviously better for a young man to stay at college and prepare himself for later and fuller usefulness, yet if the young man in so doing acquires a low view of his own courage, and feels that he was electing the less worthy course, the effect on the young man of that state of mind toward his own actions probably would be so prejudicial that it ought not to be encouraged.

To the extent that the men in college are physically disqualified, or to the extent that they are too young to meet the requirements of the department, it seems quite clear that in the present state of the emergency their major usefulness lies in remaining in the college, going forward with their academic work. The knowledge that the students will acquire at college will equip them for subsequent usefulness if the emergency lasts until their call comes.

But we do not want to chill enthusiasm. We want to preserve and cultivate it and use it; but we do want to be discriminating in our enthusiasm, and prevent people getting the notion that they are not helping the country unless they do something different, which very often is not the case at all. The largest usefulness may come from doing the same thing. Now, it is not unnatural that there should be these ebullitions of feeling, this deside to change occupation as a badge of changed service and devotion to ideals. Our colleges can exercise a steadying influence in this regard.

We are going to have losses on the sea; we are going to have losses in battle; our communities are going to be subjected to the rigid discipline of multiplied personal griefs scattered all through the community, and we are going to search the cause of those back to their foundation, and our feelings are going to be torn and our nerves made raw. There is a place for physicians of public opinion to exercise a curative impulse. The young men

who are in our colleges, who go to their homes from our colleges and make up a very large part of the direction of public opinion, can exercise a curative influence by preaching the doctrine of tolerance, by exemplifying the fact that it is not necessary for a nation like the United States, which is fighting for the vindication of a great ideal, to discolor its purpose by hatreds or by the entertainment of any unworthy emotion.

LECTURES

On Friday, November 9th, we had the pleasure of having as our speaker, Dr. Davidson, the superintendent of the Pittsburgh public schools. We can all take to heart the message he brought to us, namely, that the good we derive from any activity is only in proportion to the effort we put into it. If this is true, let us consider the present war. America has put into it the best she has, the flower of her manhood and almost all her wealth. Should she not expect her cause, the cause of freedom and democracy for all nations, to win? He left us some other practical questions to think about. Are we putting the best we have into our school, or is our aim to get all we can out of it? Do we say, as some do, that this world owes us a living, or are we doing our utmost for our fellowmen? The underlying principle of Dr. Davidson's address was, "He who would gain his life must first lose it."

In his lecture on Friday, November 16th, Mr. Davis, from the Teacher Training School, gave us some facts which were interesting but a little startling to those of us who have not studied Psychology. According to Mr. Davis, three hundred thousand nerves representing a million and a half ancestors are walking up and down our spinal chords, making us pretty busy mortals. When we talk about the weather and such petty things as that, one of our ancestors back about a thousand years is ruling us. Consequently, if we want to rule ourselves, we must think for ourselves and act for ourselves. He said that it is human nature

to boast, and that most of our conversation is only for the purpose of airing our opinions. This was rather disconcerting for some of our self-assured conversationalists.

COMMUNITY MUSIC

"The Musical World of the United States is about to rise and assert itself," was the phrase that introduced a delightful lecture, given at the Pennsylvania College for Women, Wednesday evening, November 14th, by Mr. John C. Freund, Editor of "Musical America."

Mr. Freund told of the need for a great auditorium in Pittsburgh, which the community should build, where everyone, rich and poor alike, could enjoy good music. This would increase the spirit of democracy, encourage the growth of music, advance Pittsburgh in the eyes of the world, besides greatly benefitting the people.

"The people of America have need of encouragement. We should begin with the small children in our public schools, and thus have the movement grow with the generation. We are not, as Europeans think us, a strictly commercial race. We must have keen idealists to dream of the great projects and skyscrapers, and to face their construction.

"In music, Americans have too long been victims of American prejudices. Many good musicians and teachers have arisen but, not having 'studied abroad,' they are not wanted—a musician is not a musician until he possesses an unpronounceable foreign name. So, when Tommy Jones goes to Berlin and returns as Herr Oscar Snicklefritzski, we flock to hear him. When Katie Smith returns as Signorina de Squalorina, we receive her with open arms. However, nationality should not enter into music. We can foster and patronize American music and musicians without ostracizing Teutonic masters and their compositions."

One interesting fact told by Mr. Freund was about the coming of Dr. Muck to conduct the Symphony Orchestra. He was

not great and well known in Germany, yet when he came here—by request—Dr. Muth found a perfect body, trained, in working order. He had no work of organization or training, and yet he had all the praise. This orchestra, the finest in the world, made Dr. Muck, as it could have made an American leader.

The introduction of Community Music will revolutionize the music world. It will work to introduce good music and good instruments in the public schools. It will give encouragement to home teachers and talent when worthy. "The whole aim will be to bring all the forces in the musical world into an harmonious, powerful public-spirited body, with one mind and one purpose."

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

At the reception given in honor of Miss Root for the educators of Pittsburgh, Friday, November 23rd, the music faculty presented the following program:

Toccato ..... Leschitizky
Nocturne in G Major ..... Chopin
Waltz, A flat ..... Chopin

Miiss Mae MacKenzie

Israfel ..... Oliver King
The Laird's Cockpen ..... Parry
There's a Land ..... Allitsen

Mr. Mayhew

Beyond the Meadow Gate ..... Phillips
Love Is Meant to Make Us Glad ..... German

Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew

Prelude, C sharp minor ..... Rachmaninoff
Barcarolle ..... Gabriel L. Hines
Turkish March ..... Beethoven-Rubenstein
Tranquility ..... Arthur Foote
A Ballad of Trees and the Master ..... G. W. Chadwick
The Minstrel Boy ..... H. R. Shelley

Mr. Mayhew

Love Is a Sickness.....H. W. Parker
Love's on the Highroad.....J. H. Rogers
I Heard a Maid with Her Guitar.....H. K. Hadley
Mrs. Mayhew

You Remind Me, Sweeting.....F. F. Bullard
Canadian Boat Song.....Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
Love Is Life's End.....Arthur Whiting
Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew

The lecture period on Friday, November 23rd, was one of the most interesting this year. Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew, assisted by Miss MacKenzie, presented a program of "New England Songs of the Past and Present." Mr. Mayhew prefaced the program with an interesting sketch of the development of song in New England from colonial days to modern times. The program was as follows:

A Shape Alone Lets Others Prize.....Hans Gram
Ode for the New Year.....Hans Gram
A Lovely Lass.....William Selby
Kingdom Coming.....Henry Clay Work
Mr. Mayhew

The Pursuit..."A Student of the University at Cambridge, Mass."
Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew

When All the "Attick" Fire Was Fled.....William Cooper
The Life of a Beau....."A Gentleman of Boston"
The Grasshopper.....E. Mann
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.....George F. Root
Mrs. Mayhew

COLLEGE MUSICAL CLUB

The College Musical Club held a very interesting program on Wednesday afternoon, November 14th, interesting not only from a musical standpoint, but also because it was the first one of the year. It was a Schuman-Schubert program. Virginia Hoof gave a paper on the life of Schuman; Estelle Miller and Florence Farr played two of his compositions, and Florence Younkins sang his

"The Lotus Flower." A paper on Schubert's life was given by Gladys Wilson and Mabel Shane played "Hark, Hark the Lark," by Schubert-Liszt.

The club was pleased to have Miss Ely as a visitor, and hopes that other members of the faculty will come to the meetings.

MANDOLIN CLUB

The Mandolin Club practiced regularly on Wednesday afternoons, and irregularly at all other hours, in dens and other inconvenient places. The reason for this unusual industry was the concert on December 5th, at which the Glee and Mandolin Clubs displayed their talent.

There are a number of new members with us this year, the Misses Long, Kates, Logan, Bell, McElroy, Bair, Graham, Biles, Collier, Berryman, and a new pianist, Miss Greenlee. We are looking forward to an unusually successful and pleasant year.

Y. W. C. A.

At our recognition service, on November 7th, thirty new members were taken into the association. We heartily welcome them into membership.

Our Christmas service will be held on December 19th. The subject is "Christmas Joy." Lucile Long will be the leader. There will be special music at this meeting.

Josephine B. Paul will lead the first meeting of the new year. The subject is "Choose Ye."

Both of these meetings will be attractive and worthy of your attendance.

OMEGA

The Omega short-story contest was won by Miss Mary L. Stevenson, whose prize story appears in this issue.

On November 7th, Miss Eva Weston, Miss Julia Aspinwall and Miss Gladys Fournier were initiated with solemn rites into membership in the Omega Society.

The regular November meeting was held on November 14th. Miss Evans gave an interesting discussion of Gogol's "Dead Souls." Miss Jefferson gave an account of the author's life. Miss Jeffers and Miss Wolf were hostesses.

SENIOR SOCIETY NEWS

Josephine Paul attended the convention of Student Government Associations at Syracuse, N. Y., recently. She returned exclaiming "P. C. W. for me" and "I'm eager to get back to hard study." Due to the effects the convention produced on Jo, Dean Root suggests we all go away for a few days.

Dean Root entertained the Senior Class at a very enjoyable tea on November 20th, from four until six P. M. Knitting was the chief occupation. Everyone reports a wonderful time.

Mollie Davidson visited a hospital last month and took an active part in an operation. We're glad she recovered so rapidly and returned to us safely. The will wasn't needed, after all.

A very noble rendition of the well known Christmas Carol, "Good King Wenceslas" was given by several members of 1918 during lunch hour the other day. It was given primarily for the entertainment of the Sophomores, but as they gave no response, the aforesaid singers concluded their audience was not acquainted with the piece and therefore could not appreciate it.

Heard in the Class-room

Mr. Putnam (in Anglo-Saxon)—"The Danes fled without waiting to find a 'ford'."

"A huge flock of cows chased me."—E. E.

"A letter had to go through the head of the monastery."—A. M.

"Animals are not hurted by vivisection."—E. S.

Dr. Lawson—"What was the distinguishing characteristic of the friars?"

W. S.—"They were very broad."

Mr. Putnam—"Miss W., decline a feminine 'dad.'"

"When a prisoner escapes, if he isn't caught he gets away." —R. D. L.

Miss Brownson is using war economy. She confesses that she always reads the newspaper of the man sitting next her in the street car. Sometimes these men are very unobliging and insist on turning to the sporting page just as she becomes interested.

Miss Logan has a new topic of conversation. It concerns the part a dog played in the world's literature. She finds it deeply interesting and worthy of much thought.

Dr. Lawson—"Miss Stevenson, where, oh where is your Dante?"

Betty—"I don't know."

JUNIOR NOTES

Everybody has been playing hockey—some more, some less. Mostly more, to judge by the fine collections of bruises and injuries distributed among the players. That is just the trouble about hockey, the sticks are always getting in the way; and you are likely to stop the ball with your eye or your foot, or, worse yet, come into unexpected and uninvited contact with Mother Earth.

And speaking of hockey—Margaret Hamilton was surely built to be a goal keeper. Just watch her at her work! A few more inches and the ball wouldn't even get out of bounds—while it never has a chance of getting through when "Ham" decides to "stretch" a little.

November 20th (Diary Note)—On this day the Juniors had a relapse to childhood days and were seen bringing their doll-babies to Psychology class.

Viola says that "urbanity" means "citified." We aren't prepared to pass on the case.

Why so much unseemly mirth in the back row? Easy enough. Did you ever hear the revised version of the nursery rhyme, which runs something like this:

"Rock-a-bye Baby, on the tree-top,
When the foot moves, the cradle will rock."

That's it. It rocked. Ask "Ham."

Dr. Lawson (in Education Class)—"Miss Crouse, what do you think we have today which corresponds to the 'toga virilis," which the Roman boys assumed when they came of age?"

Sarah (earnestly)—"Long trousers."

SOPHOMORE NOTES

My, how the Sophomores love Chemistry! No matter what time you visit the den you will find the subject for discussion to be chemistry. Nothing aroused the girls' enthusiasm more than getting those chemistry notebooks ready.

We are proud of our hockey team, even though we didn't win the championship. But there is one thing certain—you cannot have pretty hands and play hockey.

Various trades have been adapted by our girls in order to raise money to pay the subscription for the Y. M. C. A. fund. Knitting still seems to be in the lead, but painting, office work, and general housework are some other occupations.

Miss H. (in looking over a physics notebook)—"G—, what have you written here?"

G. M.—". . . . . when the air has decreased."

FRESHMEN

The Freshman Class officers have elected—President, Harriet Grier; vice president, Lois Farr; secretary, Miriam Crouse; treasurer, Margaret Biles.

The Freshmen have at last found time to turn their attention to interior decorating. so don't despair when you see that bare, inhospitable looking room, namely the Freshman Den. It has

not been decided yet whether we shall have the furnishings of the Louis XVI. period or whether we shall carry out the scheme in old mission style, but we assure you that it will be a work of art.

Bright Sayings of the Freshman Class

Mr. Putnam—"Is the 'Cask of Amontillado' really a short story?"

Miss Traleur—"Yes, very short."

Mr. Hines (in Theory Class)—"Where did you get this example? I never saw anything like it in the book."

Miss Bradley—"Oh! That is my original composition."

Miss Wolff—"The duck swam around so fast to keep the ice from freezing."

Miss Bralier (in History)—"The Germans collected another king."

Miss Davis—"It was the picture of a kid" (hesitatingly) "which, I guess, was a young goat."

We surely are glad to see "Peg" Armstrong running around the same as usual.

The Freshmen have shown wonderful athletic ability. They defeated the Sophomores and only allowed the Junior Class to defeat them because it is their sister class.

Cheer up, girls, Christmas is coming. Just think! No Math., no History, nothing—only parties and dances!

SOCIAL SERVICE ITEMS

About half of the twenty-four girls in Social Service are giving one afternoon a week to field work. No college credit is allowed for this service, but the experience gained and the actual pleasure of the work itself are appreciated by these students. The Irene Kaufmann Settlement is making special provision for our girls this year. Both advanced and beginning students in Social Service are carefully placed and supervised by Mr. and Mrs. Teller.

Leah Claster writes enthusiastically of her life in New York and of her work at the School of Philanthropy. The professors in the school are well-known experts in social work. Among other courses she is studying Penology under Dr. Kirchway and Industrial Conditions under John Fitch, besides advanced courses in Recreation and in Politics. Her field work takes her into "Little Italy."

ATHLETIC NOTES

The chief interest during the past month, in the Physical Training Department, has been in the hockey games. During the month of November three inter-class games were played.

The first game was on Wednesday, November 7th, between the Freshmen and Sophomores. Quite a large number of "rooters" came out and saw some splendid passing and fine teamwork. The results were 5-4 in favor of the Freshmen.

On the following Wednesday the Juniors played the Freshmen in the most exciting game of the series. After a hard fight the Juniors came out victorious with the score 7-1.

Then the Juniors played the Sophomores in the final championship contest, on Wednesday, November 21st. The weather was not quite so favorable as on previous days, and the last half was played on a slippy field. As the Juniors won with a score of 10-2, they proved themselves to be this season's champions.

And now we are sorry Hockey season is over, in spite of our bumps and bruises—all cured now, after several applications of Imogene's Hockey Liniment. It was such good sport, and we are already looking forward to next fall, when we can play again.

Great interest is being taken by the girls in basketball and the number of those who turn out for practice on Friday afternoons, at three-thirty, is very encouraging. We certainly will have some good class games in this too.

HOUSE NOTES

Dr. F. T. Galpin, from the First Batist Church, Mr. Harold A. Waite, Director of Religious Education at Shadyside Presbyterian Church, and Miss Melville, from Pine Mountain School, in Kentucky, were the speakers at Vespers this last month.

The Junior Class certainly showed the girls a good time who attended the party in the gymnasium on Friday, November 2nd. Company manners were discarded for the time being and every minute was full of fun.

The Student Government Association gave a delightful tea in honor of Miss Root, on Friday, November 9th.

On Tuesday, November 12th, a meeting of college students of Pittsburgh was held in the Shriners' Mosque, in behalf of the Student Y. M. C. A. War Fund. Ex-Ambassador Gerard was the principal speaker and the meeting was certainly a rousing one.

In helping to do their 'bit'', some of the girls in Woodland Hall are taking the place of a maid and are helping in the dining-room, the first month's salary goes for the Y. M. C. A. Student War Fund and another month's salary will go for the Pine Mountain School, in Kentucky.

EXCHANGES

One of the best things we have seen in College papers this month is ''The Reed,'' from the Vassar Miscellany Monthly, a really fine piece of work. It is a play of four characters, the theme of which is expressed very well in the followning lines:

> ''The Fairy—'It seems to me this life is a very poor, hard thing. Why does one wish for such hardships?'

> "The Peasant—'All hard things are beautiful when they are done for love. Love is the greatest thing in the world. It changes dreams into reality, it makes tears sweet.' "

A very old theme, but one which never loses its freshness because it is so eternally true. In this case, the author has written with marked simplicity and beauty, and a fine restraint.

In the same magazine there is an interesting article, "On Smartness," which puts the problem of Style vs. Beauty before us in a clever and amusing fashion. It is a question which ought to be of interest to every girl and doubtless is. Though no solution of the point is offered, the treatment of the writer's personal difficulties along this line is delightful.

The Pharetra specialized in essays and poems this month. It is a very good number. We agree with M. D. Montgomery that "Nonsense Verse" has a part in laughing away the "glooms" of the multitude. And one who has vainly labored with heating devices in her own room would appreciate the kindly advice contained in the closing paragraph of "De Radiatorbus."

The Temple University Magazine is consistently good. Especial mention should be made of the short poem, "The Touch of Gold." Because of the constant interest which any personal experience of the war arouses, the editorials quoting letters were of interest even to those who were not acquainted with the writers.

The Sorosis acknowledges gratefully the following Exchanges: The Red and Black, The Tartan, The Collegian, The Temple University Magazine, The Pharetra, and The Vassar Miscellany Monthly.

SONG OF THE SWEATER—MY ROW'S AWRY

The hours I spent in sweater art
Are as a string of pearls—I sigh;
To count them over every one apart.
My row's awry! My row's awry!
Each hour I purl,—each purl take care
To drop no stitches, lest they be unstrung;
I count—yea, count, until the end
And there a sleeve is hung!
O memories that bless and burn
Of ravelling out—at bitter loss
I drop a purl—yet strive at last to learn,
To knit across—to knit across!

ANONYMOUS.

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The Sorosis

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SUBSTITUTING FOR DAD

Jimmy awoke with a start. He remembered now where he was. Gee, why did he have to wake up? He never could go back to sleep right away and 'twas no joke for a fellow to lie awake all alone in the middle of the night. My, but everything was still. He knew the room was awful dark, too, but you bet he wouldn't open his eyes. Now what woke him up? Usually his mother had a dreadful time waking him in the morning so he wouldn't be late for school, and tomorrow wasn't Saturday either, he'd have to get up same as ever. My, how he hated lessons! He wished his father would let him quit. He never learned much anyhow.

What was that noise? He'd lie perfectly still and keep his eyes shut tight. He certainly didn't want to see It if It came into his room. He could hear It in the hall. It moved carefully so's no one would hear It. A good thing his door was closed. Now It was going downstairs, he could tell, for those two steps just past the landing always did squeak, especially if you were trying to be quiet. Well, 'twas lucky It was going downstairs instead of coming up. Of course! No wonder he woke up. That was enough to make any fellow wake up. It had been in his room. Had he—yes, there was his watch under his pillow same as when he went to bed. Well, he guessed he had fooled It, all right. There wasn't anything else in his room It would want. Suppose he had wakened up before It had gone!

It was downstairs now. He could hear It moving around. It made such a noise. He always thought It came and went so's

no one ever heard It. Queer that dad didn't hear It and get up. But then dad was quite deaf in his left ear and if he was sleeping on his right side, of course he couldn't hear. That was one reason why dad had taught him to shoot so that if ever It would come when dad was away or didn't hear, he could protect mother. Mother had laughed at them in the summer when they went out for target practice, but he guessed she'd be glad enough now that he had learned if he'd go down and shoot It and then call the police and send It to the station-house before they ever woke up. Well, he guessed he could do that all right. Dad said he did real well for a kid. A kid! He'd soon show them he wasn't a kid any longer. When a fellow gets to be eleven years old he's got to show folks what he can do. He would show them all right.

Where do you suppose It was now and what was It doing? Perhaps he ought to get right up before It had a chance to get away. Maybe It had gone already. He hadn't heard any noise for some time. There wasn't any sense in getting up and going downstairs if It had gone. That couldn't do any good. Of course he would go if he thought It was still there. But really he didn't believe It would stay so long in one house. Still, mother had a good bit of stuff around downstairs. 'Twould take some time to pack everything up.

Surely that was a door closing. It wasn't gone after all. Dad certainly was sleeping good if he couldn't hear that. Funny mother didn't yell or something, she was always so nervous. 'Twas a good thing he had wakened up. If only that gun was in his room. He guessed he could find the thing, though. Last week 'twas in the top drawer of his father's desk in the den. He'd get that gun in a minute. Well, why didn't he get up? He was pretty cold even in bed. Perhaps his teeth would chatter when he got up and It would hear. Of course, he could put on his bath-robe, but he might trip on that. It would soon get away with everything if he didn't hurry.

The room wasn't so dark after all. Must be nearly morning. 'Twas a good thing the room wasn't pitch dark, 'cause he could

see better. Not that he was afraid in the dark, only a fellow could aim better if he could see what he was shooting at. He'd better start. Well, he was starting, wasn't he?

He was shaking a lot. His room surely was cold. Perhaps he'd better put on his both-robe after all. The hinge on his door didn't squeak for a wonder. You bet he wouldn't make any noise. Dad hadn't locked the desk either, as he usually did. My, but the revolver was cold. Worse than ice. He could hardly hold the thing, 'twas so cold.

He couldn't hear anything moving around downstairs. Perhaps It had gone. Well, he'd go down and see any way for he wasn't afraid. He'd go down the back stairs for they didn't creak and he didn't want It to know he was coming if It was still there. 'Twas no joke to be quiet with this bath-robe tripping you at every step and having to carry this big revolver. These back steps were a lot longer than the front ones. He had never noticed that before. Funny, too. You might know the door at the foot of the stairs would be closed. Gee! Of course he might have known he'd do something and spoil the whole thing. That blamed revolver! Just his luck to have to drop the old thing. That made an awful noise. Now It would hear and dad and mother would wake up and that would end everything. But 'twas a wonder the gun hadn't fallen on his foot or gone off or something. Nobody seemed to be coming. He'd wait a little longer and then go on. Though if he waited It might go and there wouldn't be any fun after all. He must hurry. He'd be more careful this time. He'd try to remember where all the furniture was in the kitchen for he didn't want to stumble against anything after he was downstairs.

A good thing this was a swinging door into the dining-room. There didn't seem to be anyone here and he could see pretty well in the dark by now. Folks said It always took the silverware and the rest of the junk in the dining-room. He bet It had gone after all. Maybe It had never been there. But then, there were all those noises. Someone had to make them. Well, he'd go out into the front hall and up the front stairs again. He'd never

tell the folks he'd been fooled; they'd be sure to laugh. Most fellows would have stayed in bed and been too afraid to come down in the dark, even if they knew nothing was there.

The hall wasn't so dark—the moon must be shining bright out-doors. He wasn't so cold now. Pshaw! this was all for nothing. He might just as well have stayed in bed. Well—there It was again. It hadn't gone after all. My! what a noise! That was louder than when he dropped the revolver. That sound was coming from the library, he could tell. He guessed the door into that room was closed, but there was a streak of light under the door. Of all things! It certainly was nervy to light a light. Now, what was It in the library for? There wasn't anything there but books and surely It didn't want them. They'd be pretty heavy to carry off. 'Twas a good thing he hadn't gone back up-stairs or he mightn't have heard. He didn't know why he was so shaky. 'Twouldn't be nearly so dangerous since the light was on. But he'd have to be careful. What if It should come out and get him before he had time to shoot. He wished he could see if the gun was loaded. 'Twould be just his luck not to have a bullet. My, but that floor was slippery. Katie must have oiled the hall yesterday. 'Twas enough to make a fellow slip and fall. If he dropped the gun or made any noise now It would surely hear. Now where was that door-knob? Well, he'd wait a minute before he went in. He mustn't be too quick. Still he couldn't wait long for It might turn off the light or something. It might be a little more quiet, there wasn't any use waking up the whole house. It was talking. There must be two. Well, he wasn't afraid; guess he could handle two of them. He could lick every fellow in his gang any day. He'd have the advantage too, because he'd surprise them. Why didn't he go in? Well, he was going, wasn't he? He wouldn't let on he had a gun at first and maybe he could get them to leave without shooting at all. He really didn't want to kill anyone outright. If he did have to shoot he hoped the trigger would pull easily—sometimes the thing was pretty stiff. He was strong though, he'd manage, just so everything went all right. There wasn't any use being

nervous, not that he really was nervous, he was just planning how he'd run the thing. He did hope mother didn't kiss him after 'twas all over, he wasn't a kid any longer. He was getting cold again. Funny he hadn't noticed the cold before he went to bed. Well, there was no use standing there, he might as well go in and get the job over with, so he could get back to bed.

Of course he couldn't see for a minute, with all that light. He might have known that. Great Scott! The Wednesday Evening Bridge Club! He knew now—It wasn't there after all. Gee! 'twas lucky he hadn't shot right off; he might have killed a few if he had. 'Twas a good thing, too, that they hodn't seen his revolver, the women might have been scared; women usually did get scared and yell whenever they saw a gun. He thought It had made a considerable lot of noise. He felt shaky again and leaned against the door. His mother looked up.

"Well, son, I thought you were in bed and asleep."

"What time is't, ma?"

"Eleven o'clock, dear. Why?"

"I thought 'twas most time for the ice cream."

Emilie S. Kates, '18.

DREAM CHILDREN

(Charles Lamb)

In a comfortable arm chair before the fire in his bachelor abode, perhaps surrounded by the mists of cigar smoke, where everything was in order, never arranged except at his wish, a man sat, and found something lacking. The house, when he listened, was still—no young voice or cry disturbed the serenity, no toys cluttered the room, but out of his heart, from the fabric of his soul, the man drew forth two children and made them live, named them, fed them, loved them, told them stories.

This is too slight in substance and in texture to be a real story; it is, rather, a revery. Yet there is movement and climax, and, since but a single impression is made, there are present some of the essentials of the short story. In the dream of the

bachelor, there is something of pathos or tragedy when the dream children, who never were, fade and leave their creator.

The style is delicately simple, and the story might very easily be told to children, and be understood by them. There is nothing startling or especially vivid, but in one long paragraph the author wistfully draws up dream pictures of what might have been. Apt similes, rich lessons and interesting anecdotes are drawn for the children of the dream. It would seem that Lamb was in close sympathy with childhood, and perhaps himself knew the feelings of the lonely bachelor who lived in dreams.

There is but one episode, that of the dream, but in that there is an order and a reality that show that it is really a part of the man, and constantly with him. He tells of the children's great-grandmother, uncles and aunts; of his own boyhood and of his courting of Alice. The reference to the two children on the stair seems, when we have finished the story, to have in a way prepared us for John and Alice.

The lame dreamer is our chief interest. We are touched by his unfulfilled dream, and his disappointed love. He has evidently deeply loved Alice W—n, courting her for seven despairing yet persistent years, and his dream children are John and Alice—Alice for their beautiful mother, John for himself. But the tragedy of it—"The children of Alice call Bartrum father, and the dream children are not at all." Yet there is no bitterness toward Alice, and in the man's heart there is a beautiful love and tenderness for children. The stories which he tells them are wholesome. Of wholesome and fine character are their ancestors. With the stories he brings in examples which the children might follow—stories such as a real father might tell his children. The children themselves are very real—smiling, gesturing, showing their appreciation, and the little incident of John's slyly slipping back the bunch of grapes makes him seem quite real. It is with almost a start that we hear them speak, realizing then that it is the first time, and the words they say are, "We are less than nothing, and dreams."

Mary Luella Stevenson, '20.

THE LIBERTY BOND

It took Stephan Kroliev many weary months to make the journey from his Siberian prison to America. Through the horrid nightmare of his wanderings, he bore the memory of sufferings endured in the prison. Cowering from place to place, helped at rare intervals by friendly Nihilists, but more often beating his own way through, he had no means of knowing of the changes that were taking place, and when he had finally arrived in New York, Stephan was terrible.

He was very emaciated and his eyes burned with madness for in New York he at last came to know of the recent changes and he found that the land he had sought for safety was also immersed in the war—the same waged by his hated czar.

His whole being rose up in revolt. Was this the land that was said to be free, held to oppose autocracy? Was she not drawn up by the side of the most inexorable of autocrats, the Russian Czar?

The people he met declared the war right and called themselves patriots. Patriots! When their purpose was to make Nickolai powerful! Henceforth he swore he was to be an enemy of this country also. He would stir up the inhabitants to a sense of injustice and because he realized that more opportunities were offered here, he felt he would be more successful in this new land.

From the very first a great resentment burned itself into Kroliev's soul and he set about finding means to relieve his feelings.

To satisfy his hunger, he stole and robbed; when he came across a display of wealth and he was able, he destroyed it. Nothing was safe from his ravaging hands. Nor did he feel that he was doing wrong. He called his actions vengeance for the wrong done his class. He took up traveling and stump-speaking.

His heart would leap for joy when he saw the sullen looks on the faces of the crowd. It was his passion to destroy the results of a nation he abominated. His path was followed by riots and uprisings.

His fame as an anarchist became great, posters for his arrest were issued. He gloried in his success.

When the Liberty Loan agitation arose, he became especially active. He delivered passionate speeches denouncing the loan, declaring it truly named in that it would shackle liberty forever. After such speeches he was forced to go in hiding, as the police were seeking him.

He became a tramp, begging or stealing his food as he passed the farm houses. He was often offered work, but he refused. He slept in farms or fields and bided his time till he could return to civilization. He had not read a newspaper for weeks and once, when he came across a torn piece in a haystack, he seized it eagerly. The reading of that paper changed the whole course of his life. Haltingly, blunderingly, he spelled out news that almost suffocated him, so intense was his joy. He read that the czar was deposed! What cared he for anything else? For weeks he was wildly, deliriously happy. When the paroxysm had passed, he reasoned more clearly. That, for which he lived, had occurred, and without any sacrifice on his part! It was destiny!

Kroliev renewed his wanderings, but now he was thoughtful and quiet. He had to adjust himself to a new situation, a strange, sudden unexpected condition of things.

The next time he was offered work, he accepted. He couldn't explain why himself. He could not explain his emotions. He felt he had done some unknown wrong for which he must make reparation. He saved his money carefully, scarcely spending enough to sustain him. His restlessness was unbearable, but he doggedly kept at his work and would not permit himself to depart.

Often he walked to the neighboring towns and loitered around the houses, trying to find out what was ailing him. It was not in the town that he finally found ease, but at the home of his farmer employer, where Koliev boarded.

The farmer and his wife were a quiet couple. They had given three sons to their country, and now in their old age were working the farm themselves. Kroliev heard them talking of

their sons and the bonds for which they were paying and wondered at their joy.

From these conversations a new idea began to crystalize in Stephan's brain slowly, but surely. In the end he took his little, carefully-guarded bag of money and went to town. When he came back, he did not have his bag, but his face was transfigured with happiness.

The old woman saw this emotion so clearly depicted in his countenance and questioned him curiously, but he kept quiet.

Kroliev lived quietly at this place for some time before the police found him. At first the old woman cried and protested at his arrest, but when she heard the charge against him, she ordered him out with threats.

The court-room was quite crowded at his trial. Many attracted by his notoriety came to see him. Of all present, Kroliev was most unconcerned. He smiled cheerfully all the time and felt quite confident that he would be acquitted.

After he had been convicted and the judge had delivered a lengthy harangue, Kroliev stepped proudly up. All eyes were upon him. He whispered something to his attorney, who silently handed him a little black purse. Deliberately he opened the purse and took out a folded paper. This he solemnly handed to the judge. The judge adjusted his spectacles and began to read. All observed him start and read it again. Then he arose, "My friends," he began gravely, "this paper shows that Stephan Kroliev has bought three Liberty Bonds and is still paying for them. Now, it is my opinion that a man so humbly situated as he is, would scarcely buy Liberty bonds if he were an enemy of the country. It is strange and hard to understand. I think it will be best if Stephan Kroliev himself explains."

Stephan stepped forward, his head thrown back, his eyes flashing. "It is this way," he began in his broken English. "When I came here, your country helped the oppressors of my fatherland and it angered me. But now it is different; I find it is helping my fatherland. I have done your country a great injustice, so I must do my best to make amends. I see the promise

of Liberty to be true. For this same liberty, your land and my land is fighting side by side. All oppressors must be defeated. I have bought Liberty bonds and from now on I shall travel and exhort the people to be true."

.. At the end, all filed silently from the court-room, impressed by this patriotic speech.

The judge came to Stephan.

"Do you know, you have made many patriots today?" he said warmly.

"That is my wish," answered Stephan happily.

Esther La Victoire, '21.

THE END OF DAY

Now the distant sun is setting
'Neath the hazy western hills,
And the white-robed clouds are tinted,
As the air, his glory fills.

In the deep and darkening valley,
Madame Twilight holds her sway;
And she weaves a dusky sleep-robe,
As she speeds the lingering day.

On all sides the shadows stretching,
Drawn from every bush and tree;
Reaching toward the break of morning,—
Spirits sleeping fitfully.

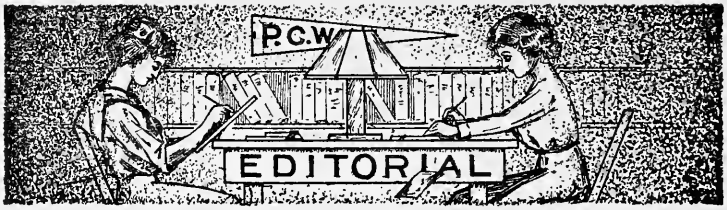
From afar, a gentle lowing,
Hear the cows returning home;
And a pleasant, deep-mouthed clanking,
Comes to us with mellowed tone.

Now from out the deep'ning twilight,
Of a distant, marshy pool,
Sounds a twang of elfin minstrels,
Tuning for their ev'ning school.

See, from out a cloud's soft shadow,
Bursts the full moon into view;
And each separate grass-blade's shining,
Bathed in drops of sparkling dew.

Everywhere, a peace descending,
Like the brooding spirit of Night,
Casts o'er all a purple shadow,
Fills the soul with calm delight.

Frances Frederick, '21.



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NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

A new year! Full of opportunities and possibilities for every one of us, and brimming over with work to be done, ideals to be reached, and success to be gained! Nineteen eighteen challenges us to obtain the best she has in store for us, and offers us a fresh start and a variety of channels into which to turn our ambitions, and enthusiasms. So let us put all our energies and all our fresh courage into doing what the new year presents to us in the very best way we can, even if it is only solving a geometry problem or learning a list of dates.

We all feel a thrill as the New Year is ushered in and as we realize that the past is a closed book and the future a blank page, with the pen in our own hands. The impulse comes to do big things, to put forth the best of our abilities, so let us "obey that impulse" and make the volume of 1918 one of brave attempt and ideals lived up to.

W. B., '19.

"MID-YEARS"

Once more the mid-year examinations are almost here. There are few of us who do not approach them without a considerable feeling of awe, at least, if not actual fear. They are not a pleasant prospect, but if we adopt a "safe and sane" attitude toward them much of this feeling will be eliminated. If the nerves have been quieted by a good night's sleep, the brain works much more clearly and efficiently than when mid-night oil has been spent in cramming. After all, we need to remember that examinations are given by perfectly human people, who wish to find out what we know and not what we do not know.

WRITE IT NOW!

There will be four more issues of The Sorosis before June. The Sorosis needs the help of every girl in the College to make these worthy of the College. Contributions have been very few this year. This is due largely to the fact that every one is so busy in these war times with outside interests. However, it does seem that never before was there so much inspiration for writing. War stories and poems ought to flourish. If you have a good story, write it now! If you are inspired to write a poem, don't lose the inspiration. Then, be sure to give it to some member of The Sorosis staff. The Sorosis belongs to the student body—do your bit!

LECTURES

We had the privilege and good fortune to hear Dr. Barker speak in chapel on two different occasions. In his first lecture he gave us the three requisites for a successful life. They are

a strong arm, a clear head, and a brave heart. A strong arm, which stands for a strong, healthy body, Dr. Barker says, we all can have if we possess the determination and patience to develop it by daily exercise. He emphasized strongly the necessity of having a clear head because to act wisely we must be able to think clearly. But a brave heart he considered the most essential of the three. For it takes courage and bravery to say "No" when, for the sake of appearance, we would like to do a thing which we know in our hearts to be wrong. The heart is the source of our thoughts and actions and, if it is brave, there remains only for us to think and act bravely. He reminded us that we are striving to get an education, and, so that we might not spend our life for nothing, thinking we are getting an education when we are not, he gave us a definition for education. "Education," he said, "should train our mind and our will to do the thing we ought to do, when it ought to be done, whether we want to ro it or not."

After hearing such an interesting and helpful lecture, we were delighted to have Dr. Barker visit us again. This time his topic was: "The Way to Be Happy." Dr. Barker gave us five rules which he guaranteed would make us happy if we followed them. He gave us experience from his own life as proofs. First —Look on the bright side of life. Second—Put your whole mind and soul, and energy into everything you do. Third—Be contented and happy with your own station in life. Don't be wishing you were some one else, or that you had more money, or that you were better looking. Fourth—Forget yourself sometimes and do little acts of kindness for your neighbor. It is the little things that count. Fifth—With simple and childlike faith take God as your Father. Dr. Barker said: "God wants us to be happy and if we put our trust in Him and treat Him as we do our own father He will surely make us happy."

"The Perils of Premature Peace" was the subject of an interesting and awakening lecture by Dr. Acheson. He informed us from reliable sources that Germany's plan has been to conquer not only France, England and the other European countries,

but also America, and, in time, to become the ruler of the world. And how to rule it? By force, by militarism which has been her policy for five hundred years, under Frederick the Great, William I. and Bismarck. But her plan must be stopped, and so the United States, with no selfish end in view, has undertaken to overthrow her menacing power and to make the world safe for democracy. If we should make peace now all the sacrifices up to the present time would be wasted and Germany would still exist with the hope of a world empire in her heart and the attempt to fulfill it would only be put off until later. He said, "Premature peace would virtually be a victory for the Germans." And how would we be assured that a nation that would violate all rights of neutrality would not likewise break a treaty? The only way to obtain lasting peace is to fight to a finish and utterly subdue this despotism in disguise. He gave some interesting quotations from German authors: "The German state cannot commit a crime." "The only right between states is that of the stronger." From their writings we learned that they considered themselves as divinely appointed to become world rulers and that therefore they could not be conquered.

Dr. O. E. Jennings, a professor of botany, gave an illustrated lecture on his trip through the State of Washington. Washington is made up of mountains, thick woods and prairies. The climate also varies as much as the character of the land. The giant trees, the great variety and beauty of the wild flowers, the great mountains of ice and the stretches of almost desert land were pictured so that we thought we were travelling along with the speaker in his hunt for nature's beauties.

CLUBS

The December meeting of the Omega Society was held on December 12th. The book for discussion was Turgenief's "Fathers and Sons." Miss Fournier gave a paper on the book and Miss Sterling gave a sketch of the author's life. At the January meeting "Virgin Soil," by Turgenief, was discussed. Miss McKenzie gave an interesting paper on the book.

The Mandolin Club played for the first time in public on Friday, December 7th, at the Home Concert of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs. According to the audience, the numbers were beautifully rendered and greatly appreciated, especially the "Simple Avue," "The Angels' Serenade" and Schubert's "Serenade," while "The Blue Waltz" and the finale, "Popular Airs Medley," added much to the evening's entertainment. The club is composed almost entirely of new members this year, but under the able direction of Miss Butterfield, it is making rapid strides toward the accomplishment of very delightful programs.

On Wednesday, December 19th, the Phi Pi Club held its regular meeting. The relation between the Idylls of Virgil and those of Theocritus was discussed. The Club elected Dean Root as its honorary member. The meeting was of special interest because Miss Green was hostess.

The College Musical Club was unable to have a meeting last month on account of the great demand for Wednesday afternoons. Nevertheless, it is planning one of unusual interest for the next meeting.

The Deutscher Verein held a meeting on Wednesday, December 19th. It was a regular Christmas party, a Christmas tree, cookies, candy, etc. The only thing lacking was Santa Claus.

Y. W. C. A.

Bible and Mission Study classes are to be organized by the Y. W. C. A. very soon. The cabinet urges everyone who can possibly do so to join one of these classes. It is hoped the students will show more interest in this line of work this year.

This year, on account of so many other benefits before Christmas, the Y. W. C. A. did not hold its annual bazaar. In order to raise enough money to meet the demands of our budget we will organize a systematic giving method. Also an entertainment will be given by the Association. Start now and save your money. You may be sent to Eagles Mere next summer.

SOCIAL SERVICE

The following communication from the Irene Kaufmann Settlement explains the work to be undertaken by certificate students of the Social Service department, as a foundation for their required theses:

SOCIAL STUDY

The Work and Play of 500 Grammar School (Preadolescent) Girls
Undertaken by the Irene Kaufmann Settlement
in co-operation with

The Pennsylvania College for Women

GENERAL PLAN:—At least five hundred complete schedules covering five hundred different girls living in the general neighborhood of the Irene Kaufmann Settlement, will be filled out through information secured by students of the Pennsylvania College for Women.

Their field work will be under the supervision of Sidney A. Teller, Resident Director of the Irene Kaufmann Settlement, and of Mrs. Julia P. Teller, Director of Girls' and Women's Work. As the schedules are filled out and O. K.'d by either Mr. Teller or Mrs. Teller, they will be turned in to Miss Meloy, of the Pennsylvania College for Women, who will supervise the interpretation of the schedules, and assign the different parts of the study.

Every student working on this study, will go over all the schedules in one phase or another, to tabulate data, and to interpret that data. An outline map of the neighborhood will be furnished by the Irene Kaufmann Settlement, upon which will be placed by the students, the location, by address, of the children whom they have visited, and the location of neighboring agencies, such as schools, playgrounds, moving picture shows, etc. This map will be at the Irene Kaufmann Settlement, which will be the center from which the investigators will work in the field.

The details of the schedule will follow in a few days, and as soon as prepared, five hundred schedules will be printed. They will cover in general the home conditions of the child, the school conditions concerning the child, and the neighborhood conditions concerning the child.

The results of this social study will appear in the 1918 year book of the Irene Kaufmann Settlement, and also will be presented to the National Conference of Settlements at the next meeting. Therefore, accuracy and thoroughness is essential to make the work a real contribution to social knowledge, and to reflect credit on the Pennsylvania College for Women and the Irene Kaufmann Settlement.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Helen Pardee, '17, spent the Christmas season with her family, in Pittsburgh.

Amelia Slater, '16, is taking a course in chemistry at Pitt.

Seba South, '16, was married to Thomas McCaw on Thursday, December 27th.

Ruth Gokey was married to Mr. Roy Walters on the fourth day of December.

SENIOR SOCIETY

Elinor Goldsmit spent her Christmas vacation with her mother at Atlantic City. She declares she did nothing but sleep.

Elizabeth Eggers entertained the Senior Class on Thursday afternoon, December 27th. Great joy was manifest on the occasion since said whole class had been demobilized from before Christmas. Everyone talked to her heart's content.

On December 19th, Janet L. Hill, our honored president, visited the library for a short time. This was her first appearance there this semester. General approval was shown.

Ruth Kauffman has forsaken her daily haunts and has become a "house" girl. She is at home to her friends at Woodland Hall.

It is a remarkable fact that many of the Senior Class have fallen into the net laid by Dan Cupid. Elinor Goldsmit, our good friend and chemist, is the latest victim. Her engagement to Julian Hast has been announced. We extend to her great joy.

The Senior twins—Jo Paul and Emilie Kates—have passed another milestone in their career. They celebrated this auspicious event promptly at six forty-five P. M. on December 24th.

Dorothy S. Minor visited in Beaver Falls during the holidays.

The next important event in the Senior Calendar will be the Senior play contest. This will take place in the near future.

JUNIOR NOTES

We return to our duties with a renewed zest for work—anxious to continue our researches into psychology and other pleasant little subjects. Of course, the school authorities plan vacations with a single end in view—simply to prove to us how infinitely superior work is to play. They have succeeded(?).

There is a very popular spot in a certain class—I wouldn't say where, for that would give the secret away. But in that location time fleets and all is happiness and peace. It is the "Saints' Corner." Three guesses where it is.

If there is one thing Junior Expression is gifted in, it is an accurate rendering of the text. Witness:

V. J. (reading a poem, trying to say "blooming tulips")—"And then the blooming turnips."

And again: Somebody insists on having "snub-nosed shoes." Expressive, but a trifle misleading.

We submit to you the question, if Viola hasn't solved the whole problem of tests in this school. When a discussion of opinion occurred in Class on when a certain test was to be held, Viola, inspired with the tongue of an angel, spoke up: "Since we can't agree, why have the test at all?"

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The Sophomore Party, on Wednesday, December 19th, in the Lecture Hall, proved a great success and surpassed the expectations of the chaperons who, it is said, had a wonderful time. Not a rule was broken and "someone" said we might have another later on.

The Sophomore Class was charmingly entertained by Clara Graham at her home, on Wednesday, December 12th. The Class discussed some important questions and then a dainty lunch was served. The Class was honored to have present Dean Root and Miss Ely. Of course, we knit all the while.

Margaret Hare also entertained the Class during the Christmas Holidays.

But after so many good times we, the Sophomores, have decided too make some New Year's resolutions.

1. We are never going to class unless our lessons are perfectly prepared. So, since we cannot cut classes, that means we must always be prepared.

2. We are going to keep the den in apple-pie order. No more cups of punch spilt on the floor.

3. We have decided to save all our pin money for the Red Cross and also attend the Red Cross meetings.

4. We will TRY to be on time for classes.

5. But since there cannot be all work and no play, we are going to plan as many and more good times than we have had.

HOUSE NOTES

Rev. John Yates, Executive Secretary of the Associated Charities, and Miss Graves, from the East Liberty Y. W. C. A., were the speakers at Vespers during the past month. Sunday evening, December 16th, a delightful Christmas service was rendered by the Glee Club.

Saturday evening, December 8th, the girls of Berry Hall had a very informal party for the faculty. Games were played and everyone seemed to have a nice social time.

The girls of Woodland Hall gave a most enjoyable Christmas party for the people of Berry Hall, on Saturday evening, December 15th. The girls in Woodland Hall certainly know how to get up clever stunts.

On Thursday evening, December 20th, came the Christmas dinner for Woodland Hall and Berry Hall. It certainly was a treat for those who had never participated before and surely it was just as good a time for those who have enjoyed it in other years. Truly the time was one for discovering each one's peculiar characteristics, if you hadn't really found them out before. After the meal was over, singing of songs was the order of the evening. They were merry, if not melodious.

EXCHANGES

As the months go on and college girls are more absorbed in war work, the magazines reflect their thought and spirit. Everybody is thinking and writing about the war. The Mount Holyoke monthly for November has a good war story, "Mine Enemy," with a splendid theme. In the same number, we find a very bright and interesting article, "How the Other Half Eats."

The "Vassar Miscellany Monthly" is largely devoted to war themes. The prize story in the "Well's College Chronicle" is a short hospital sketch, "The Christmas Dolls." Likewise, the "Smith College Monthly" has several war articles, one of them particularly interesting since it contains actual experiences written from France, which are always more convincing, when well written, than very good short stories.

"Christmas in Abruzzi," in the "Temple University Magazine," is charmingly written and in content is unusually interesting. The Christmas ceremonies and customs of the people of Abruzzi are very clearly pictured.

The Sorosis acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following magazines: "The Mount Holyoke Monthly," "The Pharetra," "The Vassar Miscellany Monthly," "The Smith College Monthly," "The Temple University Magazine," "The Wells College Chronicle," "The Breeze," "The Red and Black," and "The Tartan."

Guaranteed Fountain Pens

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The Sorosis

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SOME THEORIES REGARDING THE CONSOLIDATION OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM

People have always been interested in the creation of the world. There are as many theories on the subject as there are religions. Some cosmogonies coincide in many respects with the account of the creation given in the Bible. The Babylonians, for example, believed that there was first darkness and water, with monstrous shapes, into which came the god Bel. He separated the seas and created light. With his power animals took the place of monsters—sun, moon and stars began to revolve in their orbits and man took the highest place on the earth.

Some old religions taught that water was the source of all matter. Fire came from water, wind from fire, from wind life.

In the mythology of India "the self existent Lord, with a thought, created the waters and deposited in them a seed which became a golden egg, in which he himself was born as Brahma, the progenitor of the world." The Hindus believe that Brahma's head became the sky, his feet the earth, his eye the sun, his breath the wind, while from his limbs sprang the four castes.

In all primitive cosmogonies the ideas were always extremely simple. Always the earth was made from something. Creation out of nothing was nowhere assumed, for this is not at all a simple idea.

In taking up scientific theories regarding the world's creation we think first of the old nebular hypothesis. Kant and Laplace, in their nebular hypothesis, say that matter which exists in the solar system was once a mass of intensely hot gaseous

matter in a globular form, rotating under the action of gravitational forces. This nebulous matter gradually contracted and became flattened at the poles. As the mass rotated rapidly, contracting at the same time, it left successive rings of matter which in turn condensed into planets. These planets rotated and left rings of matter, which formed the satellites.

One of the problems of the nebular hypothesis is the question of the source of the sun's heat. Is it combustion? No! The modern theory says the sun is not cooling off perceptibly as would be the case if the source of heat were chemical combustion. The amount of heat that we receive on the earth is so small that it is only one two-thousand millionth part of the enormous heat radiated by the sun. The remaining one billion, nine hundred ninety-nine million, nine hundred ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred ninety-nine two-thousand millionths of the heat is lost in space.

What, then, is the source of the sun's heat? The sun contracts and the contraction causes heat. According to a law of heat, if energy seems to disappear in one form it reappears in another. This statement applies to the sun. When all particles of which the sun is made come closer together in contraction, the total energy is less in the contracted state than in the original form. Since this energy cannot be lost it has to appear in another form as heat. Thus the sun gradually contracts and causes heat. The diameter of the sun is about a million miles and the sun is supposed to contract ten miles each century. This contraction is extremely small compared with the diameter of the sun. Ten centuries ago the sun must have been 100 miles greater in diameter than at present. The farther we look back into the past the greater must the size of the sun have been.

In the past ages the sun must have been able to fill the entire space now lying between it and the earth. Thus are we led to the conception of the nebula from which our system has originated.

The modern theory regarding the origin of our earth

depends upon our conception of matter and ether. What are these? What is matter?

Matter, according to the new theories, is electrical in origin. It is made up of atoms and these are farther divided into electrons. These electrons do not possess any material mass but their mass comes from motion and electrical charge. Electrons are just electrical strains or whirlpools in ether, so we may say that matter comes from ether. Then, what is ether?

Ether has been defined somewhat vaguely as a radium of greatest elasticity, pervading all space. It is supposed to be the medium which transmits heat and light. The whole question of what we mean by the "ether" has been rendered decidedly vague by the new work on radiation, with the Planck-Einstein quantum theory of specific heat an entirely new field of scientific investigation has been opened up. If we believe that matter is made of this ether, the law of conservation of matter becomes a failure or disproved. As just suggested, scientists are now making investigations along the lines of inter-relations of radiation and matter which will help us to learn later the real nature of our material system.

The new modern theory regarding creation states that space was once filled with electrical vapour or with these millions and millions of electrons, whose measureless speed of motion produced heat and light. As their motion decreased in swiftness, gradually granulations took place and thus matter-atoms were formed. The first atoms had few electrons only, but as time went on, the atoms grew and formed groups of 1,000 electrons. Thus were created atoms of hydrogen. The lighter elements from time to time condensed into heavier ones and thus all matter continued to condense; in the course of ages, the light elements became heavier and heavier ones and finally turned into metals. According to this theory the whole earth will become some day a metallic ball like the meteorite. All the green fields and the great rushing streams will be converted into one hard metallic desert, lifeless and waterless. However, if in certain regions matter is condensing to heavier and heavier elements, it is equal-

ly certain that in other regions heavy elements are breaking up into lighter forms.

"The chemical forces which drive the atoms into motion are the same which form men and women. For men and women and all living creatures are made up of ever-changing swarms of atoms which are driven to their work by these chemical forces. The laughter of a child, the cry of a baby, the tottering movements of an old man, the gallop of a horse, are purely mechanical effects due to the swift rush of millions of tiny atoms suddenly urged together by the chemical forces released by the action of the will. These chemical forces build up, atom by atom, a thing of life, such as a flower, a bird, a woman, from a heap of dust, water and gas, and then, as years roll on, they undo their work again, and cause young lives to grow old and wither; strong bodies to grow feeble and die. Then, wonder of wonders, they convert that which was, perhaps, a brilliantly hued bird, or a merry, sweet faced woman, into the gases, water and dust which surround us now! All actions, all events are but results of the forces exerted by one swarm of atoms on other swarms."

Let us go back to a period in the history of the globe when our world still formed part of the vast gaseous nebula from which the solar system evolved. This nebula contained hydrogen and oxygen, which gradually cooled and formed water vapour, which surrounded the world when the world condensed to a white-hot fluid mass. The whole huge volume of water was then supported in a state of high pressure. The temperature of the world's surface fell from a white heat to a low red heat and when it approached 370° C. water for the first time began to be deposited upon the surface of the globe. Astronomers say that the same thing takes place in almost all planet formation.

By and by the temperature of the sea lowered from 100° C. to 55° C., at which temperature sea weeds began to grow. At the present time the earth has not cooled completely; its interior is still white hot, perhaps in a hot gaseous state.

Three-fourths of the earth is still in molten condition, but it is cooling gradually and there will come a time when it will sink from 17° C., its present temperature, to nearly —273° C., the

absolute zero. Even at the present time the temperature of the world is only slightly above the temperature at which all its water will pass into the solid state. Large regions exist where all the water has passed permanently into a solid state and these regions will extend with time until all the seas and the oceans themselves will freeze and be converted into vast masses of ice. Water will appear to the inhabitants of the future days as solid mineral matter; such a condition exists upon the moon today.

"On the moon, where there is no water vapour, the temperature of the surface rises to about 180° C. in the day time, and sinks to about —250° C. at night! Mutton could be roasted in direct sunlight there, while air could not only be liquified but actually frozen hard by the intense cold at night. The weather which now provides us with an unending topic of conversation and complaint would cease to interest us on a waterless globe."

But water is found not only in this world; it is present in Venus, which is surrounded by a belt of water vapour. Under the layer of these clouds of steam there exist large oceans and rivers similar to our own. Water exists in Mars, where it has been detected by the spectroscope. The surfaces of the larger planets —Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune—are composed of vast steam clouds floating above a hot mass of molten rock.

We know that there is less water upon the surface of the globe than there was formerly. The reason is that minerals of the earth's crust have been absorbing the water which penetrates into everything. All soils, even the hardest, contain water in abundance; granite is supposed to contain two gallons of water in each cubic yard. Owing to the absorption of the water by minerals, almost a third of the oceans has disappeared. The sea sinks into the earth under the enormous pressures that exist in its deepest parts, which is about six tons to the square inch.

The white-hot interior of the earth, which begins twenty to forty miles down, presents an inseparable bar to the further diffusion of water and when the liquid reaches this limit it is expelled again as steam or gas. If the whole interior of the earth cooled suddenly, the water would sink rapidly into it, and in a few centuries the earth would become dry, without water, like the Sa-

hara desert. The whole earth would be covered by desolate plains and mountains and the earth will become like the moon. It is the internal heat which keeps it alive on its outer surface. When the steam condensed into water, sea weed began to grow. Algae grew in hot springs and waters. If life really did first originate in water it is very natural that living matter should have retained within it large quantities of the medium which first surrounded it on all sides. The early forms of life had no special organs for assimilating food. The food had to diffuse slowly into every part of the organism. Life probably adapts itself to the planet on which it occurs, much as water adapts itself to the vessel which holds it. Water is found in all vegetable and animal matter. Water still exists in vapour form around the earth, which absorbs the dark rays of the sun and acts as a blanket to the earth, preventing us from being scorched by the heat of the sun.

"How dwarfed the mental vision of all who lived only a few hundred years ago appears to us now! Where our predecessors saw gray walls and gentle breezes, we see myriads of atoms and electrons and all the wonders of the atomic universe streaming about us."

"Land, sea and sky!
What mystery and what wonder
Lie hidden in the old familiar sound
From surging wave and roll of mighty thunder
To the white daisy nestling on the ground."

Kamala Cornelius, '18.

BLOSSOM

Sergeant Roberts pulled his overcoat around him more snugly. It was bitter cold and raining hard. The dugout was fast becoming muddy from the continual drip, drip from the air-shaft. A trench bed wasn't any too comfortable. He raised himself on his elbow and looked at his comrades stretched out around him. Lucky fellows, they were all asleep. He thought he ought to

have fallen off to sleep right away, he was so tired. But every minute he seemed to grow wider awake. He needed sleep, too, after the hard hay. His first day of actual warfare! He shuddered at the thought of it. Oh, the horror of it all! Why was it necessary, why all the suffering and the blood-shed?

He thought of Blighty. Blighty and home. He could see his little house set back from the street with the stretch of green lawn in front. There was his wife in a soft, white dress, just as he used to find her when he came home at night. And there was Blossom, running down the walk to meet him. Their little Blossom! His throat tightened. Instinctively he put his hand to his breast-pocket and felt the picture inside. Blossom was growing, his wife said, growing taller. But he couldn't imagine it. She would always be the tiny fairy child to him. Seven months! That was a long time and children change rapidly. If only he could see them. What if he never—O God! not that! It was too terrible to think of.

He shuddered again as he remembered the scenes of the day. Thank heaven, they were safe at least. The terribleness of it all came back to him. It was comparatively quiet now. Only an occasional flare of bursting shrapnel would light up the sky and he could hear the fragments slapping the ground to the right and to the left. And once in a while the plop of the star-shells pierced the blackness with their lurid light. How he had trembled when the command to charge had come. But not from fear, not that, but from the horror. How the earth shook with the intense artillery bombardment. The din had been terrific, a constant, boom, boom, boom. The shells had dropped like hailstones and cracked all around him. He had dreaded the first encounter, not from any sense of physical danger, but for that first blow. He was glad when it was over. It was easier after the first man. Killing became mechanical after that. But the first—he smiled grimly as he remembered the revolting feeling he had when he entered the field. That was all over now. It had grown to almost a passion with him. He actually craved their blood. How he hated them! He thrilled with real animal pleasure as he thought of how many casualities the Boches had

clicked in that one day. If they were only all dead. But there would be plenty more of it. Things looked better now. Perhaps it would soon be over. Then he could go back to Blighty and home. It was comforting to think of, anyway. He pulled his overcoat over his face, readjusted his tin hat under his head and slept.

Early the next morning the bombardment began again. The Germans put a barrage of shrapnel across No Man's Land and one could hear the pieces slapping the ground. With the lifting of the barrage three waves of Prussians swarmed over the top. A German Minnie exploded in the traverse next Robert's and the earth shook as it burst with a terrific thunder-clap. Shells screamed through the air, and bursting, lit the sky with a blinding red flare. German five-mines swished through the air, bashing in dugouts and demolishing trenches. Above the noise of their whizz-bangs one could hear the constant pup-pup- of the British machine guns. The riccos sang over head and stray bullets cracked all around, knocking up the ground and snapping in the air. The huge mass formation swept nearer—Roberts waited impatiently. The conflict was hand to hand now. He fired.

His aim was true that time. The German soldier fell headlong over the parapet into the trench. Roberts gave the body a kick. One more Fritz! He lifted his bayonet to give his victim a second death. A bit of color caught his eye. He leaned down and picked up a little card. It must have fallen out of the German's pocket as he tumbled into the trench. Roberts looked at it. On one side was the figure of the Virgin Mary, divine and tender. He turned the card over. The face of a laughing child looked up into his. Ah, the Fritz's child! His own face softened. The little picture seemed to change. It was not a German child smiling at him, it was his own golden-haired Blossom. He shuddered. The German's little Blossom. Oh, the pity of it all! The misery!

He lowered his bayonet. Machine gun bullets made a sharp cracking noise overhead and kicked up the mud around him. The mine-twos made a sighing moan as they dropped on each

side of the trench. The little face continued to smile at him. It was too late now. He knelt down and straightened out the stiff figure. The leering expression was still on the dead man's face, but Roberts never noticed it. He opened the coat and put the little card in an inner pocket, then he fastened the coat again. It took only a couple of minutes. He touched the little card in his own pocket. Then he rose, snatched up his gun and with his companions clamored up the ladder over the top.

Emilie S. Kates, '18.

WHEN THE CAT CAME BACK

Billy was in trouble and the worst of it was that nobody seemed to care. The very idea of a grown-up boy, eight years old, going on nine, having only a green rubber ball with a red cherry painted on it. Hm! Only babies played with balls like that. All the fellows had regular baseballs like Teddy and Barton. Billy just had to have one, too! He had it picked out already. It was the middle one in the case in Mr. Evan's window, and was marked a dollar. My, it surely did look to be the biggest one there. He just had to stop and gaze at it every time he went down town. Mother had said that he should have it on his ninth birthday, but that was three months away. Billy laboriously counted it up. Three months made twelve weeks and in twelve weeks there were eighty-four days. One day in each of those weeks would be Sunday, so that left seventy-two perfectly good days in which to play ball and no ball with which to play. Did anyone ever have such luck? Of course, he could use Jack's or Wilmer's ball sometimes, but they always wanted to know why he didn't get one of his own.

When dad was interviewed on the subject he had said, "Son, I have bought enough things for you lately. Don't you remember that you promised me when you got your skates that you would not ask for anything more until your birthday? And here you are, in less than a week, wanting a baseball. No, sir; if you want a ball, you get to work and earn some money of your own."

That was all very well, thought Billy. But where was he to earn a whole dollar? He might have made ten cents cleaning the snow off Mrs. Lloyd's pavement if it had been winter, but here it was June, with not even leaves on the pavement. It seemed as if no one wanted a thing done, that is, things that they would pay a fellow for. At last he persuaded mother to give him a cent for every errand that he did for her. Poor Billy nearly ran his legs off, but the pile of pennies grew slowly.

Five, six, seven, eight. One at a time. Finally, there were fourteen. Then dad gave him a nickel for taking a letter to the post office, and the next day he came home shouting and yelling; he had found a dime. Fortune was surely favoring him. At that rate he would have the ball in less than two weeks. Twenty-nine cents. He needed only seventy-one more.

But alas! the tide turned. Not another single, solitary cent went into that bank for three days. At the end of that time Billy was so discouraged that he sat on the front porch a whole morning, all by himself, which was indeed a sure sign of distress.

As he was sitting there, his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his hands, a big, gray cat came scampering across the street, through the gate, up the steps, and rubbed against Billy's legs. Billy jumped up and ran into the house.

"Mother," he cried, "come and see who's here. Fluffy's come back."

"Well, I declare," said his mother. "Won't we ever get rid of that cat? I thought that we had sent her far enough away this time. With those six kittens in the stable, we'll soon have enough cats to start a cattery."

Billy went slowly back to his post on the front steps and began again to rack his brain for some way to earn seventy-one cents. He watched Fluffy walking leisurely around and stretching herself in the sun. Suddenly he sat up straight and a broad grin spread over his face. The great idea had come. At dinner he asked, "Dad, do cats always come back?"

"Well, son, there is an old saying that they do. I think that it is proverbially true. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only Fluffy came back this morning."

Billy soon excused himself and went out to the stable. He looked with intent at the six kittens. He had always scorned cats because girls liked them. But now he wished there were six more. They were to get that ball for him.

This was how he reasoned it out. They didn't want those kittens. Mother had said so. But there must be other people who did want them. He would sell them.

He thought it best not to start out that day, but the next morning he got up bright and early.

"Nora," he cried, "will you lend me a basket, please?"

The cook eyed him suspiciously. "What mischief are you up to now, sonny? I'll give you a basket, but don't you be after gettin' me into no trouble."

Billy promised faithfully and ran out to the stable. He filled the basket with hay and kittens and started out. At the first four houses to which he went no kittens were wanted. Billy was almost ready to give up, but the sight of some boys playing ball, spurred him to further action. And then, at the next house there was a little girl who pleaded so hard that her mother bought two at five cents a piece. That started the luck. By half past ten every kitten was sold and Billy had thirty cents.

He was in high spirits, all day. "I wonder what time they'll come back," he said to himself. There was nothing to do but sit on the porch and watch.

About three o'clock the first one came. By six they were all safely in the stable.

The next morning he started out again in another part of town and disposed of his stock even earlier than on the previous day. Another thirty cents. He needed only eleven more. Before evening the kittens had again returned.

Billy's grin broadened. The next day it rained. but on the next, Billy worked until noon and sold three kittens. He had enough money now to buy that baseball and four cents over. After dinner he went shopping.

No one would have thought that he had picked out his prize, weeks before. He carefully examined every ball that the storekeeper lifted out of the window.

"I guess I'll take this one," Billy said, finally, as he picked up the ball. How his fingers tingled as he clasped it in both hands. How white it was! How smooth and round! How it shone! Had there ever been such a dandy ball? He hated to lay it down long enough to pour out on the counter the collection of pennies and nickles and dimes that he had in his pocket.

"You don't need to wrap it up," he said hastily, not wishing to lose sight of his treasure, even for a minute. He could hardly wait until the boys had seen it, and then what a game they had. Billy thought that no ball had ever been harder or shot through the air like an arrow. But best of all, it was his.

All too soon, mother called him to come to be dressed. He could talk of nothing but the merits of his ball.

"Where did you get the money for your ball?" asked mother, vigorously scrubbing his face and hands.

'I earned it," he said, in a matter-of-fact tone.

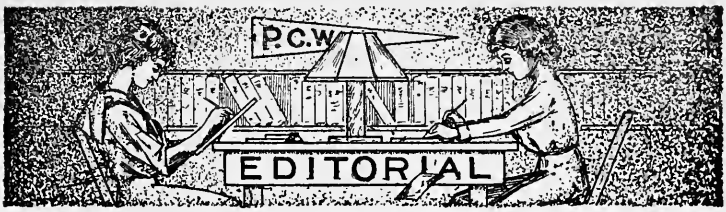
But his father was not so easily satisfied. A day or two later the boy and the cat were romping on the floor, when fifty cents rolled from the boy's pocket. His father, standing by, noticed it, and called the lad to task.

"William, where did you get that money?"

Billy, who thought that he had struck a gold mine with his cats, said, "I earned it, dad."

But that wasn't sufficient answer for his father, and, on learning the full particulars, Billy's father made him return the money to the people and, what was worst, he took the ball. Billy's sky was blue. To think that after all his hard work and tramping about, that he again had no ball. No ball until his birthday! Was ever a boy's lot so hard? Sixty more days without a ball! Well, there was one consolation. He had had the ball for two weeks and that much pleasure had been his. From then on, his chief waking moments were spent in counting the time until his birthday, when he would again have his precious ball, and in the future, he would keep away from cats. He didn't care how many came back.

Gertrude Bair, '19.



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DR. ACHESON GOES TO FRANCE

On February 12th, our President departed for France on a mission for the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross. The entire college thrilled with pride at the news, and, at the farewell chapel service, every one of us caught the spirit of patriotic enthusiasm with which he went. The college is now personally represented in the great war for righteousness, and we must be worthy of the honor.

Our college work is our primary business. Sometimes, the desire to be actually helping in the great work of the world at

this time makes the monotony of day after day of class work seem to some of us unbearable. However, as Secretary Baker has said, "The largest usefulness may come from doing the same thing." This applies especially to us. The world needs educated people more now than ever before. Let us make the best of our golden opportunity by doing each day's work to the best of our ability.

Our Red Cross Chapter affords us a chance to actually help in the work of war relief. It is the duty of every one of us to give our loyal support to the work of the organization.

We are proud of Dr. Acheson. Let us strive during the months of his absence to make him proud of the college when he returns.

CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS

Deutscher Verein

Owing to the conflicts in club meetings and to the great amount of work everybody had to do before "midyears," the regular January meeting of the Deutscher Verein was omitted. The next meeting, however, which will be held February 20th, will be unusually interesting. A splendid musical program has been arranged and an all-round enjoyable afternoon is anticipated.

Chemistry Club

On October 4th, at a tea given by Miss Butterfield, the advanced students of the Chemistry Department discussed informally the organization of a Chemistry Club. The girls decided that there was not only room for such a club but need of it in the College. Meetings are now held once a month, to which each member brings some item of current interest in the scientific world. A serious program with open discussion is given and a social hour follows.

The object of the club is not only to be of present value to the girls but to be of interest to them as graduates. It is hoped

that alumnae will make it a special interest to help the club. The following are the officers for the year: Eleanor Goldsmith, president; Charlotte Hunker, vice president; Kamala Cornelius, secretary and treasurer; Sarah Crouse, chairman of the program committee; Martha Brownlee, chairman of the social committee.

Dramatic Club

On Friday, January 4th, the Dramatic Club gave a delightful tea in honor of Miss Kerst and the new members. It was the first meeting of the members this year and certainly was interesting to the new ones. Everybody enjoyed the children's play, given by Miss Kerst. Events and entertainment were planned for the coming year, especially the children's play which is to be given soon.

Ariel Club

At a meeting of the Ariel Club, on January 30th, an interesting program was given by Emilie Kates and Betty Sheppard. The following new members were taken into the club: Eleanor Goldsmit, Dorothy Minor, Helen Ailes, Eleanor McEllroy, Eva Weston and Mary Crawford. The club members are looking forward to the end of the cold weather, when they expect to take several thrilling hikes.

Phi Pi

The Phi Pi Club held an open meeting in chapel on January 18th, at which Miss Root gave her interesting talk on "Birds in Latin Poetry." The next meeting, which is to be called the "magic meeting," gives promise of giving pleasure to all who come.

Omega Society

The annual open meeting of the Omega Society was held in the drawing rooms on Friday afternoon, February 15th Mr.

C. B. Story was present and read some current American poetry, which was enjoyed by everyone present.

LECTURES

On Friday, January 18th, Miss Root entertained us with an address on "Birds in Latin Poetry." This unusual subject was of special interest to us for, in our effort to translate Latin poetry we forget that the Romans lived and enjoyed nature as we do. They even considered birds of more use than we do. Birds were the favorite gift of a lover to his lady love; the flight of birds was used a great deal in determining the will of the gods. They were eaten as a delicacy, given to the children as playthings and hunted by kings. In metaphors and similes, as heralds of the dawn and seasons we often find them in Latin poetry.

On Friday, January 11th, Dr. Marsh gave us a resume of his book, "The Challenge of Pittsburgh." He told us that a book of this kind was written in every city in order that the people might know the real conditions that exist in their city. Let us each take this challenge and do our utmost to make the city in which we live as comfortable and enjoyable for our neighbors as for ourselves.

Y. W. C. A.

Don't forget the Y. W. C. A. is in great need of money. Help boost the work and plan to go to Eagles Mere next summer.

We are having a series of meetings on "The College Woman." February 13th, "The College Woman's Mind and Character; February 20th, "The College Woman as a Teacher, Neighbor and Home-maker"; February 27th, "The Ideal American Woman." Let us all attend these meetings and help make them worth while.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Grace Woodrow, '16, is working in the Employment Department at Westinghouse.

Amelia Slater, '16, has a position as bacteriologist at Columbia Hospital.

Gertrude Frame, '16, has accepted a position in the City Deposit Bank.

Mary H. Estep, '15, entertained her class at a luncheon recently, at her home in Grandview avenue. During the luncheon announcement was made of the engagement of Grace Davies, '15, to Joseph H. Hamilton, a Washington and Jefferson man of the Class of '14. The engagement will terminate in a June wedding.

SENIOR SOCIETY

Josephine Paul, Student Government president, is cutting her wisdom teeth. Her fellow class-mates extend to her their most sincere sympathy on this painful occasion.

Molly Davidson visited Camp Dix during her Christmas vacation.

The Senior "day girls" enjoyed the Junior hospitality recently during lunch hour. The refreshments were appreciated by all.

D. M.—"Pick talked to my father last night."

E. E.—I've had lots of experience with the boys."

J. P.—"Is this a man's handkerchief?"
E. K.—"No, it's a large lady's."
J. P.—"You mean to infer?"

"If I'm to have a large wedding, the family finances will have to improve quickly."—D. S. M.

"C's father had a long talk with my father."—R. O. L.

Dr. Lawson—"Let us run through Friday."

Dean Root—"A colored darkey."

A number of the quotations above speak for themselves. Evidently Cupid is again working in our midst.

"When I live in Phillie, I'll invite all you kids to a house party, but I can't pay your travelling expenses."

Response: "Oh, well, we'll be able to pay that; we'll all be old maid school teachers by that time."

Janet Hill visited the library for a full hour the first morning of the second semester. How could you, Jane?

Annetta Marks caused quite a commotion among the students recently, by arriving in the Ethics exam. fifteen minutes late. Evidently this was just a slight oversight on her part. Quiet was finally restored.

JUNIOR NOTES

The Junior Expression Recital, given on Tuesday, January 22nd, was the most notable event of the year. The dramatic talent there revealed was simply amazing. Special features were the "Rabbi Ben Ezra" Chorus; and Valeska's "Two Views of Death," rendered in a most tragic manner. Thus "Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead—tee! hee!" We are greatly indebted to the Pittsburgh Railways Company for detaining "The Audience" in the city until the recital was over.

Foolish Question—How many of the Juniors wrote their Education papers during Christmas vacation? Statistics yet to be compiled. Any information on this subject will be welcome.

The number of diamonds that flash at us from every side since the holidays makes us realize more than ever the truth of the old adage, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Henrietta is the proud recipient of the newest degree conferred by P. C. W. She is now Miss Henrietta Leopold, B. M. For further explanations inquire of any member of the Mandolin Club.

A poem, contributed by a brilliant literateur of the Class. (N. B.—We thought it was a specimen of "vers libre," but on closer perusal it proved to be a judicious mixture of both kinds.)

The Day After Mid-years

It was mighty fine this morning,
Sure, how could we feel forlorn when
The mid-years were all over
And we passed?
The girls were all together
A-chatting with each other,
There was such a pleasant atmosphere about the place.
Even outside, the birds were singing,
They just made the air seem ringing,
We felt glad that we were living once again.
But—a new note sounded
Stilling all the rest.
A bell was ringing—Ah!
The bell that called us back to classes and to work.
So we all went trooping in—
There was little singing then;
My! but it was hard to settle down.
Once inside we were so stirred,
When these pleasant words we heard:
"Pay very strict attention
For you'll get this in exam."
So now we're all quite out of tune,
For we have had to think of June
And then come more Exams.—
But ——— Such is Life.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

The Sophomore Class has met with a great misfortune—Grace Brosius has left us. No more will we enjoy her merry, little giggle and her jelly.

Margaret Hare has decided that the street car service and other service rendered her took up too much time and energy. Therefore she has taken up her abode with the house girls.

FRESHMAN DEPARTMENT

The Freshman Class welcomes Mr. Putnam as their honorary member.

Miss Bennett's Class in astronomy was discontinued on account of the excellent knowledge of the Freshmen.

The Freshmen Expression Recital was a success and promises many budding orators.

The Woodland Hall girls welcome Louisa Montgomery and Frances Ludwich, who have become resident students.

At 1:15 every day a special vaudeville performance takes place in the den. Continuous performances include such unrecognized talent as Frances Frederic in the "Dance of the Dead." Free opportunity to learn the "Tickle Toe" is given to those wishing to experience the perils of the "White Lights." Chapters of the "Hands on the Wall Over the Register," that hair-splitting adventure, will be shown to children over seventeen, provided they have been properly vaccinated.

We have learned from a brilliant history student that the Visigoths presented Rome with a saque (sack) in 410.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

The so-called "visit of observation" is an important part of the week's work to the student of Social Service 1-2. Sometimes we visit large institutions, at other times we invade the small rooms of some charitable building. When we go, twenty-three strong, accompanied by a teacher or two, we never pass quite unnoticed. But whether we are distributed through the halls of an institution or massed inside a small office, we always find an expert social worker, ready and anxious to explain to a class from the College, the peculiarities of his particular type of social work. Usually the questions which we would ask are anticipated by these instructors, and we always listen eagerly for stories from real life and social work. On these visits we have become acquainted with many teachers outside of college walls.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Miss MacKenzie arranged the Spanish program of the Tuesday Musical Club, January 29th.

Mabel Shane played several selections at a golden wedding anniversary, New Years Day.

Mrs. Mayhew will sing a group of modern Italian songs for the Tuesday Musical Club, March 19th,

Our Glee and Mandolin Clubs will give their joint concert with Tech in March. The Glee Club is practicing many interesting songs and we feel sure the concert will be a greater success than ever before.

SPOKEN ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Miss Kerst read "The Neighbors," a one-act play by Zona Gale, before the Crafton Woman's Club, January 16th.

The Junior Class in Spoken English gave a very interesting Browning recital on Tuesday afternoon, January 22nd.

The Sophomore and Freshman Classes gave recitals on Wednesday, January 23rd, that were greatly enjoyed and revealed much promising talent.

Eleanor Salinger read for the Mandolin Club at their concert, given in Homewood, January 16th.

The stories told by the Story Telling Classes delighted the children as did also the gingerbread men, with their currant eyes and raisin noses, presents to the children on those occasions.

HOUSE NOTES

Sunday evening, January 13th, Dr. C. E. Shelton, from the East Liberty Y. M. C. A., spoke at Vespers. The next Sunday, Dr. W. C. McEwan, an intimate friend of P. C. W., from the Third Presbyterian Church, spoke. January 27th, Miss Cablk, from

Ellsworth, Pa., gave a very interesting talk about her work among the foreigners of that place.

Vaccination:—What dire thoughts come to our minds at hearing that word! But let's cheer up, the worst is over now and we have about seven years of peaceful living before we need think of the word again.

Sunday afternoon, January 20th, a splendid mass meeting of the Girls' Patriotic League was held at the Syria Mosque. Miss Slatterly, of Boston, was the speaker and her address was very impressive.

Saturday evening, January 26th, the East Liberty Y. M. C. A. entertained the house girls. A very enjoyable evening was spent, but why were the Y. M.'s so bashful?

Well, mid-year "exams" are over and we may breathe freely once again. Let's forget that there ever were such terrible things as "exams" and start in the second semester, thinking of the many good times it is going to bring us.

EXCHANGES

The Exchanges this month afford a pleasing variety of material, a great deal of which is very good, indeed. Probably the best story and poem of the month are found in the same issue of the Smith College Monthly, "The Rain Call" (poem) and "Gifts of the Spirit" (story). The latter particularly is most artistic in conception and execution. From this same issue, "When Lake Was Drafted" is a very good piece of characterization; "How the War Has Affected Me" is distinctive for a final section of clear thinking and concise writing; and "A Coon Song" is an unusually good dialect verse, true to the spirit of real "nigger" songs, in idea and rythm.

"Every-Day Streets," in the Vassar Miscellany, is a series of sketches of ordinary incidents notable for their light and very human touch of pathos. "Beau Brommel" is the only work of

particular merit in the December Barnard Bear. The writer has been extremely successful in catching the atmosphere of the days of the "beaux and dandies" in this sketch.

The Mt. Holyoke Monthly (December) has two poems, each of them delightful in its way. "My Opinion" is a unique bit of writing, most pleasing in its fine sense of humor; while "The Lost Love" is done in a delicate and graceful style that suggests an acquaintance with Shelley. The author of "The Grind" has grasped the real beauty and significance of that slighted person's life in college. There is no false sentiment about it; and the last paragraph especially is a piece of sound writing.

We are glad to read "Paradise Enon" from the January issue of this magazine. It is so refreshing after the horrors of war and the sordid depths to which some would drag us. The writer has succeeded in getting on paper that elusive and variable quantity, the youthful mind. We could very well believe that a boy of sixteen was actually telling it. "The Return of Yesterday" had better have been left out. Why and wherefore the stage Colonel with his lorn love? It is lacking in points and substance. The old melodramas had such characters, but they do not exist.

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The Sorosis

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"THEY"

"Come, Children, Come, Oh, Come."

It was a blind woman, who called, and the children came trooping to fill her loneliness, feeling instinctively that here was the love which they knew. All about the sunny estate they played, and the sound of their mirth was music in the ears of her who could not see them, but cherished all childhood out of a natural love made deeper through deprivation and suffering.

Then one day a strange man found his way into the enchanted wood. Somehow he had heard the call, the unconscious call of children, and answering them, he found the fairy god-mother. Unresistingly we follow him in his journey, but the country through which he takes us is unmapped, and we almost feel that we have been transported to a fairy realm—"One view called me to another; one hill top to its fellow, half across the country, and since I could answer at no more trouble than the snapping forward of a lever, I let the county flow under my wheels. The orchid-studded flat of the East gave way to the thyme, ilex, and gray grass of the Downs; these again to the rich cornland and fig-trees of the lower coast, where you carry the beat of the tide on your left hand for fifteen miles; and when, at last, I turned inland, through a huddle of rounded hills and woods, I had run myself clean out of my known marks. Beyond that precise hamlet that stands godmother to the capital of the United States, I found hidden villages where bees, the only thing awake, boomed in eighty-foot lindens that overhung grey Norman churches, miraculous brooks driving under stone bridges built for heavier traffic than

would ever vex them again; tithe-barns larger than their churches, and an old smithy that cried out aloud how it had once been a hall of the Knights of the Temple. Gypsies I men on a common where the gorse, brackens, and heath fought it out together up a mile of Roman road, and a little farther on I disturbed a red fox rolling dog-fashion in the naked sunlight * * * * A quick turn plunged me first into a green cutting brim-full of liquid sunshine; next into a gloomy tunnel where last year's dead leaves whispered and scuffled about my tires. The strong hazel stuff meeting overhead had not been cut for a generation at least, nor had an axe helped the moss-cankered oak and beech to spring above them. There the road changed frankly into a carpeted ride on whose brown velvet spent primrose clumps showed like jade, and a few sickly, white-stalked blue-bells nodded together. Every moment I expected to find a keeper; but I only heard a jar far off, arguing against the silence under the twilight of the trees. On the point of reversing, suddenly I saw sunshine through the tangle ahead and lifted the brake. As the light beat across my face my fore wheels took the turf of a smooth, still lawn from which sprang horsemen, ten feet high with levelled lances, monstrous peacocks, and sleek round-headed maids of honor—blue, black and glistening—all of clipped yew. Across the lawn—the marshalled woods besieged it on three sides—stood an ancient house of lichened and weather-worn stone, with mullioned windows and roofs of rose-red tile. It was flanked by semi-circular walls, also rose-red, that closed the lawn to the fourth side, and at their feet a box hedge grew man-high. There were doves on the roof about the slim brick chimney and I caught a glimpse of an octagonal dove house behind the screening wall."

While the man was marvelling at "the exceeding beauty of that jewel in that setting," and musing, "If I am not packed off for a trespasser, or if this knight does not ride a wallop at me, Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth will come out of that half-open garden door and asked me to tea," a child appeared at an upper window and waved to a companion. Laughter among the yew-peacocks caused the man to turn and see "the silver of a fountain

behind a hedge thrown up against the sun." "The doves on the roof cooed to the cooing water," but between the two notes the man caught the utterly happy chuckle of a child absorbed in some light mischief." But before he could pursue the source of this light laughter, the heavy oaken door of the garden wall opened to a beautiful woman, and the invader saw with surprise that she was blind. Her explanation was quite simple and trustful, silencing the apology which had sprung to the lips of the motorist—"I heard you. Isn't that a motor car? * * * It will be such a treat"—and, then, wistfully, "You—you haven't seen anyone, have you—perhaps?" and again, hopefully to the man's answer—"Which?" Joyfully, then, she cried, "Oh, lucky you," and her face brightened. "I hear them, of course but that's all. You've seen them and heard them."

At her request, then, the man turned his machine "in on the broad stone path where the fountain basin lay like one star sapphire."

Some unseen mystic bond seemed to unite these two, the blind woman and the man from across the country, and quite without embarrassment she explained—"You understand. Then you won't think it foolish if I ask you to take your car through the garden once or twice—quite slowly? * * * We're so out of the world here." Then she called, "Children, oh, children! Look and see what's going to happen," and the voice would have drawn lost souls from the Pit, for the yearning that underlay its sweetness. But the children fled at their approach, and only a little toy boat floated in the water of the fountain, and a blue blouse glinted along the hedge. Again the woman turned with perfect confiding and question to the man, "It's the only thing that makes life worth living—when they're fond of you, isn't it? * * * I see light in my dreams, and colors, but I never see **them.** I only hear them, just as I do when I'm awake."

"It's difficult to see faces in dreams," the man comforted. "Some people can, but most of us haven't the gift."

"I've heard that too. And they tell me that one never sees a dead person's face in a dream. Is that true?"

"I believe it is—now I come to think of it."

"But how is it with yourself—yourself?"

"I have never seen the faces of my dead in any dream."

"Then," sympathetically, "it must be as bad as being blind."

"The sun now, had dipped behind the woods and the long shadows were possessing the insolent horsemen one by one. The light died from off the top of a glossy-leaved lance and all its brave hard green turned to soft black," * * * and the house "seemed to settle deeper into its rest among the shadows."

Now, at parting, the woman queries wistfully, "Is it so very beautiful? They say that this place must have been made for children," and in her words to the butler there is a suppressed joy, a secret understanding, "Madden, I want you to show this gentleman to the cross-roads. He has lost his way but he has seen them," while her good-bye to the man is, "Remember, if you are fond of them, you will come again."

Beyond the sign-posts at the cross-roads, the man looked back, "but the crumpled hills interlaced so jealously" that the house could not be seen.

It was a month or two later when he came again, and "turned in on a grassy waywaste that cut into a summer silent hazelwood." This time he deliberately set a trap for childish curiosity, spreading forth a wonderful assortment of tools. But the children were shy, and before them, the woman came again. Her blindness is thus alluded to, " 'Let me hear,' she said," and "The hands through which she saw glanced in the chequered sunlight." Now, in the struggle to understand one another, there is a touch of pathos—"How many are they?"; "I don't quite know. Sometimes more—sometimes less. They come and stay with me because I love them, you see * * * You—you aren't laughing at me, I—I haven't any of my own. I never married. People laugh at me, sometimes about them because—because—"

The feeling of her companion's anger in colors—"all purple and black"—and the picture of the Egg reveal a keen sensitiveness and a vivid imagination which might see, through the eyes of the soul, to the very depths of another soul. And plumbing

the naked soul of the man, she murmured, "How curious; how very curious." Then, passionately, "You don't understand—and yet you understood about the Colors. Don't you understand?" But he could only answer, "No, whatever it is, I don't understand yet. Perhaps I shall later—if you'll let me come again."

And to his suggestion that he might play with the children—as a favor, she answered, "It isn't a matter of favor but of right."

Just here is introduced the abject grief of Jenny at the loss of her child. The rude despair of the two coarse women is vividly translated, "A dishevelled woman plunged round the bend of the road loose-haired, purple, almost lowing with agony as she ran," while the wail of the girl with the blotched and grief-frozen face and the ringless hand was, "Dat sort, dey're just as much to us dat has 'em as if dey was lawful born. Just as much—just as much! An' God He'd be just as pleased if you saved 'un, Doctor." In spite of skill, however, it was soon Jennie's turn to "walk in the wood," but Mrs. Madehurst's philosophy, "that wisdom of the old wives which is greater than that of all the Fathers," was applicable to her as well as to the Maddens, who had lost their child, or to the man—"I dunno but it opens de 'eart like. Yes, it opens de 'eart. Dat's where losin' and bearin' comes so alike in de long run, we do say."

This time, it was fall when the man returned, and airy summer had fled before the chill gray of the fog. The room to which the man had been admitted seemed even lovelier than without, causing him to exclaim: "Men and women may sometimes, after great effort, achieve a creditable lie; but the house which is their temple, cannot tell anything save the truth of those who have lived in it."

The red light poured itself along the age-polished, dusky panels till the Tudor roses and lions of the gallery took color and motion. An old eagle-topped convex mirror gathered the picture into its mysterious heart, distorting afresh the distorted shadows, and curving the gallery lines into the curves of a ship. The day was shutting down in half a gale as the fog turned to stringy scud. Through the uncurtained mullions of the broad window

one could see the valiant horsemen of the lawn rear and recover against the wind that pelted them with legions of dead leaves.'' As the hostess accompanied her guest upon a tour of the house, there were everywhere evidences of the children's late presence—''a child's cart and a doll on the floor, the fire which never went out, ''in case anyone came in with cold toes,'' the room filled with ''little low gate tables and children's chairs, a doll's house with its hooked front half open, the dappled rocking horse, the toy gun, and the gilt wooden cannon.'' The children themselves were heard in joyful evasion, but while the man and woman followed in hot pursuit, always their quarry mocked, and the twilight helped in their game. At length, repairing to the hall the man discovered the shadows of the children, lurking in fancied security behind a gilt leather screen. So, while the pursuit was interrupted, the man ''resolved to force them to some forward by the trick, which children detest, of pretending not to notice them.'' Giving his attention, then, to the artistic fancy of the ''tallies'' and wonderingly observing the evident terror of the tenant farmer, who had sought an audience with Miss Florence, the man waited. Suddenly, then, he says: ''I felt my relaxed hand taken and turned softly between the soft hands of a child. So at last I had triumphed. In a moment I would turn and acquaint myself with those quick-footed wanderers * * * The little brushing kiss fell in the center of my palm—as a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close; as the all-faithful, half-reproachful signal of a waiting child not used to neglect, even when grown-ups were busiest—a fragment of the mute code devised very long ago.''

The situation now is filled with simple dignity, vibrant with pathos and poignant sorrow, and many things are explained. ''Then I knew. Then it was as though I had known from the first day when I looked across the lawn at the high window. * * * The woman turned to me in silence, and I felt that she knew.'' After an interval, '' 'Now you understand,' she whispered across the packed shadows.''

'' 'I—I only hear them.' She bowed her head in her hands.

'I have no right, you know—no other right. I have neither borne nor lost—neither borne nor lost!' ''

''Be very glad, then,'' said I, for my soul was torn open within me.

'' 'It was because I loved them so.' She stretched out her arms to the shadows and the shadows within the shadow. 'They came because I loved them—because I needed them. I—I must have made them come. Was that wrong, think you? Did I wrong anyone?' ''

''The twilight had brought a cold rain with gusty squalls that plucked at the leaded windows.''

Pitifully the woman sought justification, revealing her absolute ''shut-offness'' and her hopelessness of ever seeing or undertsanding fully, while the man was brought to an unwelcome conclusion in which the woman must acquiesce.

''I heard them, but I didn't know that they were not mine by right till Mrs. Madden told me. One of them—I heard—she saw. Hers. NOT for me. I didn't know at first. Afterwards, I began to understand that it was only because I loved them, not because—Oh, you MUST bear or lose. There is no other way * * * I'm all in the dark, you know, and YOU can see.''

''In truth I could see, and my vision confirmed me in my resolve, though that was like the very parting of spirit and flesh. Yet a little longer I would stay since it was the last time.''

''You think it is wrong then?''

''Not for you. A thousand times no. For you it is right. I am grateful to you beyond words. For me it would be wrong. For me only * * *'' Quickly she passed her hand before her face as though hurt, and striving to see.

'' 'Oh, I see,' she went on simply as a child. 'For you it would be wrong.' Then with a little undrawn laugh, 'and d'you remember, I called you lucky—once—at first. You who must never come here again.' ''

Only now do we feel that we understand, or rather we but begin to understand, and with understanding comes sympathy, and a greater appreciation of the marvelous skill revealed. The

settings have been so absolutely charming, but vaguely elusive, like the children, and now we remember how perfectly they have always accorded with the feelings of the characters. Emotion, as always, is poetic, yet the author has seemed not just weaving a gossamer sketch for our fancy. Always, we now remember, it has been only shadows, faint glimpses we have seen, only echoes we have heard, and with the kiss we realize that these have belonged only to the spirits of the children, called forth in instinctive love by the woman who through her infirmity, had never born or lost and the man who had lost, and to whom understanding brought pain.

Mary Luella Stevenson, '20.

COUSIN FANNY COMES TO VISIT.

Mr. William Beatty clumsily wheeled a gray willow baby carriage out of the front hall and down the front steps to the pavement. Then he turned towards the house and called:

"All ready, Mary."

His wife appeared in the door-way carrying a chubby baby. Mr. Beatty shook up the pillows in the carriage as his wife came down the steps. She placed the baby in the cart and smoothed out his clean white dress. Her husband patted the pillows here and there. The baby gurgled with delight and squirmed around in his desire to start. Mr. Beatty took hold of the handle.

"There he looks alright now Mary. Can't you see he's anxious to start?"

His wife perked up the big blue bow on the baby's bonnet and patted the little fat cheek.

"Now do be careful, won't you William?"

"Huh," he grunted," nothing's ever happened to him yet when I've had him out, has there?"

"No, but something might. Be sure and look up and down the street at every crossing, and don't let him stand up in his carriage, and don't let anyone give him anything and"—

"Oh, I'm capable of wheeling a baby carriage. Haven't I been taking him out walking every night for four months and

haven't I always brought him back safely? I guess I know how to manage my own son, don't I?" He straightened his neck-tie and pulled his Panama hat down a little in front.

"But William"—

"Say good-bye to mamma, son."

The baby shook the rattle, clutched in his little fist and Mr. Beatty started down the street.

His wife stood on the steps and waved her hand to the child and looked after them a few minutes. She hoped he'd be careful. Cousin Fanny said she ought not to allow her husband to take the baby out alone. Men were always so careless. Sometime he would meet some of his men friends and get to talking and forget all about the baby and he would fall out of his carriage and kill himself or something. Mrs. Beatty grew pale as she thought of it. She supposed that was why her husband didn't like Cousin Fanny. He said she was too bossy and couldn't mind her own affairs. They never agreed. Mrs. Beatty sighed. She did hope she wasn't doing wrong in allowing her husband to take the baby down street.

Mr. Beatty straightened up and squared his broad shoulders as he walked along. Just as though he couldn't take care of his own baby! That was some more of Cousin Fanny's nonsense, doubtless. Well, he'd show them.

"Hello, Bill! Same old job, eh?" asked a man in a joking voice.

"Hello! What do you think of my boy? Some son isn't he?" asked Mr. Beatty as he regarded the child with a fond air.

The baby smiled up at them and shook the carriage to go.

"I should say he is. He must look like his mother, old man."

Mr. Beatty frowned. "Why no, I don't think he does much. Now he's got brown hair just like mine and"—

"O, come on, now Bill, you couldn't make any one believe that kid looked like you. Why, he's a handsome youngster," and the man laughed as he walked away.

A handsome youngster, indeed! Mr. Beatty's jaw tightened and his lips became a thin straight line. That was just the way.

Somebody always had to say that and spoil the whole evening. Personally he prided himself that his son resembled him. Of course you couldn't see much resemblance yet, perhaps, but anyway he for one couldn't see that the baby looked like his mother.

A man and a lady across the street bowed to him. The baby shook his rattle and Mr. Beatty waved the child's hand. The couple hurried over to the carriage.

"Oh, John, isn't this baby the dearest thing you ever saw?"

Her husband assented. Mr. Beatty beamed.

"I think he's growing to look more like your wife every day, Mr. Beatty. You should be so proud of him."

Mr. Beatty reddened. "O, I am, I assure you."

He groaned as she kissed the little fat face and then started down the street.

He never had liked that woman. She was always so gushing and talkative. He knew she never meant what she said. Certainly babies didn't change every day. Even he knew that much. That just sounded like one of Cousin Fanny's remarks. Huh! who ever heard of a boy looking like his mother? They always take after their father in appearance at least.

He re-arranged the baby's pillows and turned down the next corner. It wasn't much use going down the main street if everyone he met insulted him. The baby cooed and laughed and talked to himself. Mr. Beatty forgot his troubles. There never was such a baby certainly. He had a right to be proud.

An elderly lady with snow-white hair came towards them. The baby cooed and waved his rattle. The lady stopped in front of the carriage.

"Pardon me for stopping and speaking, sir, but I am so fond of children and this baby's such a darling. What is its name?"

"William Charles Beatty, Jr., Madam," Mr. Beatty spoke with an air of importance.

"Oh, he's so cunning. How old is he?"

"Five months last week."

"He's so smart for his age, isn't he?"

Mr. Beatty glowed with pride This old lady had good sense.

"And he is so pretty. He must have a beautiful mother. Well, bye-bye, baby."

Mr. Beatty grunted. He might have known. He would have thought such an old lady would have had better judgment. It was too humiliating. He turned the carriage around. There was no pleasure going down street if this was the way people were going to act. He would go back home and let his wife put his son that looked like her to bed.

Mr. Beatty tenderly carried the baby upstairs and stood in front of the looking-glass. The baby's nose, now, was almost the same shape as his own and in time no doubt it would grow as large. And what if his eyes were brown, often babies' eyes change color. Their faces were not the same shape to be sure, but all babies' faces were round and fat. Their hair was the same color anyway.

The baby crowed and reached for the glass. There now that proved it! Mr. Beatty remembered a picture of himself, taken when he was a little fellow, and he had looked just like that. He was sure of it. He could see the resemblance if no one else could. No doubt his friend had been joking him and those two women. Hum! Women never had common sense. He was sorry he had come home so soon.

"William," began his wife the next evening at dinner. "I saw Martha today and she said she was going away for a week and she hates to leave Cousin Fanny at home alone. I was thinking we might ask her to come over here."

"No sir, Mary! I won't have it. You know Cousin Fanny and I never hit it together. She never knows the right thing to say and consequently we don't get along."

"But William, just for one week you"—

"Not even for a day. Let Martha take her along or let Martha stay at home with her. I'm not going to be pestered by that woman."

Mary sighed but said nothing. She knew it was of use, for

William was so determined. But she did think he might stand it for one week.

After dinner Mary put a clean white dress on the baby and William prepared for his evening walk. He turned up the street this time instead of down as he was accustomed to do. Perhaps if he went in the opposite direction he wouldn't meet anyone whom he knew. He hoped he could have one evening without learning that the baby looked like his mother.

This was a fine street. He seldom came along here.

"Well, if there isn't Cousin William and little William Charles. Do come up on the porch and sit down." Great Scott! He had done it now. No wonder he seldom came on this street. This was where Cousin Fanny lived and there she was as prim as ever sitting upright and stiff on the porch. Of course he had to stop.

"I can't come up, for if I take the baby out of his cart he won't want to get back in."

"Oh, he must take right after his father, very determined, eh? Well, I'll come right down."

She hustled down the steps, greeted Mr. Beatty and embraced the baby.

"Is William Charles perfectly well, Cousin William?"

"Sure, he's never sick."

"Well you tell Cousin Mary to be very careful of him during this hot weather. This is just the time when so many babies die, you know."

Mr. Beatty drew himself up. As though his wife didn't know how to take care of their own baby. She had better be careful or he'd—

"Oh, Cousin William, he's such a fat little dumpling and so cute. You know," and she leaned her head to one side, "I'm beginning to think he looks like you, Cousin William."

Mr. Beatty looked at her. He coughed slightly.

"Why er—er"—

"Yes, I'm more convinced of it every day," she patted the

little head, "I can see the resemblance perfectly around the forehead."

Mr. Beatty looked at the baby's forehead. Funny he hadn't noticed that himself, before.

"And his chin, too, yes, its just shaped like yours, Cousin William. I never did agree with other folks who said he looked like Cousin Mary."

Mr. Beatty smoothed the pillows in the carriage and straightened the blue bow on the baby's bonnet. He looked at Cousin Fanny attentively. She wasn't so bad after all. Perhaps they had never just understood each other before. You usually do have to get pretty well acquainted with women before you can understand them. Perhaps, he should—Well, why not? It would please Mary and he would do most anything for her.

"Mary says Martha is going away soon," he began.

"Yes, she's going to-morrow and I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm half afraid to stay here alone," her voice trembled a little.

"Well, Mary mentioned it at dinner to-night, so I came around to see if you could come over and stay with us while Martha's gone."

"Oh, Cousin William, you'e so nice. I'd just love to come. I know I can help Cousin Mary take care of William Charles during this hot weather!"

"Alright then, I'll tell Mary you'll be over. Now I'll have to go, for the boy is getting sleepy. I'll see you again soon."

"Well, good-bye Cousin William. Bye-bye William Charles," and she extricated her long for-finger from the baby's mouth.

Mr. Beatty turned towards home. It was such a beautiful evening. He felt so well to-night. Funny he had always thought he didn't like Cousin Fanny. Why she wasn't half bad. You could make yourself like everyone if you tried hard enough.

Mrs. Beatty hastily arose from her chair as she saw her husband approaching.

"Why William, is anything the matter? You just stayed a little while."

Mr. Beatty pulled his Panama hat down in front and looked a little sheepish as he carried William Charles up the steps.

"No—no, everything's alright. I thought the boy might be sleepy, that's all."

Mrs. Beatty took the baby from her husband and sat down again. She was so relieved. Her husband took the cart into the house and then returned to the porch and sat down. He fidgeted for some time before he spoke.

"I forgot to tell you Mary, I saw Cousin Fanny to-night. She's coming over to-morrow to stay until Martha comes back."

"Cousin Fanny coming over here?" Mrs. Beatty looked at her husband incredulously. "Why William, I thought you and she didn't agree, I don't yant you to"—

"O, that's alright, Mary. I guess I can agree with most anybody. And Cousin Fanny's a pretty good sort after all. I guess I just didn't know her very well before. She said she could help you some, too, with the work."

"Oh, William, I'm so glad."

Mr. Beatty beamed. He was so glad Mary was happy. He'd do anything for her.

He dangled his watch chain in front of the baby. There never was such a boy. He had a right to be proud.

Emilie S. Kates, '18.

"THE LAST CLASS."

"The Last Class" is laid in that wearied and war-stricken little state, Alsace. Peace, however, seems to be everywhere for the little schoolboy, Frantz, can hear "the blackbirds whistling and the buzz of the sawmill" but he knows in the distance, the Prussian soldiers are drilling. Thus we get the keynote to the whole story. Though a part of France, a member of its great body, Alsace is to be torn away and joined to a country which it hates.

The picture of the little schoolhouse, with its master teaching for the last time the beloved French language, the simple incidents of that "Last Class, the copies of "France, Alsace," the

old farmer with his primer upside down upon his knees, drive the bitterness of the fate of Alsace vividly home to us.

In style and manner of presentment, the "Last Class" is highly effective. The story is told by the schoolboy, Frantz, from his point of view, yet the deep emotions of the schoolmaster and his pupils are vividly before us. "Master Hamel rose from his chair—never had he seemed so large * * * something choked him * * * then he turned to the blackboard, seized a piece of chalk and bearing with all his strength, he wrote in the largest letters he could make: 'Vive La France!' " How else could the depth of love and patriotism which burned in the heart of the master be better expressed or in what way could he have impressed it more firmly upon the minds of the little Alsatians?

Throughout, the author shows a deep penetration of human nature. Frantz's attention, once so hard to secure, is easily held now. When the emotions are stirred, then the attention is held. So with Frantz, participles were never so easy as when he was about to lose the opportunity of studying them.

Everywhere we are reminded of the nearing tragedy, as when the pigeons coo little Frantz wonders "if they are going to make them coo in German too." The reasoning of the child, with its faint suggestions, which rather hints at the emotions of the characters than expresses them, leads us to a climax, powerful and dramatic. All the restrained pathos and bitterness throughout are concentrated in the last words of the master. "It is the end—go."

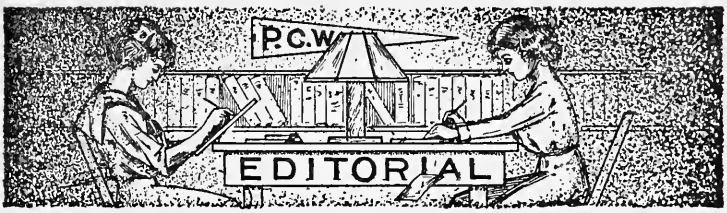
The characters are given us with boldness and freedom. The child is like any other child, careless of lessons usually and unconscious of the depth of patriotism which lies hidden in his heart but which rises to the surface when necessity calls. His emotions are easily stirred and he sees and feels more the loss which comes to his master than that which comes to himself. Just now, he cannot fully comprehend that.

The schoolmaster is an intensely heroic figure. He is filled with all the depth of patriotism and love for his pupils. In this last lesson, he seeks to impress all that he would have them

know of their native land. He sees, too, clearly what they will miss and as though to shield them from it he writes, "Vive La France!"

This story is a most striking and vivid picture of actual human experience and emotions. It reveals such depths of bitterness and pain, without a single jarring emotional note. Warmly human and lifelike, it seems to spring from a heart overflowing with love of country and the barrenness of loss.

Though a story of Alsace and Alsatians, it has, indeed, a universal appeal. Today it is especially apt. "Remember," it says, "to love county and language with a whole-souled devotion." And though, of course, unintentional upon the part of the author, it seems to give us a warning, as if to say: "Remember the Prussians and the fate of Alsace."



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ARE WE DOING OUR BIT?

Nowadays, it is rather difficult to think along any line whatever and evade the war. We are never free from it—the chapel re-echoes with ardent talks about War Savings, Red Cross benefits, surgical dressings—at the dinner-table if the meat is slightly scorched or the cream sour, we blame the war. But, even so, why should we go about, gloomy and grave, talking about "this dreaful war," yet being inactive when there are so many ways in which we can help?

Every one has responded nobly to the call for Red Cross workers, and under the new system much is being accomplished, yet—are we doing all we should along other lines? Do we cut down on theater going, sundaes and the movies as much as we should? Some do. Many of us do not. But in the future, when

we may be forced to sacrifice even the necessities of life, will it not be rather hard on those who have not the spirit of sacrifice?

M. C., '19.

WHAT A RELIEF!

Once again, it is safe for the house girls to venture down town after lunch and manage to get back before "Lights out," and the town girls are not forced to arise at 4:30 A. M. to start on their journeys to their 8:30 classes. The enforcing of their old schedule, by the Street Railways Co. is the reason for these miraculous changes. We can now get cars every ten minutes, and "keep going" instead of paying visits at all the car-barns along the way. Much relief is now felt by both teachers and students after two months of very poor transportation service.

M. C., '19.

SAVE THE PENNIES!

At first Uncle Sam asked for our dollars to pay his war expenses; now he is asking for our pennies. He plans to give even the tiny children a chance to show their patriotism by saving their candy pennies and lending them to their country. He also plans to decrease our expenditures for luxuries in order that the labor necessary for the luxuries may be used to make guns with which to shoot Germans. We can all save twenty-five cents now and then by denying ourselves movies or candy or sundaes, and can you think of any better or nobler use to make of the money than to give Uncle Sam charge of it, to use it as he thinks best in "making the world safe for democracy"?

Stores, postmen, post offices, banks—all are anxious to sell War Savings Stamps. They are as safe an investment as could be found anywhere, and they are within reach of every one of us.

The boys in khaki are risking, and some are losing, their lives for us, and we must show ourselves worthy of their sacrifice by some sacrifice on our part. Every War Savings Stamp bought helps to "keep the home fires burning."

W. B., '19.

SOCIETIES AND CLUBS

Omega Society

The Omega Society was entertained on March 13 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Putnam. The book for discussion was "Crime and Punishment," by Dostoievski. Miss Aspinwall gave a sketch of the author's life and Miss Alexander read an interesting paper on the book.

Y. W. C. A.

On April 3, Miss Helen McClelland, one of our social service graduates, will give a talk on her work.

On April 10, we will have a song service. We have never had a song service quite like this one, so we hope everyone will come.

There are other good meetings coming, so come to them and help make them a success for our Y. W. C. A. depends on you.

Dramatic Club.

The Dramatic Club gave two children's plays for the benefit of the Red Cross on March 8 and 9. The Club wishes to thank the students and faculty for helping to make this benefit a success. The Club is already planning programs just as interesting for the future.

Ariel Club

At the January meeting the new members were formally initiated into all the joys of the fraternity. They manfully stood up under the vigorous treatment and characteristic diet and now have all the peaceful happy meetings to look forward to. At that meeting we discussed winter birds in all respects. Miss Kates and Miss Sheppard gave illustrated talks. During the initiation and program we worked at Red Cross necessities and accomplished even more than we had hoped.

At the February meeting was discussed the migration of birds taking up in order the causes, routes, periods and lengths of time consumed. Miss Kaufman, Miss Hamilton and Miss Taber presented this subject. Miss McEllroy was hostess.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT.

On February 11th, 1918, Miss Virginia Hackney (graduate in Social Service, 1917) was married to Mr. William Tanney, Lieutenant, Sig. R. C. Aviation Service.

On February 14th, the class in Social Service 1-2 had a most interesting and instructive visit to the West Penn Hospital, under the guidance of Miss Bessie Wright, Superintendent of the Social Service Department of the Hospital. Miss Wright, Miss Marion Sallows, and Miss Mildred McCollough, of the Social Service force of the hospital, are all P. C. W. girls. Miss Wright was a Social Service student in 1915-16, and Miss Sallows took the certificate in 1917.

News comes to the department concerning Miss Mary Foster, who was the first special student to take a certificate (1913). Miss Foster's first position in social work was that of Visiting Housekeeper. Recently she has been engaged for an important position in the welfare system of a large manufacturing establishment in a neighboring city. By way of training she is working side by side with the girls in different processes of the industry. The fact that she has been engaged for another kind of work is unknown to the girls who are now her fellow-workers. She has already won high praise—It is said that in her division of the industry she is the best girl at the machine.

LECTURES

On Friday, February 15, the program for lecture hour was very unusual, yet extremely interesting. Mr. Raphael Emmanuel, a native of Mesapotamia, told us of the manners, customs and songs of his native land. Having descended from Abraham he knew all the traditions and early stories of his race. He made us seem as if we were living in Bible times and it was easy for us to imagine that this man might have been one of Abraham's family. Even his bright and varied colored costume made us

think of Joseph's coat of divers colors! But I am sure we, as students of Pennsylvania College for Women, would not give up our place to be a woman in Mesapotamia.

It was our privilege to have Mr. Edw. A. Meade as our lecturer on Friday, February 8. We enjoyed his reading "Disraeli" as much as we would have enjoyed seeing it acted. It gave us a picture of life among the English people, especially those connected with the affairs of the country. The skillful diplomacy of a Jew is outwitting the head of the Bank of England and the country's rival, Russia, was well brought out by the reader.

EXPRESSION DEPARTMENT.

The annual meeting of the Drama League was held at Pennsylvania College for Women, March 5th, at which time a special private performance of "The Bravest Thing in the World," by Lee Pape, was presented by the Dramatic Club.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

Miss Estelle Miller gave a recital March 10th, at the Y. W. C. A. Her program consisted of numbers by Bach, Weber, Chopin, Tschaikowsky, Rachmaninoff, Schubert and a group of Russian Folk Dances, arranged by Mr. Heines.

BASKETBALL.

P. C. W.'s team did splendid work for its first year, although the passing and teamwork was not quite what it might have been if the practices had been attended more regularly. The girls played against very fast teams, Pitt, which hasn't been defeated for four years, scored 33 points to P. C. W.'s 13.

The Waynesburg game at home was most exciting and close. The P. C. W. guards couldn't have played better, keeping the baskets covered constantly. The score was 6 to 5 in P. C. W.'s favor.

The tables were turned, however, when we traveled to Waynesburg. The journey was long and tiresome and oh—the floor! Three times as large as ours, and waxed for dancing. The home team wore suction soled shoes, our girls didn't and shot about like meteors during the whole game. We managed to get seven points, however, to Waynesburg's twenty-five and our woes were almost forgotten in the good time that followed the game.

The game at the Central Y. W. C. A. against the "Pittburgh Team" made up of the physical training teachers of Pittsburgh High Schools, was the star game of the season. But we had such a good time, and the best ice cream and cake afterward. We are looking forward to having the "at home" game with this team, then all the P. C. W. girls will have a chance to see their wonderful playing.

SENIOR SOCIETY NOTES.

Dorothy Minor entertained the Senior Class at a very enjoyable party on Saturday afternoon, March 2. Knitting and chatting were the chief entertainment. Everyone reports a splendid time.

The Senior day girls and the Junior day girls entertained and refreshed themselves at a glorious spread recently. It was a huge affair, almost beyond description.

The Senior Class is spending its spare time visiting high schools throughout the city. The class as a whole believes they will make pretty good teachers when they start out next fall

A mysterious personage, called "Kat" by some, hovered around the village for a few days. "Kat" came and went at different odd moments usually when those who desired to see him had a class. Everyone who saw him report he is just as charming as his owner claimed.

The Seniors believe in preparation for anything that may come, even if that is war. In view of that fact they have or-

ganized a militia called the "Nut Brigade." Only the select few have been admitted to the ranks. It is quite military in character, having a colonel and the rest of the necessary equipment.

SENIOR SAY-SOS.

Hunker—After visiting a school, "I am encouraged, for I can do anything that teacher did if that's all he does—and I am speaking without any conceit."

Paul—"From my own experiences, I find that in school the men teachers are very fond of the girl students."

Hill—"If you make a hole in the cover of an olive-oil can you make two."

Kaufmann—"We took Burke's 'Speech on Conciliation' to fill in our Biology course."

Fuller—Knitting a baby sweater.
Long—"Is that a sweater for the army?"
Fuller—"No, its for the infantry."

JUNIOR NOTES.

The Psychology Class is an arden admirer of pictures, particularly those rapid sketches on the board with which we have recently become familiar. A propos of that—When you look at a cow, what do you think of? Simple enough. A cow, of course. Ah, no! There we encounter the strange and devious ways of the human brain. You do not think of a cow—it may be anything from pins to potatoes but never a simple, unadorned, uncomplex cow. And therein lies the chief charm of a charming subject!

Dr. L——: "Give me the raison d'etre of the Bell and Lancaster system?
Bright Student—"1830."

The matter of greatest moment in the class is, of course, the recent marriage of Margaret Workman. Interest and excitement

ran high in those last days of February and doubtless disturbed the profound scholarship of the class at times. Now Margaret is back among us pursuing her usual tranquil course. We are glad she liked us enough—and every member of the class joins in wishing her the greatest happiness.

HOUSE NOTES.

On Sunday evening, February 10, Dr. Lawson conducted Vespers. That was Dr. Acheson's last Sunday evening with us before he left for France. He spoke for a short time. We certainly do miss Dr. Acheson in his work here, but we are proud to have him engaged in a work so patriotic and noble.

Sunday, February 17, Dr. S. J. Fisher, a former teacher at P. C. W. and Sunday, February 24, Dr. John R. Ewers from the Christian Church, were the speakers at Vespers.

On Valentine Day, the members of Woodland Hall dined with those of Berry Hall at a most enjoyable dinner. One special feature of the dinner was the candy hearts with such appropriate verses which one might send to one's friends. After the dinner came the Faculty play and that was great fun. All the members took their parts very well. The costumes were indeed very funny and everyone in the audience was convulsed with laughter during the entire performance.

Snicklefritz—I wonder who that is? Well, he is the great friend of the girls of Woodland Hall. What would they do without that little dog to keep them company?

One Friday night, about 11 o'clock, the peaceful slumbers of the girls of Woodland Hall were disturbed by the bursting of a hot-water pipe. According to reports, the unsuspecting ones were rudely awakened by what they thought was a cloudburst—in the cellar. But it's an ill wind that blows no one good. The afore mentioned Snicklefritz was the proud recipient of a warm bath—he, originally a dusky gray, was bleached white. And now we're allowed to keep him.

ALUMNA

Mrs. Jannie Stewart Acheson, Class of 1874, passed away at her home in Washington, Pa., on February 7.

EXCHANGES.

One of the best stories of the month happens to be of the war, "Le Bonhomme Noel," in the February Cornell Era. This touching little story shows up the very real sense of brotherhood in the heart of a French soldier, a touch of softness in the stern days of war. Its chief merit is its simplicity and sincerity of style. The Era usually contains an article on some topic of interest by an alumnus which, this month, is a splendid expositions of their principles of that much-used "Camouflage." "The Difference," a sonnet in the Wells College Chronicle, while, perhaps, not as imaginative and lyrical as the forms requires, is timely and thoughtful.

The **Smith College Monthly** for February contains several things worthy of comment: "A Submarine Fairy Tale," humorous and whimsical; "Tell My Love," a short, but very musical poem; and the laughable "After First Looking Into My Roommate's Beawolf," in which the rythm and diction of the Anglo-Saxon are cleverly used to describe a ridiculous "adventure."

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The Sorosis

Vol. XXIV. Pittsburgh, Pa., April, 1918 No. 7.

KULTUR AND CULTURE

Ever since the beginning of the war writers have agreed that this is a war of ideals.

Each nation which comes into the conflict must necessarily subscribe to and believe in the "Idea" for which its side stands.

The "Idea" of the Germans is not hard to discover. Her writers, philosophers, statesmen and rulers have made it plain for a number of years. They tell us that to propogate her own especial brand of Kultur is the sole aim and idea of Germany. Professor John C. Powys, in a small volume entitled "The War and Culture," which is an answer to Professor Munsterberg's "The War and America," defines the German idea as follows: "It is indeed nothing less than the organization of the German race into one terrific, defensive and offensive machine, a machine which may be used—nay! by the implication of its very existence, must be used—for the spread of German culture all over the world, and the increase of German power wherever it is possible.

The "Idea" of the Allies was not so plainly manifest at the beginning of the war but is gradually being worked out. It is more complex because it involves a great many nations. The Allies are standing for the rights of the Individual against the State, the rights of little nations against Empires. It seems to me that Mr. Wilson has expressed our Idea admirably in the words "To Make the World Safe for Democracy."

These two "Ideas," which are so diametrically opposed to each other are the natural result of the two different conceptions of Culture held by the Teutons on the one side and the Anglo-

Saxons on the other. A brief examination and comparison of these two cultures is the purpose of this paper.

The German word Kultur in late years has not meant learning, scholarship, art and literature or at least it has meant them only in a secondary degree. It has meant organized efficiency on the largest scale. The immediate result of this has been the Worship of the State.

For forty years such philosophers as Nietzsche, Trietschke and Bernhardi have preached the doctrine of the supremacy of the State and the policy of the government has backed up this idea. To them there is nothing higher than the State; it is above religion, above morality. Treitszche has said "The State can do no wrong." The individual exists only for the good of the State, and no duty is too great for him to do for the State. If the interest of the State comes into conflict with the law of Christ, it is Christ who must give way, not the State. To quote Treitschke again, "The Christian idea of sacrifice for something higher does not exist for the State—for there is nothing higher than it in the world's history. Consequently it cannot sacrifice itself to something higher."

Another idea which is most important in their philosophy is that of the power of the State. Treitszche says, "The State is first of all Power to assert itself," and again "The State is not physical power as an end in itself, it is power to protest and promote the higher interests—power that must justify itself by being applied for the greatest good of mankind." The German Idea does not hesitate for one moment as to where "the greatest good of mankind" lies. It lies obviously and necessarily, in the vigorous spreading of German culture, German methods, German efficiency, German science, German obedience and docility, wherever it is possible for German arms to spread them.

Much as we may dislike it we must admire the way in which Germany has succeeded in instilling these ideas into the minds of all her people. In order that the children may be brought up to think in these terms, the State has control of all education. No man may become a teacher unless he has satisfied the Government that he is qualified to instruct, no school can be carried on in build-

ings which are not adapted to the purpose. Even in the higher schools, the Gymnasium and the University, the State allows nothing to be taught which would be contrary to her ideas. The University is the teaching body but the government conducts the examinations. The systematic efficiency of the German education may be admirable but some of the results of this education are very unfortunate. In the first place class prejudice, instead of being broken down as it is in English or American universities, is intensified by the German system. The only bond that unites German students is that of the club to which they belong and the members of one club never hear the names of, much less speaks to, the men of another club. Thus the civilizing influence of the University, especially upon the manners, is not as great as it should be. The youth leaves the university as uncouth as he entered.

Another bad result of German education is that it makes men mentally short sighted. If a man wants to specialize in anything his attention is withdrawn from all distracting interests and is concentrated on his especial subject and on the particular subdivision of his subject which is to be his life study. Those trained in this way become masters in their own specific line but they lack the broad liberal education which English and American university graduates have.

The whole idea underlying the German education is entirely different from ours. We think of an educated, cultured person as one who is as refined mentally and morally as possible; whose training is liberal and whose character and personality are as well developed as it is possible for him to make them. The man himself is more important to us than what he can do. To the Germans the aim of education is to make the man a skilled workman; they do not care so much about his individuality so long as he is a trained specialist to serve the State.

One author in speaking of the value of the English playground and the value of athletic games in colleges tells how at one time the Germans became impressed with the good results of these athletics and decided to introduce them into German universities.

Thereupon a new rule went into effect—that each student be required to take a certain number of hours of exercise a week; a certain number to be spent in walking and certain others in football or hockey. Each student must specify which he desired to play and thereafter must play only that! All the life and spontaneity was thus taken out of the athletics and of course their value was lost.

As though it were not enough for the State to control education, it must also control religion. Children are not only sent to school six days out of the week where they are taught the supremacy of Germany over other nations but on the Sabbath they are taught that God is a German God and that they are His chosen people. Many quotations could be given which show this to be true. They have even revised the Lord's prayer, making it into a thoroughly Prussian petition. All the Kaiser's public prayers are to the God of war and not to the new Testament God of love. He always asks a blessing, not on the Right but upon his Sword.

Professor Wilhelm Oswald, an active agent of German propoganda in Sweden has said that "in our country God the Father is reserved for the personal use of the Emperor. In one instance He was mentioned in a report of the General Staff, but it is to be noticed that He has not appeared there a second time."

About fourteen years ago Ernest Haeckel wrote a book entitled the "Riddle of the Universe." In it he explained the creation of the world and of man by the theory of evolution, by the survival of the fittest. It was a splendid treatment of the subject and caused much comment. The man comprehended the universe as few men have done. After the book was published someone went to interview the author and asked him the question "What do you think will be the next step in human progress?" Now to English minds it seems that if man is a risen he must be a rising animal and it seems as though the next step would be mental, moral and spiritual. But this cultured, German scholar answered to this searching question: "The next step will be that man will lose his lateral incisor teeth and little toes."!

This man was still looking down. He had seen the begin-

ning without God and was looking toward the end without Him. It is so with Germany today. She still believes in the survival of the fittest but to her the fittest means the strongest.

Culture in Anglo-Saxon literature has meant all the higher qualities of mind and character, a trained intelligence, a disciplined moral sense, refined tastes and feelings.

Culture to the Germans is nothing more than the scientific explanation of the phenomena of the universe. It takes no thought of spirit, conscience, morality or refinement in manners, tastes and feelings.

Germans seem unable to understand that other nations might have cultures of their own which are worth keeping. One German writer says: "I have no stronger or more sacred conviction than this; that the higher culture of humanity depends upon the diffusion of the German language . . . For the diffusion of the language it is necessary that the German Empire shall become the leading State of the World. People must learn that anyone who cannot speak German is a pariah."

"The whole German idea is to force this pedantic, laborious, scholastic, scientifically efficient but spiritually uninspiring cosmopolitanism upon the world, to the destruction of organic and spontaneous race-instincts."

"The idea of the Allies is to protect the drama, color, passion, beauty and tradition of the various races of the earth against a monotonous and murderous uniformity."

Martha Temple, '18.

A JAPANESE FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

Yo-san pushed back the paper door of her tiny paper house and sniffed the fresh morning air with childlike delight.

She was a bewitching creature, this maid of Japan, as she stood there dressed in her finely woven dark blue kimona, with its gaudy rich obi. Perhaps she was not altogether unconscious of her lithe figure, of her glossy black hair so carefully arranged, of

her tasteful garment artfully falling back from her throat in order to show to best advantage the nape of her graceful neck. And perhaps—there's just a possible chance that she may have made a furtive half unconscious movement or two with her long kimona sleeves—the method of flirtation in Japan! For even a married Japanese woman is very feminine still. Certain it was that the passers-by looked at her, some turned their heads to stare.

Presently she laughed gleefully to herself, a gay rippling little laugh that tinkled like the miniature brooks which flow through the Land of Cherry Blossoms. Then she stepped down to the entrance stone, slipped her white-stocking-shod feet into her strange little clods, and throwing a somber silk scarf over her head, tripped quickly down the street.

It was quite daring for her thus to venture alone without her Ahma, her faithful maid. Girls of her land did not do such things even when they grew as old as she was—twenty-one yesterday—and had a great handsome husband almost five feet nine like hers! Still—just this once it wouldn't matter. Besides it was the first day of the chrysanthemum season, and her respectful flower arrangement in the place of honor in her lord's house must be changed. Each varying time of year had its symbolic blossoms; every great event, a departure, a birth, or a happy return, she must celebrate.

The excitement of this little expedition brought a bright glow into her cheeks. Thrills chased each other up and down her frame. She'd almost never been out alone before! What an experience to whisper into Sato-san's ear the next time she called!

Ah! there was the little cart, bedecked with the first chrysanthemums of the season, a riot of varying colors. It was surrounded by a crowd who, like herself, had come to buy of the wizened-up ancient vender who had stood at just that corner since long before she could remember, perhaps even since her dear dead mother was just her age! Anyway the corner couldn't be the same corner without Yana, the little cart and the shrill tin whistle which reminded everyone of his presence. As though anyone ever could pass him by unnoticed!

In early fall Yana sold chiefly autumn leaves, later chrysanthemums, then winter berries and greens. Again it was he who showed the earliest budding plum, then the cherry, and so on the year round.

Yo-san selected a few perfect full stems, and, bowing very low with the hissing sound of indrawn breath denoting deference, she inquired their value.

He as courteously returned her reverance, and while he wrapped her purchase, she fumbled in her sleeves for her purse.

Yo-san was not acquainted with any of the other buyers. She was not allowed to know many people, only a very few like Sato-san and Eto-san who sometimes came to tea for a delightful naughty gossip; or, on other occasions with their parents when she must sit demurely silent. She wondered who everyone was, and where they all came from. There must be many more living there in Kyoto! She had even heard her step-father say there were more still in Tokyo, and he must know; he was very wise!

Then that panicy, fearful feeling overcame her again and she fled up the narrow winding street to her own protecting home.

She arrived quite out of breath and panting. What an exhilarating episode it had been! Some day she must try it again. She felt so—how did she feel?—yes, she felt as free! Strange word! she had never used it before!

Leaving her clods, she stepped daintily on to the finely matted floor, deposited her bundle, knelt down before her old autumn leaves, and drawing out her tools, a tiny knife and saw, commenced her work.

Her lord would not return before noon. She had three hours to complete her task. He would be pleased. She would show him her best endeavor. Not for nothing had she, like every other girl in all Japan, studied the holy and intricate art of flower arrangement since babyhood. Besides, she was unusually clever—had not Moto, her teacher, said as much? and who was a better judge than he? He had even been to distant unimaginable America!

She trilled in high falsetto as she moved her deft artistic fingers.

The receptacle she used was of bronze, about two inches deep, oblong in shape, with a wooden adjustment in the middle to hold the flowers.

"Dear receptacle," she stroked its sides as she placed it in position. "Dear receptacle, respectfully guard my honorable chrysanthemums."

Carefully selecting a long, straight stemmed cluster she began painstakingly to bend and manipulate its brittle stalk. It was a slow undertaking requiring great patience. The stem must curve deeply to the left midway to the base. She mechanically went through the oft repeated formula. The second flower must closely follow the stem of the first until half way up when it must sweep out to the right but with the tip slightly curved upwards.

"Most noble flower, why is beauty so difficult to attain?" she questioned. "Why has Moto not told me? I shall ask him at the festival."

The third branch must be short and clumpy, bending sharply to the left.

"No! that is not proper!" She critically surveyed the offending part, closed one black almond-shaped eye, reopened it, broke off a leaf, cut another, then smiled approval. It needed great care thus to coax a stiff easily-broken stalk into submission and grace. Yet all flower arrangements of Japan must have this general form. "They must have balance but never have symmetry"—her great teacher's words. "The long branch to the right must appeal to the eye as a balance to the bend to the left of the top branch plus the short stubby curve at the base. Yet never must equal balance be allowed, for that is never found in nature."

"Nature is very strange, Oh flower," she whispered. "Nature makes all the world, you and me and my husband. Yet we do not look the same! And the mountains! and the sea!—all different!" She stretched out her shapely arms. "And neither must an equal number of flowers be used, always three, or another odd number. Ah! there Moto was wrong! She had two hands, two feet, and

she was not ugly! No one could say she was ugly!'' She shook her head in disdain.

So Yo-san labored, happily, contentedly. As she beheld the completed arrangement she bowed reverently. To her the top level represented God. She raised her head and lightly touched the level to the right—Man.

That meant man or woman. That signified herself. She was better than Earth, motioning to the lowest branch, but not so much better than earth as God was higher and more glorious than Man. In like manner, Father, Mother, Child. There she would be second too if she could give the divine emperor a son or daughter. But she could never be first. She did not want to be first. It would be lacking in modesty, and to lack modesty was sinful!

A nod of her pretty head betokened approval for her long hours of pleasant occupation. She filled up the receptacle to the very brim, the waxed edges keping the water from overflowing. Now she was ready to greet her most honorable master. How splendid he was and how knowing! He would commend her, and perhaps would take her for a walk in the Temple grounds!

She settled herself on her heels in her spotless room so oddly devoid of furniture. She powdered her nose and her chin, assured herself, by the aid of her tiny sleeve mirror, that her hair was faultless, tilted her head to its most beguiling angle, and thus awaited the coming of her husband.

Laura Jay Wurts.

OUT OF THE FIRE.

John Martin studied the picture in the silver frame which he held in his hand. He smiled down at the steady eyes which looked up into his. His shoulders straightened involuntarily. That was a son to be proud of! Surely no other father was ever blessed with a nobler boy. The thought of how many long hours he had devoted to his work in order to make his son's future secure flashed through his mind. He had worked hard. But he was glad,

so glad! He had never begrudged a bit of it. Jim repaid him for all.

He continued to gaze at the picture. What a manly soldier! If only the war would end, so Jim could come home. How he and mother missed that boy. They had never been separated so long before, and it was so hard to wait. He gave his shoulders a little shake and threw back his head. His mouth twitched. He must come back. Surely nothing would happen to Jim.

On New Year's Day John Martin sat in his big arm-chair before the open fire-place reading. Suddenly he heard a scream in the front of the house. He dropped his book| Oh, not that! Of course they had not heard for a time—but—oh surely God would not be so cruel! He sat still struggling in vain against a great fear that was gripping at his heart.

His wife appeared in the doorway. He saw the utter terror in her face and he knew then. She gave him the paper and leaning her head against his, sobbed out her heart. He grasped the paper and crumpled it in his hand. He knew the words before he was able to read them through his blurred eyes.

"Captain James Martin, of Battalion C, Foreign Legion, France, killed in action, December 26."

John Martin sank back in his chair. He was numb. His whole life changed in that minute. Over and over again the words "What shall I do now? What shall I do now?" ran through his mind.

The day for the memorial service arrived. But John Martin did not attend. He shut himself up in the back room of the third floor. He walked up and down the floor with his hands clasped behind him. His gray head was bowed and his shoulders stooped. His face wore an expression of unutterable misery and bitterness. His gait was slow and hesitating.

He attend a church service? He smiled grimly. A church service! What for? Idle mockery. Where was the justice and love of God of which the church preached? A loving God would never take away his only joy, the comfort of his old age. It was all a mistake. He recalled his past life. It centered entirely

around Jim. In every scene which came to his memory. Jim was the dominant figure. He had worked and loved and labored for Jim, yes he had lived for him. Now Jim was gone. Everything was dull despair. Life stared him in the face blankly. Why live at all? What good had all the work and labor been, to what had it all amounted? Life held nothing for him. There was nothing to work for or live for now. Hope had gone forever.

For days he wandered helplessly around. Deep anguish and despair settled upon him. He listened dumbly to the counsel of his friends but never heard a word they said. He laughed openly at the minister who tried to console him. He lived blindly in his sorrow.

Once more he sat in his arm-chair before the open fire. His head was bowed. He was almost asleep, yet his eyes were half open, fixed on the flickering flames. In a lethargy he watched the fantastic shapes. A tongue of fire leaped up and then died down. Then it came again. A strange figure appeared in the embers. It was the shape of a man with out-stretched arms. John Martin watched the shape through half closed eyes. Perhaps he was dreaming. Other figures appeared, smaller than the first one who seemed to take them in his embrace. And then they all disappeared together. Soft music sounded in the distance. The figure came again with arms out-stretched towards the man in the chair. It seemed to beckon to him. He could hear well known voice calling his name. One of the logs cracked. The flames shot up, swallowing the tall figure.

John Martin moved in his chair. He passed his hand over his eyes. Had he been asleep and dreaming? He looked up towards the clock on the mantel but he saw instead the picture of a tall soldier. The clear eyes smiled into his. He glanced down at the fire. The figure had not come again. But the soldier continued to smile at him. The man smiled back.

A new feeling arose in his breast. He knew now. Realization had come. Hope was not gone. Death was not so terrible. It did not end all. It meant something more wonderful even than life.

Jim was not lost to him forever. It was just as though Jim had taken a journey and couldn't come back, but had to wait in that far-off city until his father came to him. He was standing with out-stretched arms waiting to welcome him.

The old man smiled.

Emilie S. Kates, '18.

WORDSWORTH'S "TINTERN ABBEY"

"If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts."

Deep sincerity revealing the poet's own philosophy, and a noble theme which penetrates to the very heart and truth of things, constitute Tintern Abbey, one of the poems which is destined to live, even as its author is joined to "that invisible choir who live in minds made better by their presence."

Therein Carlyle's definition of poetry as musical thought "spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing, detected the inmost majesty of it, namely the melody that lies hidden in it, the inward harmony of coherence which is its soul, whereby it exists, and has a right to be, here in this world" is exemplified.

"We are laid asleep in body, and become a living soul,
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

After an absence of five years the poet again stands on the banks of the Sylvan Wye, overlooking that beautifully sketched landscape whose every memory has brought comfort and joy in the midst of the city, while

"* * * gleams of half-extinguished thought
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again."

Now he acknowledges his debt to these scenes of Nature:

"But oft in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of town and cities, I have owed to them
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood and felt along the heart,
* * * feelings, too, of unremembered pleasure,
Such, perhaps, as have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust
To them I may have owed another gift
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world is lightened."

Through his relation and communion with Nature, the poet has been influenced to kindly deeds, which for all worldly troubles he has found a deep and blessed healing.

Yet, as he tells us, Wordsworth's attitude toward Nature has undergone a change—a change which many of us have sensed, but which most of us could "struggle vainly to express." From that day sometime in our childhood when we first really awoke to Nature, finding there such a world of new and unexpected pleasures, when, in a very exhilaration of joy, we felt ourselves a part, and all this beauty belonging to us, to the day when suddenly, with unexplained awe we looked round about us and bowed our head in reverence at what we had but newly found. Wordsworth perfectly translates our feeling—

". . . . For Nature then
To me was all in all . . . . .
. . . . The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm."

But then

". . . . I have learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue."

It is true that nature does inspire the pensive mood, and we cannot really love her without realizing a benevolence toward all mankind, but searching deeper, we at length find the clue.

". . . . And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

The devotee going to the very soul of Nature, has awaked at length to find God there.

And out of his confidence that "Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, to impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed

With lofty thought, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgment, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb

Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold

Is full of blessings,'' and confessing his willingness
''to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul.

Of all my moral being,'' Wordsworth appeals to his beloved sister to listen to nature, and to remember, when, perchance, she might return alone,

''. . . . that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love,—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love.''

And such it was, for, with his ''seeing eye'' the poet had looked through ''the shows of things,'' finding there ''the God of things as they are.''

Mary L. Stevenson, '

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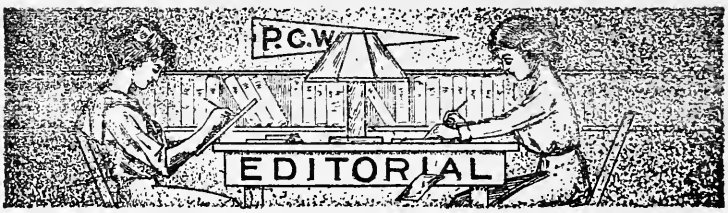

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WHAT OF THE SUMMER?

During these early spring days, when most of us are stricken with' 'spring fever,'' one of the pleasantest things we can do is to dream of the coming summer—vacation! There seems to be a magic charm in the very word, vacation. However, this year the college girl's vacation must not be a period of useless idleness. No red-blooded American girl can afford to ''spend the summer in the hammock.'' These spring days are not the time for day dreams of the summer, but for thoughtful definite planning for actually helping during the three months' vacation in the work of the country. The country has a task for every one of us, but we must not wait for ''something to turn up.'' We must seek the task for ourselves.

It may seem to many of us, especially to those who live in

small towns, that we can not find any real service. If a girl can find nothing else to occupy her time, let her spend most of her time in the work-rooms of the community Red Cross Chapter. Instead of a few hours a week, let her spend some time every day, if not all of every day. One person working five days a week for three months can make an amazing number of surgical dressings.

The college girl, of all others, must not stand back and leave her task undone. It is her duty to live, as well as preach, the gospel of diligent, patriotic service.

LECTURES.

Mr. Bengough, a famous economist and cartoonist from Toronto, gave an illustrated lecture on "Society" in chapel on March 22. He said he was speaking not of the Society which consists of the "400" but of that society which struggles to keep body and soul together. The sole cause of the condition of this kind of society is graft, he says, and it is our own fault for making laws which permit graft. He discussed other important economic questions such as taxation and land value. He maintains that we derive enough natural revenue from our country to fill the public treasury without taxation if it were not for graft. His cartoons of the rich grafter, the poor man, the dude and the man of society were extremely amusing and interesting.

The condition of Russia during her break for freedom was vividly pictured by Mr. McConnaughey, a representative of the Y. M. C. A., who was in Russia at the time of the revolution. Mr. McConnaughey's own attitude toward Russia is one of kindly sympathy. Throughout his lecture he was able to inspire his audience with the same feeling.

Mr. Ragsdale, head of the Naturalization Bureau, lectured on Naturalization, Friday, March 15. He told many interesting things concerning the problems of immigration and the rules restricting the entrance of aliens into this country.

Previous to the outbreak of this war the general percentage

of applications for citizenship in the Pittsburgh district averaged 2,000 per year. When war was declared this number jumped to 6,000, many taking out their first papers only. This sudden increase is dying down and applications are decreasing to the normal number again.

CLUB NOTES

Omega Society

The April meeting of the Omega Society was held April 17th. Two of Tolstoi's books, "Master and Man and Other Tales" and "Cossacks" were discussed by Miss Wolf and Miss Gladys Fournier. Miss Sterling and Miss Weston were hostesses.

Mandolin Club

The Mandolin and Glee Club concert, given by P. C. W. and Tech was beyond all expectations. The Mandolin Club has been exhibiting its talent not only at home but it has also made several trips to different parts of the city. The girls are looking forward to even more outside performances than in the past.

Science Clubs

The science clubs and advanced students in science spent a very interesting afternoon at the Colloquium Club. Each science club contributed its part to the program.

The Chemistry Club and Ariel Club were present, and students from the biology, chemistry and physics departments.

Der Deutsche Verein

On March 20, Der Deutsche Verein converted the regular meeting into a Red Cross meeting. The hostesses were Miss Winifred Black and Miss Ethel Davis. At a special meeting it was decided to amend the constitution, whereby Freshmen might be admitted to the club. No doubt new spirit and enthusiasm will result from this decision.

Y. W. C. A.

The last meetings of the year are going to be particularly interesting. No one can afford to miss them.

The last meeting, on May 22nd, will be in charge of Miss Temple. The installation of officers for the coming year will take place.

We are glad to welcome Miss Laura Tabor as our new president for the year 1918-1919.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

Miss Ruth Seaman, assisted by Miss Mabel Shane, will give her commencement recital May 3rd.

Miss Florence Younkins and Miss Estelle Miller will give their commencement recital, May 15th.

An Easter musical program was given Sunday evening, March 17th. Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew sang "Gentle Holy Savior," a duet by Gounod, and Miss Ruth Seaman sang "Easter Eve," by Gounod, with a violin obligato by Frances Ludwick. Miss Ludwick also played a solo, "To a Wild Rose," by MacDowell.

The joint concert of P. C. W. and Tech, which was held March 15th was enjoyed by all. A very delightful program was given, solos were rendered by Frances Ludwick, Ruth Seaman and Mr. Olsen.

Mrs. Mayhew sang the following group of Italian songs at the Tuesday Musical Club: March 19th, "Bella Senti," by Leboffe, "V'insegnero," by Bimboni; "Congli Angroli," by Sibella, and "Povero Pulcinella," by Buzzi Peccia.

SPOKEN ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Miss Kerst gave a lecture on "The Telling of Stories," followed by several short stories, for the club women of Wilkinsburg, March 19th.

The two children's plays "The Bravest Thing in the World" and "The Three Wishes" were enjoyed immensely by the children. The production not only showed time and work, but exceptional talent.

ALUMNAE NOTES

Miss Alberta Bannerot, '16, has announced her engagement to William Lappe.

Dorothy Stoebener, '17, is teaching in Glassport, Pa.

Margaret Lee, '16, has a position as private secretary to Miss Holmes, in Margaret Morrison School.

Miss White entertained the Class of 1917 at the Dramatic Club play for the benefit of the Red Cross.

SENIOR SOCIETY

J. H. (in American Literature)—Eulalie's violet eye reminds me of Peter Bell's donkey.

(Editor's Note:—For the uninformed we will say the similarity is striking.)

A new Senior society has been formed, entitled the "On-the-Couch Club." Only the bold and courageous need apply for membership. Anyone who is afflicted with nervous troubles or who walks or talks in her sleep is cordially urged to join. Visitors welcome at every meeting.

The members of one of the advanced Senior classes were very much interested lately in the unique arrangement of the chairs in their classroom. In a very cozy manner they were artistically grouped in half-moon shape around the instructor's throne. There was much speculation as to who originated the bright idea. Perhaps, if the rest of the decorations had been left intact such detective work would not have been so difficult.

The Seniors are beginning to think about making their last will and testament. Underclassmen who have a desire for any

particular Senior possession, apply in person to the Senior den.

Miss H. (in Philosophy)—"Miss Logan, compare ancient and modern Greece."

Miss A.—"A little larger."

Miss H.—Safe guess. Now, who can locate Sonia?

Silence.

Miss H.—"Safe guess. Now, who can locate Ionia?"

Miss H.—"Well, next, can anyone tell me where Illyria is?"

Miss H.—"Now, since we're through with the geography, we'll turn to the political conditions."

JUNIOR NOTES

The Juniors gave their long-lost party on Tuesday evening, March 12th. Dancing was the main feature, as usual. However, we were quite outdone in that gentle art by the little Scotch children, who performed, at intervals throughout the evening, Scotch and Irish dances; while the very smallest sister sang "Annie Laurie." This occasion was also the premiere of the great modern tragedy, "Miss Hamlet," in which Miss Crawford and Miss Ailes were the brilliant co-stars. Miss Barron performed creditably the stern parent, while Miss Jarecki made a noble ghost! The grave scene was most affecting—indeed, many felt inclined to shed tears over the bier. "What's dead is dead," perhaps, but who does not hope it may rise again.

We always knew Mary was a bright girl, but her recent ventures as playwright, stage manager and tragedienne prove her versatility beyond all shadow of a doubt. All rights reserved.

The Ed. class is yet the source of mirth. They have recently discovered that they have "The Three Disgraces" among their number, who find an elevated place upon the platform desirable. And how would you like to receive this startling reply when you had brilliantly answered a question: "Miss M—, you read very quickly, don't you?" A digest should be made of the opinions of that august body on education. There may be nothing new under the sun, but startling—oh, my!

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

The Sophomore cotillion on Wednesday, March 20, was a great success. The honored personages were little green dogs, who accompanied the students and faculty home after the party.

It is now necessary for the Sophomores to advertise for a housekeeper. Their duties of preparing dinner and breakfast, not speaking of moving furniture are becoming too heavy. We desire someone who will keep away nightly visitors.

We have found out that three very reliable Sophomores walk in their sleep, at least at night. For the second occurrence of such actions they will be brought before the president.

We certainly did enjoy our game of basketball with the Juniors. Also we enjoyed the refreshments and mid-night talk afterward.

On Wednesday, March 27, Margaret Hare gave a most delightful luncheon at her home.

FRESHMAN DEPARTMENT.

The Freshman enjoyed a spread given in the class den, Wednesday, March 12th. Songs were sung and everybody had a good time even if they did have to wait an hour for the ice cream.

Anyone wishing special instruction on "Rabbi Ben Ezra" consult Miss Davis and Miss Farr.

Much excitement has been created among the freshmen because they have discovered a budding genius in their English class. Miss Bell Wilson has made a second edition of Miss Wooley's handbook.

ATHLETICS

The Junior-Soph basketball game was exciting. The result was a tie, but after an extra five minutes' playing, the score was 7-5 in favor of the Juniors.

Saturday evening, March 16, the coaches from several basketball teams of the city, played the P. C. W. team.

On Tuesday evening, March 19, the Faculty, after having been challenged, played a game of basketball with the Woodland Hall girls. Upon arriving at the game, the girls were very much surprised to see the dignified faculty, with the exception of the players, dressed in the most amusing way. Surely it required some wisdom of selection to choose such suitable garments. Some of the faculty were scarcely recognizable. Before the regular game, these gay folk decided to have a game but they soon gave it up as they said the game wasn't "ladylike." In the game itself, the faculty certainly showed that they had some "pep." The score was 20-5 in favor of the Woodland Hall girls.

HOUSE NOTES

On Sunday evening, March 10, Mr. Buzza, Chaplain of the Allegheny County Workhouse, spoke at Vespers. On March 17, our Easter service was held. Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew and Miss Ruth Seaman sang and Miss Frances Ludwick played a violin solo. Miss Root gave a short talk on our preparation for Easter.

Have you heard that Berry Hall has no kitchen now? Well, its true, but the girls are still managing very well to get enough to eat. You see, there is a way of bringing food from Woodland Hall.

On Thursday afternoon, Miss Root gave a tea for the Student Government Board and Thursday evening, March 14, she gave a delightful dinner party to the officers of the House Student Government Board.

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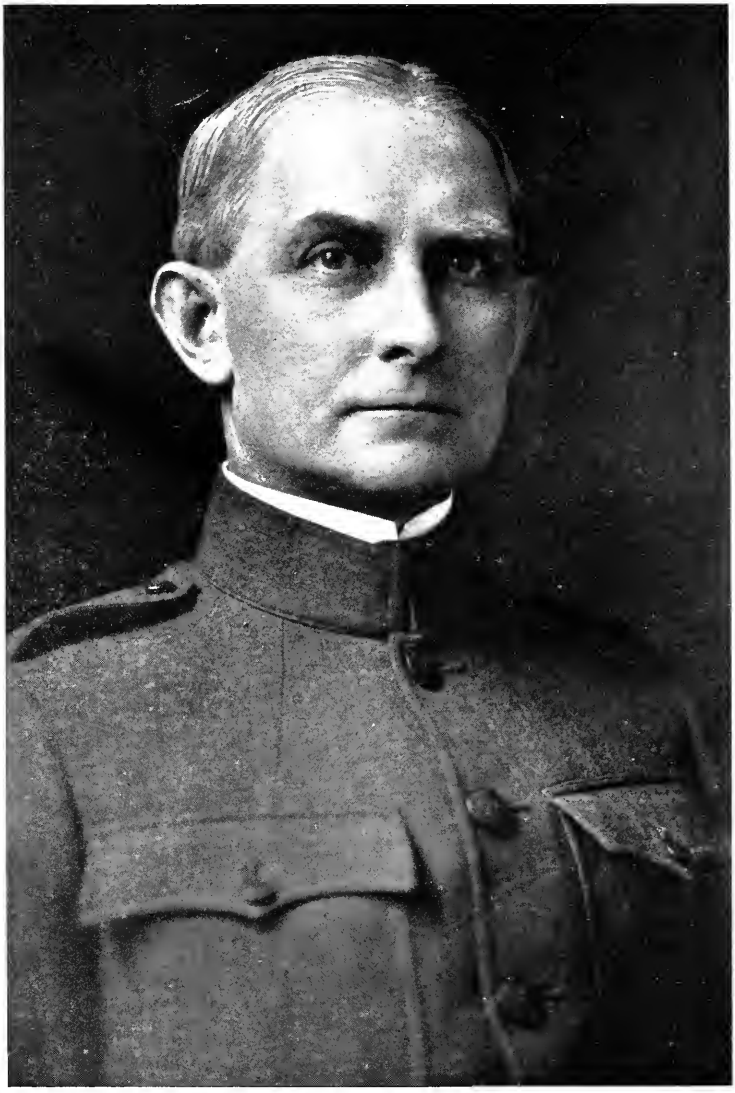

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WOMEN AND THE WAR

Of all the ironies of the war, none is stranger than this—that it should grant a woman's wish. Since the war began the demand has arisen for women to share again their heritage of common work. Today the world challenges women. Unwarned and unprepared the women of Europe have been plunged into the vast province of labor. The war has shattered at a blow the forces of custom and prejudice. To-day one never hears the cry: "Woman's place is in the home." The war has changed that.

In all problems dealing with the so-called woman's question the war is genuinely revolutionizing. The workshop and the home have experienced a revolution of ideas and methods no less than that one on the battlefield and on the high seas. And in every change in this wheel of revolution, women are receiving greater prominence.

This war has brought about a change in the position of women which most probably no other factor would ever have been able to accomplish in the European countries. In the ends which it has attained the war has answered the prayer of women by giving them their opportunity. For years women have been begging for the chance to show what they can do, but this chance was never given to them. To-day the women of the world have been brought face to face with the greatest opportunities ever offered to their sex.

Women all over the world have recognized this opportunity and have not been slow to grasp it. Nor do they act from a selfish standpoint, stopping to consider what will be gained for the

feminine cause before they act. Most of them are inspired by patriotism, with a zeal to help their country and with the ideal of service constantly before them. Everywhere they have filled in the gaps left vacant by men and have completely taken over many industries. Today the working line is made up largely of women and this working line is just as vitally important as the fighting line. Women have just as great a national work open to them behind the scenes as the men have who are playing their part so gallantly on the stage in Flanders and elsewhere. They realize the importance of their work and are determined they will carry it out successfully and will not fail under their new responsibilities.

The men of England are dying to maintain their national life and yet this national life is changing as quickly as they die. All English life is changed and much has been destroyed. The women have entered a new sphere of life. They have done things in this war. Some have even acquired boots and spurs and have dodged into the firing line as often as the general staff would let them. In England where before the war women were admitted to only a few skilled trades, now government committees recommend advanced technical trades for girls as well as for boys. One statesman who has always asserted that woman's place is in the home, is now using all of his eloquence to encourage women to come out of their homes in order to save them and to serve their homes by working in munition factories or in the fields.

The women of England rose voluntarily at the beginning of the war and offered their services in many fields of new work. But the government was very slow to co-operate. They eyed all the movements of the women with suspicion. All that has been done to train women in munition work has been done by private companies. All philanthropic endeavors of women have been suppressed. Their work has been hedged in on every side with distrust and lack of confidence from the government. Such antagonism met its Waterloo in a contest of medical women with the government. When the war began these women applied to

the government. But the service which they freely offered was at first sternly refused. Undaunted, these women sought recognition outside of England. They went to France and received official recognition. On Dec. 14, 1914, the first hospital at the front under the sole direction of British medical women, opened in Ablaye, Royamont, near Criel. All connected with the hospital were women. It was inspected regularly by French military authorities. The French government greatly appreciated their work and urged for more. After the French had profited several months, Sir Alfred Keogh, head of the British Medical Staff, insisted that the War Office yield and place a hospital in the hands of women. A war hospital in London was the result. We shall see the work of this hospital shortly. Yet because of their hesitation to accept the work of women the government lost many opportunities to increase relief work. Co-operation was needed. What is the matter with the English men, are they afraid of women?

Yet in spite of this lack of government co-operation, women are now in practically every line of work in England. The woman of to-day in England shows the spirit of content. She is full of joy at her work. In place of the self-effacing spinster of former days there is the capable, bright-eyed woman, happy even when bearing personal bereavement. She is occupied and bustles at her work. She jumps on and off moving vehicles with the alertness of an expert male. The British woman has found herself and her muscles. England is a world of women, women in uniforms, a vast army of nurses, messengers, porters, elevator hands, and tram conductors, very conscious of their badges and brass buttons, and the un-uniformed host of bank clerks, bookkeepers and shop attendants. They are all recruits for national service. They are a happy army; they look well and strong, determined and glad of their new work, proud of their achievements.

It would be impossible in such little space to numerate all of the different kinds of work that the English women are doing to-day. Yet some need to be mentioned on account of their

great prominence and achievements. The first of these is the noble work the English women are doing in hospital and relief work.

The first war hospital in London under the control of women, was the one situated in Endell street. It is under the management of Dr. Flora Murray and every officer except that of gateman is occupied by women. From the doctors who rank as honorary majors and wear khaki uniforms and receive pay attaching to their position, down to the cooks, who rank as noncommissined officers, every one connected has a military standing. They have at last received official recognition, shown by the fact that drunken soldiers are taken there at night. This is the final badge of government recognition, as drunken soldiers are sent only to military hospitals. One of the soldiers was questioned about the absence of men and he said: "And what should we want men for?" They always take that stand after the first day or two. Another patient said: "I don't mean no flattery, but this place leaves nothing wanting." Sir Alfred Keogh said in appreciation of their work: "This is the most economical of war hospitals; you ought to have them all."

Another illustration of women's efficient hospital work is shown in those hospitals organized by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart. Wherever men gather to kill, the white tents of this hospital appear just back of the firing line. A man doctor is strictly forbidden. The work is conducted with brave punctilio by women surgeons, nurses, and orderlies who are all trained above the average and who are not to be driven from their posts by the forgings of any arsenal. Their courage has never failed in the worst campaign. In Antwerp every woman remained at her post although shattered glass from the windows fell all about them and one of their nurses was killed by a shell in front of their own eyes. When all kindness was driven from Belgium they went to Serbia and there continued the work.

There are over two hundred British nursing units in France. These are counted among the best organized divisions of war service. Wonderful heroism, unflagging devotion and physical endurance up to the last notch of strength is undergone by these

many thousands of women who are giving up the best years of their lives to their country in this hour of great national struggle. Too much cannot be said in praise of the useful service rendered by the nursing staff.

The women ambulance drivers in France are also performing a notable work. They not only transfer the wounded but they carry mail, bring passengers, collect stores and so forth. Often they show rare courage among conditions which a few years ago it would have been considered impossible for women to stand; for most of these women formerly belonged to the leisure class. One interesting case is that of Mrs. Hilda Wynne, a young English woman who has given her fortune and risked her life many times while driving her ambulance along the firing lines of Europe. The Bevan-Wynne unit (her organization) has attended more than twenty-five thousand wounded soldiers. She has been constantly right on the firing line. She tells a story of how she was sick one day and went to bed in her tent. Soon after she was in bed, an enemy shell exploded and tore part of her tent away. That was the end of her illness. She tells again of a night ride in Russia where she had volunteered to drive some officers to a distant point. The entire journey had to be made without any lights on the car and all the way the road led along the edge of a steep precipice, where, if the car had skidded twelve inches it would have been fatal. Certainly women are developing a courage equal to, if not surpassing that of men.

Much, too, could be related of the worthy relief work that the English women are carrying on behind the fronts, and this work is not being performed by women set apart from life by any particular passion for service or renunciation. Madge Neill Frazer spent the greater part of her life in the unspiritual and useless pastime of playing golf with distinction. Mrs. Percy Dearmer was a large, kind woman, flushed with the passion of "getting up things." Both of these went out to Serbia and in their efforts to better the sanitary conditions, caught the fever and are now members of the communion of heroes. Another woman, a Jewish actress, visits every Belgian village with truck loads of patent

baby food, often having to push her wheel-barrow over roads open to enemy fire. These are but ordinary eases of woman's zeal and devotion to her new work.

A great part of the manufacture of munitions in England is in the hands of women. In munition plants especially so efficient have these women workers proved that their efforts have received universal and well-merited recognition as of distinct and direct military value. Their labor is good and their spirit excellent. They work in twelve hour shifts. At the end of two months they are entitled to the much coveted triangular badge bearing the inscription "On War Service." From a recent report we find that to-day in England from sixty to eighty per cent of the machine work for shells, fuses and trench warfare supplies are performed by women. Often they have to work under hard and dangerous conditions, handling chemicals that turn their hair and skin a deep yellow color and that after a time make them unfit for future work, yet none are ever heard to grumble. They accept all conditions as their share in the war.

Very few people in America realize the great number of British women who are actually with the army in France. This is one of the most interesting of the new lines of war work open to them. In London at the beginning of the war only clerical work, diary, gardening and munition work were open to women. But these few openings did not come up to woman's desire. The first detachments of the Women's Volunteer Reserve Corps, who went in for more or less military drill and paraded the streets of London in khaki uniform with slouch hats and short skirts were covered with ridicule. The "average man" was very much annoyed at the sight of them. "What on earth are these women up to now?" he remarked. "Do they want to do the bally fightin'? Its those wretched militants again on another stunt. They only want to be stared at." But now over twenty thousand members of this corps and others are working behind the lines in France and more are constantly going.

There is a vast army of British women in the rear of the bat-

tle lines. A member of this army wears a regulation khaki uniform. She never grumbles. She takes the discipline, the drill, the hard work, and the harder beds, the chilblains and all the rest with complete equanimity. She's as persistently sunshiny as Tommy is perennially gloomy. Week by week she is getting nearer to the zone of actual fighting. Women are simply being substituted more and more for men in all the services that support the fighting men in the trenches. The man in the trenches might well be called the apex of the war pyramid, which is borne up on the broader structure underneath. In that structure women are constantly bearing a heavier share of the burden. More and more they are taking over the auxiliary services as the demand for man power at the front becomes increasingly insistent. If women are not actually fighting they are doing things which directly release thousands of men for the front.

The organization of all such corps is directly under the War Office and is precisely similiar to that of the regular army. The commander of the corps ranks as a brigadier-general and the members range from that down through non-commissioned officers to privates. All of the members are volunteers and on account of the great number who apply the government requires a very rigid physicial examination. They have regular training camps just like the men and live in barracks during their training.

The work these women do consists of clerical, cooks, waitresses and domestic staff, remount work, motor transport service, storehouse work, checking, telephone and postal service and many other miscellaneous trades.

These British women are proud of the part they have borne in the struggle and are anxious to make their contribution greater. Every member of any of these corps on foreign service is doing necessary work of a character and an amount which makes it possible to release a potential fighting man for the front.

The British government is beginning to establish agricultural colleges for women, due to the great increase of women in

this line of work. In 1911 there were 120,000 women in agricultural work. From April, 1914 to April 1917 there was an increase of 44,500. These women have found a permanent place and will be indispensable after the war. They belong mostly to the uneducated class, yet they have proved themselves surprisingly efficient especially in diary work and in the care of stock More and more women are turning to land work.

In England to-day women are acting as van drivers, railway porters, bus conductors, commissaries, postmen, booking clerks, ticket collectors, window and street cleaners, chauffeurs—even for heavy motor lorries—house painters and decorators, carpenters and bank clerks. In all except law-protected professions, such as that of chartered accountant, it is no longer an answer to say to an applicant: "You can't take this job because you're a woman." She replies: "Oh, but let me try!" And she usually gains her point, because the harrassed employer can find no good reason for not letting her try. And when she is once given a trial she generally makes good.

Women have found it very difficult to break into the law courts of England, yet already ten have obtained positions in the Supreme Court of Judicature as a test.

Of course now nothing in the nature of feminine tasks is surprising since the advent of women Congressmen, barbers, porters and soldiers yet there is still another interesting piece of work recently undertaken. A woman was sent as one of six British official representatives to a recent Anglo-German Conference at The Hague, concerning prisoners of war. Mrs. Danley Livingston is the first woman to sit at a table of diplomatic negotiation.

We feel the desire to inquire, "Is there anything a woman can't do?"

There are now 5,000,000 women in England employed in various occupations, not including domestic servants and women at work in military, naval and Red Cross hospitals, and the latest statistics announce that since the outbreak of war 1,256,000 men required at the front have been replaced directly by women.

What is true of the women of England is true in varying degrees of women in all the other warring nations. Beside the stress and storm of the British readjustment the changed life of the women in France was like an artistic progress guided by sympathy and understanding. France is so different from England. France is sad and frankly mourns. Every woman wears the badge of sorrow. The attitude toward women is different, too. Without any friction with the organizations of men, without any hindrance from the government the women have filled in the gaps in the industrial army. When they needed training, the government opened technical schools. The government has co-operated heartily with all their wide field of philanthropic and relief work and so has made them able to rise above amateurish efforts.

As in England the women in France have entered practically every line of industrial work. Here I will mention but one, their work on the railways. In 1916 more than 25,000 women were working satisfactorily on railways in France, as porters, conductors, cleaners and agents. Railway officials say that the women are more efficient, more cheerful and more courteous than the men used to be. One foreman said: "There is one compensation about hiring women, they do what they are told to the best of their ability." To-day the French trains are absolutely spotless and they used to be so dirty.

The entire telephone service has been turned over to women and recently the railway telegraph lines began to be operated solely by women.

The women of France have suffered more than the women of any other country with the possible exception of Belgium, yet they are still sacrificing and devoted, willing to serve to their fullest capacity.

In our present feelings toward the German nation, we seldom think of the German women, nor do we realize the amount of work they are doing and the service they are rendering to the government. But when the Fritzies go marching home, they will not find the women where they left them. Silently and over-

night many gates at which the German women have battered for many years, were unbarred. And after once passing through these gates they will not be willing to hide their lights under a bushel any longer.

German women are doing everything from sitting in civic councils to sweeping the snow from the streets. They determined from the first to play their part in this national epic with devotion and fortitude. The "Bund Deutscher Frauenvereine" has had a great share in the war. Before the war nine and one-half millions of women were working, now there are thirteen million. Before the war the poor man's wife did not know how to spend a pfenning without accounting for it to her man. Now she has the full control of a small pittance from the government. They have learned to forego luxury and waste in order that others may have enough. Thousands of middle class women, who before the war did not know the first principles of organization and solidarity are now working side by side with other women for common aims and purposes, released from domestic isolation for united social service. The lessons of this war will leave an impressoin on a whole generation of women. When the last gun has sounded they will have nothing to unlearn. To produce and conserve the food supply, to protect children and to further education, to earn and organize opportunities for earning will be the work of the German women to-morrow as well as to-day.

It was through this "Bund Deutscher Frauenvereine," whose 500,000 members form the core of the German woman's movement, that the famous mobilization of housewives was made possible. A Housewives' Army was trained at government expense and then it set out and penetrated into the farthest Hinterland, delivering the message of economy and co-operation. These women who responded to the message, peasant women mostly, are to-day worth more to the nation than the Uhlans. Everywhere throughout Germany there is the greatest co-operation of women with the government.

The changes in industrial and social conditions brought

about by the war are striking. Women industrial workers increased by one-half million during the first eight months of the war and have been steadily increasing since. They are chiefly employed in war industries, that is munition factories. In one large plant the manufacture of shells is entirely in their hands. In many cases it has been proved that these women excell the men in the use of automatic machinery. In all cases they equal men in output even in the heaviest sort of labor such as rivet stamping and even on the night shift.

Many employments before strictly forbidden to women are now open. For instance the laws forbidding the employment of married women in schools and civil service have been repealed. Women are now teaching in boys' schools for the first time.

Nor are the women of Germany behind the women of the Allied countries in relief work. They have performed a most noteworthy and useful service in this direction. The "Nationaler Frauendienst" leads in this work. They have taken over the guardianship of the broken homes of the land. The children are being cared for and the women are given work.

During the last four years the activities of women have reached every branch of trade and many government departments. In no German city is there a man working on the street cars unless he is disabled for military or munition work. In Berlin more than two-thirds of the employes of underground railways are women. They are carrying on the textile industries, are letter carriers, messenger boys, window cleaners, motor drivers and one is an old-time chimney-sweep. They have even been asked to sit in the municipal councils in Berlin and other large cities and in many towns they are serving as police officers. Surely it will be hard to re-shut these gates after the war.

Russia is the one country distinguished in having real women soldiers. The Battalion of Death presents a new aspect of feminiinism, whose wisdom and economy were at first questioned by the press. In the beginning of the war women were forbidden to enlist in the Russian army, but they often did it. Apollovwa Isoltsev was the first—she enlisted in her father's regiment. The

Battalion of Death was formed by Madame Vera Botchkareva, the widow of a colonel, when anarchistic and socialistic propagandists were striving to disorganize the front and demoralize the troops. She said: "Since our men are hesitating to fight the women must show them how to die for their country and for liberty." Kerensky gave her the authorization to form the first woman's battalion. Thousands of women and young girls volunteered. The regiment was made up of some of the very best blood in Russia. Daughters of noble families, university and high school graduates, society women, writers and other women of the very highest type flocked to the colors. They have to endure the most rigid army discipline. A Spartan regime is imposed from the first. Each member takes the oath "to conquer or to die" when she enlists. The courage of the Battalion when the actual test came was remarkable. For pure courage and coolness the action of the Butchkareff detachment near Vilna on that terrible July day has seldom been equaled by any troops. They behaved splendidly under fire, they penetrated into the first-line enemy trenches and brought back prisoners and they beat off attack after attack.

Of the efficiency of the women recruits one of their instructors said: "I have drilled hundreds of men soldiers, but I do not hesitate to declare that these women learn with double the speed. This is true not only of educated girls, but also of the peasant girls, some of whom are entirely illiterate. The over-mastering motive is the patriotic desire to save Russia from ruin. Many of them display a zeal and ardor worthy of Joan of Arc."

It is very moving to think of the deep patriotism of these women soldiers. It is inspiring to think of them shaming, with the sacrifice of their very lives, their renegrade men folks. But all this is not the overwhelming side of the advent. This is that the Battalion of Death represents the very peak of what has been happening to women during the war.

The women of Canada have not been slow in responding to the country's need. In 1917, 3,500 women were doing the work

previously done by men in banks; 3,000 are in munition factories and 5,000 are nurses at the front, and in base hospitals. These figures give a hint of the spirit in which the women of Canada are meeting the demands of the war. They are doing everything which aids directly or indirectly in approaching the hoped-for victory. The major portion of the office staffs of banks, bonding, brokerage and commercial houses throughout Canada today are made up of women who three years ago had no part in commercial life.

Every Canadian soldier, whether in camp, trench or prison camp, is being cared for by the women at home. Also the work among the widows and children at home is great. The women have built up the greatest organization Canada has ever known. They are wiping out waste. But more than that they are making the characters of tens of thousands or more women who never suspected they had ability beyond the narrow lines of home. They have shown a business capacity, an organizing strength and a perception far beyond anything men have ever demonstrated. They are teachig the great lesson that what is worth dying for is worth living for.

Lastly we come to the work of the American women. When our United States Government made its appeal to the women it was the first time in history that a government called a country's woman power into co-operation. The summons made its impression. The government was "recognizing" women. And the women rose to the recognition. They organized all over the country under the Woman's Committe of National Defense. The work of this committee of which Dr. Anna H. Shaw is Chairman, is 1, the registration of women; 2, food production and consumption; 3, storage and distribution of food; 4, work along industrial lines to prevent legislation injurious to women and children in industry; 5, training for special service and preservation of the inner resources of national life by safe-guarding the education of the child, moral standards and a normal home life.

There are already many American girls in France. Most of these are working for the American Fund for the French wound-

ed. They are an instrument in improving the lot of tens of thousands of wounded men. The transport service is handled from beginning to end by girls. They have some almost insurmountable problems. They have to attend to the maintenance, upkeep and cleaning of their own cars. After breakfast the girls pack and load their own cars with special articles needed perhaps one hundred miles away. They have to make all sorts of long journeys in every kind of weather. They are showing great courage and fortitude.

The College women of America undoubtedly will accomplish wonders during the war. Already their work is advancing. One Vassar graduate has established a playground for children in France and is teaching them how to laugh and play again. Smith College has sent a unit of eighteen social settlement workers over to a devastated region in France, where they are performing a very needed work among what was formerly thirteen villages. They are doing all in their power to rebuild and refurnish the district. Then besides the great amount of Red Cross and relief work which our colleges are doing many of them have their own gardens, which are tended solely by the girls.

The nursing service was one of the very few departments in which the United States was prepared for war. The woman at the head of the organization has built up the wonderful Red Cross nursing personnel taking in the most competent trained nurses in the United States. No other nation ever had such an auxiliary (12,000 strong) to its fighting forces.

Then, too, we are beginning to find women entering all of the fields of labor here just as in the foreign lands. No doubt when we have been in the war as long as they have the number of our women in industry will exceed anything thus far. We have already women ambulance drivers, war correspondents, a passenger agent, a motor corps and munition worker. The women here will show the same spirit of patriotism and devotion as in the European countries. But as yet the need is not as great.

So we see that among the vast readjustments of economic conditions brought about by the war, is this remarkable manner

with which women have pressed forward and taken positions thought to require the brains and brawn of men. And moreover they have made good in every line they have undertaken. This advent of so many women in industry is one of the most significant and important features of the war. It is prophesied that there may be an industrial revolution after the war on account of the changes in the labor world. After the war women's labor will constitute a weighty factor in industry.

Many think that when the veterans come home they will find it difficult to get their old positions. We are already facing the problem, whether these new lines of work for women will be permanent, or are they only temporary? At present many women are regarding it as permanent and not as a war measure. These are the women who already are demanding equal preparation and equal pay for equal work.

In England it has been made clear to women that they enter their new positions for the war only and that at the end of the war they are to hand over their work and wages to the men, go home and be content. But will they do this? Can they in fact? Some of course, will be ready to stop working and retire again in their homes. A large number of women will gladly give up their exhausting tasks which they are able to perform only under the stress of war fever. But on the other hand there are thousands who will cling to the new found work either because of the death of the bread-winner or because they like the regular hours and wages better than the woman's work in the home which is never done.

At present there is a wave of exultation running over the women of England, a kind of intoxication of opportunity. The joy of adventure and experiment is theirs, and the delight of being wanted—needed. They no longer need to knock, doors are opening wide to them on every hand. They are indeed in the expressive veruacular "having the time of their lives." Every day they are getting wider experiences in the sorrows and pleasures of independence. At least a certain proportion of women are permanently in many, if not all, of the new avenues of work

which the unwonted times have ruthlessly thrown open to them. In this problem her capacity to endure conditions and quantity and quality of output will have an enormous weight.

One author said, "I believe that "woman's work" is anything a woman feels she can do and enjoy doing, but when it begins to overtax her strength and therefore set her nerves on edge and sharpen her voice and take away from her the graciousness and sweetness of life then surely it is time for her to find some other calling and that is what many will do in regard to these new jobs."

Yet even if the majority of women ceased working after the war, things could never be just as they were before. The atmosphere of the entire world has changed. There is a new attitude toward women to-day. All modern wars have drawn women into new fields and made them feel their solidarity. But there is a new spirit to-day. Until now governments never thought of calling upon women to act nor did women put volition in their acts. Women were used because they were handy and women worked because they needed bread. In response to no proclamations, without any idea of "serving the nation" women filled up during past wars, gaps in the army of workers. Now we are in an atmosphere of national calls and citizen response. This new sense of the close relation of women and the nation has touched both men and women too deeply to be effaced. And this relation deepens as the war continues. The physical force side of war used to be uppermost but now the energy used in making ammunition and creating national wealth is of prime value. The late Minister of Home Affairs in Germany, Dr. Delbrusck, said in the Reichstag: "Such intelligent co-operation and striking efficiency as that displayed by the women of the land since the beginning of the war could not be dispensed with when normal conditions were once restored."

Women certainly have made some permanent gains on account of the war. For one thing they have found the spirit of independence and are rejoicing in it. The war has brought to men a setback in the school of civilization. but it has brought ac-

celerated progress to women. Dr. Gertrude Baumer said, "Thousands of women have been brought to a full realization of their duties as citizens in this hour of fate and they will remain true to their awakened consciousness."

Women have unquestionably kept all the countries going during the war and after the war their services will still be needed in the vast reconstructive work. On account of these services they have rendered and will render their claims in time of peace will be great.

This, of course, brings us at once to the question, what effect will the war have on the political standing of women? Political issues are dead now in most of the belligerent nations, and very few elections are being held. Women are not questioning the future, they are simply living feminism evry day. Probably in that lies the promise of victory for "votes for women." A stock argument against women having the vote always has been that women cannot fight for their country. The Battalion of Death has answered that argument. However, most opposition has always rested in the main on an honest doubt—widely held though seldom expressed—of the wisdom of admitting to the government a class which has only partially attained economic independence. The expectation was widespread that this enemy would retreat in the face of a huge army of self-supporting women. Where men are being wounded as rapidly as women are entring wokshops and offices the old difficulty will be broken down.

Even women who are not avowed suffragists think that universal suffrage will be one of the inevitable results of the war, for the reason that the law-givers of all belligerent countries can no longer deny this crowning priviledge to the wives and mothers who have worked so bravely, suffered so keenly and endured so patiently through the long years of this cruel war. Carl Ackerman, a United Press Correspondent, recently back from Germany, says that German statesmen who never believed that woman suffrage would be an issue in Germany are now looking forward to the time when all the women in Germany

will be fully enfranchised. Leaders all over the world hold the uniform conviction that the work of women will be interpreted in votes for women when peace is declared. France will give their women whatever they want, England will give them no more than they can win, and women in America have practically come to the place where they can have the vote on demand.

Truly we can say of the life of women: "The old order changeth, giving place to new."

Emilie S. Kates, '18.

HONEST GRAFT

"Honest Graft!" How often do we hear this term applied to the politicians or ringsters of our city and neighborhood. In fact it is so closely connected in our minds with the big questions of politics that we seldom realize how common a custom this same innocent practice of acquiring something for nothing is, among even our intimate friends. It is, in general, the one aim of all mankind to acquire by methods superficially honest just a little more than we earn. Take, for example, the ordinary college where many types may be found.

In the first place there is the girl who borrows. She goes to class and forgets her paper and pencil, which essential articles she is forced to borrow from her neighbors. A few sheets of paper is a very small thing; you laugh at her when she suggests repaying you and refuse to accept them when actually offered, but a few repetitions of such occurrences detracts considerably from her supply bill and adds just a trifle to those of several of her friends. And then, too, she borrows your powder. Her dorine is always downstairs, or she has just run out, or she has lost her puff. The reason is varied, but the result is always the same. Not that you object to sharing with her—far from it. You love her from the depths of your heart and would gladly endow her with all your worldly possessions, but it is graft just the same; our old friend "honest graft" being practiced on a small scale.

Besides the little material grafter, there is the intellectual

grafter who saves herself much expenditure of time and energy by making use of the brains of her friends. Rushing up to you a few minutes before class, she sweetly asks if she may see your French sentences, or your math problems, she just didn't have time to do them and she simply doesn't dare go to class without them. Perhaps you have spent many hours laboriously translating the sentences or working out the problems which she copies in a few moments and by whose aid she sails merrily thru the recitation with flying colors. Another favorite rule of this intellectual grafter is to corner you just before the bell and demand to be told what the lesson is about, how the translation ends, or begs you to read it to her just once. Not wishing to be considered disagreeable or unpleasant, you comply with her request tho you were in desperate need of just those particular few seconds to give one of your own lessons a hasty, last minute examination.

These two girls are usually unconscious offenders; they don't intentionally take your paper, or your powder, or your time, or your brains, in most cases, but there is a third type frequently met with who does deliberately set out to obtain as much benefit as possible from all her friends and with as little given in return. She is the social grafter and her methods are quite different from those of the girl who desires to gain something merely for the moment. This girl acts on a definitely conceived plan and has a real end in view, which she hopes will be more or less permanent. You are liable to her attentions if you possess an attractive brother, or a wide circle of masculine friends. Our little grafter makes it a special point to be nice to you in your presence at least and at special times she redoubles her attentions. If there is to be a dance, it is so much more convenient to stay with you than go home. If you happen to have become acquainted with some new men recently, or if the aforementioned brother is home on a furlough, it is truly remarkable how many interests and tastes she discovers suddenly that you have in common. If you dislike a thing she abhors it; if you admire it, she is wild about it. In fact, she makes herself so altogether agreeable, useful, and

entertaining, that you consider her your very best friend, and are almost willing to believe that she "loves you for yourself alone.'

Graft? Yes—but honest.

Grafted

THE TALE OF A LONESOME PINE.

I have always been lonely (ever since I can remember I have been a lonesome pine). When I first looked out from the dark brown earth I felt my solitude. No other pines grew near me; they all lay far below, like a mossy green carpet, rather than great trees. For I stood on a high rock removed from the rest of my kind. Of course, I could not see all this at first, but when I was about five years old I had raised my head high enough to take in my surroundings.

The rock on which I lived was some twenty feet square, precipitous on all sides, and perhaps, thirty feet in height.

I used to invent stories about how I happened on the rock, and how my fortress came to be situated on that spot. Sometimes it had been hurled by a giant hand from the far, far north where only monsters dwelt. It had been thown at a helpless animal, had missed, and had sped on. In the fall it had crashed against an innocent tree, and part of the uprooted pine had caught in a crevice of the boulder. From that part I had grown. Sometimes I had been sent from heaven by the gods to be a sentinel, a guardian angel, to watch over the region. There were many adventures I pictured in my imagination, but always I have felt deep sympathy for beings who hold positions so high, so exalted above their fellows that they lose the common touch—the sympathy of their own sort.

The short summers were lovely with the merry birds who often flew into my branches. Such wonderful little creatures, always gay, always varied, with touch so gentle and weight so light they seemed like dew.

Animals, too, there were in plenty, but they could not scale my steep sides. I could gaze down on them but never become intimate. Somehow I did not quite understand them, perhaps, be-

cause I never had a chance. But the flowers! Oh! the flowers were my delight! Such airy, fairy, unbelievable dashes of color as grew among the needles at my feet! They coquetted and danced with the sunbeams in the breeze. They came and passed like phantoms of happiness in sleep. Those days pulsed with careless joy.

The winters were different, cold and bleak with moaning winds and snapping ice. Once there was no snow to protect us, and many of my brothers died. Oh! that was a sad time, and the beginning of worse sorrows to come, for with the early rapture of spring, I saw my first man creature.

He thrilled me with excitement. He was so marvelously capable in all his ways. His movements seemed endowed with supernatural power. Alas! since then I have learned to know and fear him!

He and his kind came through our region looking and pointing, and pointing again. That night they camped at the base of my rock. By a deal of stretching I at last managed to bend my boughs low enough to hear a part of what they talked about. I was too isolated to realize there was dishonor in evesdropping, so I was innocent in my action. The little I caught filled me with wonder and dismay.

They spoke of the unusual height and thickness of my forest friends, of their strength and fineness; then of "lumber camps" and "saw mills." This last was what worried me. I did not know what was meant by such words, but I felt a vague forboding. Involuntarily my boughs shivered, and though the night was still a wind suddenly rustled through them moaning and sighing 'till my heart wept.

For days and weeks following I puzzled sorrowfully over what I had heard. Even the lovable cheery little gold finch could not for long make me foget my depression, and to my imagination the songs of my feathered brood were briefer, and were caroled on shifting strings as though in unconscious fear of an unknown.

Before another month had passed the men had returned.

bringing many others with them. They carried strange glittering things with long handles, "axes" they called them.

A camp was pitched, then followed the felling of the first forest monarch! They used the shiny axes which flashed among the trees as a falling star through a cloudless sky. They scarred the trunk, they broke the splendid rugged bark, they chipped, they cut, and finally, the tree groaning from its farthest root to its topmost needle fell. The crash echoed like the boom of storm-waves on the ocean's shore. Then all was still. Even the actors in this tragedy seemed awed. They stood leaning on their implements and gazed speechlessly at their work. It was gone; one of the most beautiful kings of our realm! In that brief period I thought that I tasted and drank the fullness of woe, and pain and death, but the cup was not yet empty—hardly begun.

Many more perished in like manner. Still my turn did not come. More than one of the villains looked at my stalky height, at my long perfectly formed body, but my fortress was my refuge. It was too high for them. Therefore I remained unharmed, alone in my safety, and more lonesome because of it.

Many warm summers passed. Sweet were the smiles of their sunrise, and tender were the touches of their night.

As many chill winters followed. They, too, possessed their charm, though meloncholy. Snow sparkled over the dark woods, diamonds heaped on a miser's block cloth. And at night rose the weird chant of the wolves. The song was pitched in the minor key with long drawn wails and half sobs as they gazed at the auora borealis flaming coldly overhead. The stars seemed to leap in the frost dance as they looked down at the frozen wall below so numb and white, and listened to that old, old chorus It was so mournful, it always rent my very soul and the pale dawn would find me weak and listless. Yet I derived a positive joy from my own suffering.

But it was during a summer that the Terrible Thing was born.

Far off, so that only I saw it, a small dull cloud appeared. At night it became a bright red glow. No one else saw it, nor

knew, nor even suspected. I did not suspect. To me it was simply an incident, a matter of passing interest not worthy of thought.

So it grew steadily and spread. It crept nearer and yet nearer with a swift stealth. Then one day there was great confusion.

All morning and afternoon wild creatures ran and flew by in the direction of the river. I could not see it by raising my top boughs. It lay wide and unrippled with those odd streaks which sometimes extend over the face of quiet winters, as though someone had carelessly wiped their fingers across a dusty blue mirror.

All nature seemed filled with misgivings. As time moved on the fugatives grew more numerous and fled with greater speed until by evening the stampede became frantic. And still the flaming foe pursued. As it drew near I was able to see beyond, and I beheld blackness, desolation, death!

The trees below me whispered. They stiffened their branches; they summoned their long heritage of proud self-control and prepared to die.

I, the lonesome pine stood upon my citadel as before with no one to speak to, none to comfort, no one help nor care for me, just alone as I had always been. I was glad to go. I was tired and sad. I wanted sympathy, understanding, companionship. In this common destruction I would find it.

By the next afternon the end had come.

My brothers suffered their completeness of pain and died. A lame deer perished with them, baked to a crisp. And the fire licking up all before it, springing up the trees, catching the needles, leaving nothing.

I waited in fierce anticipation. But—I was left unharmed! Only my lowest tips were slightly scorched. My rock again was my salvation. The fire swept to the river and burnt itself out. Ruin conquered.

And I! I was even more alone than ever before in my existance. I sobbed. I was lonesome! lonesome! lonesome!

But all this happened many years ago. Still I stand and live on. Small trees now grow where the old monarchs used to rule, but I remain—the Lonesome Pine.

Laura Jay Wurts.

OUR AUXILIARY

To a college girl it sometimes seems that her share in war work is very insignificant. Hearing constantly of the magnificent achievements and heroic sacrifices which have become almost commonplaces in the stirring life of the world today, she feels that the daily routine of studies is a dreary thing. The call to service is well-nigh irresistible. But it is precisely here that college training is valuable. It provides a saner judgment that makes it evident that a woman can render greater service with a college training than without. So that it becomes our duty to see it through, no matter how impatient we may be to have what we are pleased to call a more direct part in war work.

Meanwhile, we have here our chance to do a great deal of war work—and no branch of service is more direct, surely, than that of the Red Cross. It was in response to this need that the Pennsylvania College for Women Auxiliary of the American Red Cross was organized in October, 1917. Most of the members had heavy school-work, so that a system of pledges was adopted. By the second semester, 153 members were enrolled, each of whom signed for a certain number of hours' work. Thereafter, headquarters very kindly assigned work on the basis of hours instead of according to the number of workers. In addition to our own workers, some of the members of the Collquium Society, which became affiliated with our Auxiliary in February, have worked regularly in our departments. We have been very grateful to

the Colloquium for their assistance, for in addition to their work they have given a sewing machine and $100 in cash to the Auxiliary, as well as generous contributions to the War Fund through us.

At Christmas, we had great fun going shopping for Christmas packages for the soldiers. Fifty-three, in all, were sent in for distribution. About this time also the Student Government Association gave $35.00 with which layettes for French children were bought.

In March, the Dramatic Club gave two children's plays, "The Bravest Thing in the World," and "The Three Wishes," for the benefit of the Auxiliary. Two performances were given, both of which were attended by large audiences. The proceeds over and above expenses were $250.00, which was put in the Treasury to meet all of the necessary expenses.

Early in the second semester the work-rooms were moved to more spacious quarters on the first floor, where more girls could work at one time. For this room, four fourteen-foot tables were bought, in addition to the small ones already in use. Two new sewing machines and two gauze rollers were also added to the permanent equipment. A stock room was fitted up with presses for storing supplies and tables for cutting, near the work-room.

A knitting machine for socks was donated by Miss Starr and the students of Woodland Hall. The machine has been put in charge of Miss Katherine McFarland, who has given instruction to other students and knitted a large number of socks for our shipments. Next year, when greater numbers have become proficient in the use of the machine, the output will no doubt be very large.

In the early spring a class in Surgical Dressings was started under the direction of Mrs. A. F. B. Morris, who has given us so much assistance and counsel during the year. Thirteen finished the course and took the examination. We are advised that all passed with honor, but at the present writing, the certificates had not been received.

The order for the last month has now been completed and

sent in, despite the large number of those obnoxious pads, of which we have such vivid memories about mid-year. The report of work done from all departments is as follows:

Surgical Dressings	13,023
Sewing	684
Knitting (To May 14)	514
Total	14,221

On May 20, the campaign for the Second Red Cross War Fund began. About 70 members marched in our unit in the big parade on Saturday, May 18, which was in the division of city Auxiliaries. We were very fortunate in having both Miss Coolidge and Dr. Acheson as speakers for the drive here in school. A team of fifteen workers was organized to canvass the school, which they did most ably. The formal canvassing began on Thursday morning and by chapel Saturday $1,078.85 had been reported. This amount was given in at the roll call of Auxiliaries after the Red Cross luncheon on Saturday, and compared quite favorably with a great number of the auxiliary reports. By Monday at 2 o'clock, when the final amounts were turned in, $1,601.00 had been pledged. This report was made Monday night at the final dinner at the William Penn Hotel which closed the campaign. The splendid work of the class and faculty teams made this success possible.

As a student body, we have every reason to be proud of the report of our Auxiliary this year. Since we have gained this experience and had this training, there is a brighter hope for the future. Next year we will be able to start in without delay and accomplish still more. The work together for a common cause has helped us all, and we look forward to a year of still greater service and usefulness in 1918-19.

A. G. R., '19.

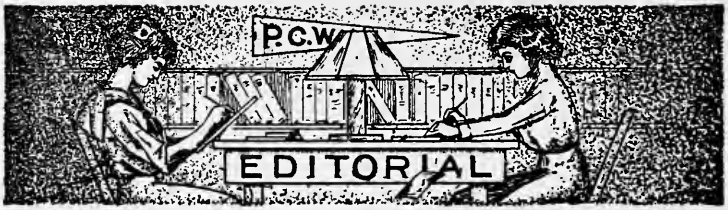
WAR ACTIVITIES

We feel that we can look back with a sense of satisfaction upon the work which we have been privileged to do for our country since last September. By comparison, the amount may seem small, but, for our small college, it is, we think, a goodly sum. Following are some of the items:

Y. M. C. A. War Friendship Fund	$ 1,900.00
Second Liberty Loan	7,600.00
Third Liberty Loan	10,100.00
Armenian Relief	300.00
Easter Egg Fund for French Wounded	11.40

In the campaign for books for soldiers, 264 books were contributed. 150 Christmas packets were sent across. A collection of clothing was made for French and Belgian refugees.

Our Red Cross activities appear elsewhere.



The Staff

R. Olive Wolf, '18.....Editor-in-Chief
Dorothy S. Minor, '18.....Business Manager
Winifred Black, '19.....Literary Editor
Elinor Goldsmit, '18.....College Notes Editor
Mary A. Crawford, '19.....Associate Editor
Betty Shipley, '20.....Assistant Business Manager

Reporters

Emilie S. Kates, '18.....Alumnae Notes
Augusta Rogers, '19.....Exchange and Intercollegiate Notes
Rita Criste, '20.....Clubs and Lectures
Lois Farr, '21.....Music and Expression
Ella F. Martin, '21....House Notes, Social Service and Athletics

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DR. ACHESON'S RETURN

It is good to have our president with us again, but it was a better thing to lend him to our country for awhile. We thrilled with pride at his going. On his return, a thrill of satisfaction comes to each of us, because one who belongs to us has been able to do so vital and real a bit of service for the stars and stripes. The message he brings us from "over there" is inspiring, and encouraging. The tales he tells of the trenches are heroic, pathetic, humorous, but they give us a clearer vision of our duty here at home. From the mere writing of a letter to the soldier boy, to the giving of our money, or even ourselves, he makes each of us resolve to redouble our energies. We are sure the work he has done, and will now be able to do, is of the kind which spells "Victory."

THE REVISED SOROSIS CONSTITUTION

With this issue of the Sorosis, the present staff retires. We take this opportunity to thank our readers for their co-operation, and the kind forbearance which they have exercised in regard to our errors. We have made many mistakes, we know. For these we are deeply regretful. Insofar as we have pleased, we are happy.

We ask the earnest co-operation of the student body in the work of the next Sorosis Staff. The constitution of the Sorosis has been revised, and the staff, to a certain extent, will be working under untried conditions. The number on the staff has been reduced from eleven to seven. The offices of Editor-in-Chief, Literary Editor, Business Manager and Assistant Business Manager remain the same, elected in the same manner, and with the same duties. In addition to these, there will now be three Associate Editors, instead of the former Associate Editor, College Notes Editor, and Class and House Reporters. One of the three Associate Editors will be a senior, elected by the Senior Class. One will be a Junior, and one a Sophomore. These last two will be appointed by the Editor-in-Chief. The duties of the three Associate Editors will be assigned them by the Editor-in-Chief.

We believe the new plan will result in a better paper than we have heretofore been able to produce.

VACATION

It's almost here, and we need it, but for the love of our country, let us not waste it! Uncle Sam has no use for pleasure resorts this summer. There's plenty for each one of us to do. It need not be a great and tremendous task, but whatever it is, let's do it with a push and vim worthy of the cause.

To the Editors of the Sororis:—

The story entitled "When the Cat Came Back" was originally published in the Pharetra, in May, 1915, by Helen Segner, Wilson, 1916.

Gertrude Bair.

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT

Social Service 1, with its last "Trip," on May 16th ceased to be a beginning class. This visit was to the City Hospitals at Mayview, and in interest and information, formed a fitting close to the lessons of the year, both those drawn from books and from visits of observation.

May 18th was the date of a meeting, at Woodland Hall, of the certificate Social Service students of this year, and those of former years who are now in professional social work. The purpose of the meeting was not only social, but to form an association for mutual benefit. Each year adds to the roll of those who have gone out from the college and are now holding important positions in social work.

The investigating work which the advanced students in Social Service have taken up under the auspices of the Irene Kaufmann Settlement and the direct supervision of Miss Meloy, is nearing completion. The girls all are rejoicing, for it has meant considerable work, though the experience and information derived are of inestimable value. The work has been carried on through the different public schools, and owing to the willing co-operation of principles and teachers. and visits to the homes of all the children for whom schedules have been made out, much knowledge has been gained of the child—her heredity, school life, home life. Some of the home conditions are deplorable, but these are balanced in many cases by neatly kept and well managed households. The child's interests—both intellectual aspirations and recreational inclinations—are ascertained, and her attitude toward her environment, home, school and country, are unconsciously divulged by the child in her friendly chats with the investigator.

Minnie McGrew.

SPOKEN ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Miss Mary Jane Paul, Miss Josephine Paul and Miss Ellinore Salinger will receive certificates in Spoken English. For their

commencement recital, Thursday evening, June 6, they will give the following program:

1 "Seventeen" (An arrangement of Booth Tarkington's Seventeen).—Josephhine Brown Paul.

2 "Mr. Rat and Mr. Ratte." (An illustrated story).—Elinore N. Salinger.

3 "Rosalind." (A play)—James Barrie. Mary Jane Brown Paul.

4 Madame Butterfly. (Act I)—Elinore N. Salinger. Ella Beren at the piano.

5 Kamennoi—Ostrow (for piano and organ)—A. Rubenstein. Ella Beren, Estelle Miller.

6 The Prince of Court Painters—Mackay.

Characters:

George Romney .....Mary Jane Paul
Mary Romney, his wife.....Josephine Paul
Lucy Elrige .....Ellinore Salinger

MUSIC DEPARTMENT

The five recitals held by the Department of Music this season were appreciated by all. The work of students displayed much talent.

The members of the Musical Club will give a Toy Symphony. The instruments in the orchestra are, the piano, violin, cuckoo, quail, night-in-gale, trumpet, triangle and drum. We promise you that it is a very interesting and beautiful symphony.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

The result of the election of next year's officers is as follows: Julia Aspinwall, president; Gladys Fournier, vice president; Eleanor Bardsley, secretary, and Jane Lobmiller, treasurer.

The Sophomore Class spent a most delightful afternoon on Friday, May 17th at a tea given by Miss Ely. After looking at scenes from Miss Ely's home in Colorado we had our horoscopes read. We were all destined to become great women (as we expected). Afterwards dainty refreshments were served.

Many of the Sophomores took a prominent part in one of the biggest entertainments in the city. The committee in charge of the entertainment has shown his ability to select people of talent.

The "Superintendent of Spreads," Sorley Cuckerbaum, arranged a very successful spread for the Sophomore day girls.

An expression of the Sophomore Class:

Farewell, dear Seniors,
My sisters fair;
For two short years
I've been your care.

To next year's class
I'll try to be,
As faithful a sister
As you've been to me.

FRESHMEN

Miss Katherine Wolff entertained the Freshman class at her home, on Beechwood Boulevard, Wednesday, May 15th. Everyone had a good time dancing and guessing the names of Pittsburgh celebrities, that were pinned on her back.

At eight o'clock, May the 8th, a great clatter of kettle drums, mouth organs, horns and cornets was heard from the windows of the gymnasium, where the "Prize Circus of the World" appeared in long and gorgeous procession. Tight rope walkers in wonderful array, the fat lady, fortune tellers, clowns, a bear and a really, truly dog performed miraculous feats. We learned that it was enjoyed by all, including the colored folk.

An excited young lady in Story Telling—"There was a whole herd of deer down at the brook."

Many brilliant young orators have been discovered in the Freshman Class. If you don't believe it ask any member of the History Class.

I

A little quiz in History
Some extra work in Trig
Makes the foolish Freshman
Dig! Dig! Dig!

II

A little fun, a dance or so
A recitation punk
And you'll see the foolish Freshman
Flunk! Flunk! Flunk!

COLLEGE CLUBS

Mandolin Club

On Friday afternoon, April 12, Miss Butterfield entertained the club members with a theater party at the Grand. In the evening the party attended the concert given by the Pittsburgh Male Chorus at Carnegie Music Hall. The club thanks Miss Butterfield for a wonderful time.

April 26, the Mandolin Club gave an entertainment at the North Side Orphan's Home. The programme was a very pleasing one, consisting of several numbers by the club, a story illustrated with cartoons by Miss Eleanor Salinger, a piano solo by Miss Margaret Greenlee, and vocal numbers by Miss Butterfield and Mr. McCurdy.

Friday evening, May 3, the Literary Society from the Asylum for the Blind invited the club to present a program. Miss Butterfield assisted with several songs, and Miss Greenlee played a piano solo.

Monday evening, May 6, the club wound up its year of work and entertainment with a dance given at the home of Miss Leopold. Everyone had a fine time and we look forward to a pleasant reunion next year.

Deutsche Verein

Since the last issue of the Sorosis, The Deutsche Verein had two very interesting meetings. On Wednesday, April 18th the regular meeting was converted into a Red Cross meeting at which Valeska Jarecki and Betty Shipley were hostesses. At this meeting some new members wre taken into the club.

On Wednesday, May 15th the club gave a picnic in a private plot of ground just outside of Sharpsburg. Roasted potatoes, fried bacon and eggs, strawberries, cake and roasted marshmallows pleased the hungry crowd. To add to their enjoyment and comfort, machines conveyed them to and from the picnic grounds. The day was ended by the club's atending the concert by Miss Estelle Miller and Miss Florence Younkins that night.

Aeriel Club

The Aeriel Club held its regular meeting April 18th in the faculty parlor. Specimens of birds were discussed and many interesting questions came up about them. The following Monday in spite of the heavy rain the night before, the club had a most exciting breakfast in Fern Hollow. It was a great surprise to the club to find several rare birds, hereto undiscovered, flying around in the Pittsburgh woods.

College Musical Club

We all realized the success of the College Musical Club this year not only because of the programs given during the year, but especially because of the wonderful talent exhibited in the "Toy Symphony." This club is destined to become one of the best in the college.

Chemistry Club

The Chemistry Club gave a most charming program to which the members of the first year Physics and Chemistry students were invited.

I THANK YOU

As the representative of the Physical Training Department of the College, I must talk to you at the close of this year. This has been a year of wonderful things for me, all because of the true loyalty and co-operation of each one of you. I must thank each group and individual who have made possible the happy success.

Yes, the Seniors have helped. They have backed us up in every varsity basketball game. You all know the cheering from the side lines is half the game—it furnishes the incentive to give the best you have, to work harder than ever for the last few minutes of play. They had to almost "hang up" on the window ledges, but they came, all of them, to those games and they yelled and sang for P. C. W. I will never forget their loyalty and personally thank each one for her share of that backing up. The Juniors are "wonders." As a class they stand together as one man. They love athletics—they must —and they've stacks of college spirit and are just full of class spirit. They need only be told when a game is to be played. I can be sure they'll be there with a team. Everybody knows they've taken everything at college, that they'll come out for everything with the intention of "going in" not only for victory but for the real fun in it all. They've a spirit back of their work that it would be well for any class to copy. They have reached a big goal this year—they will work hard to keep it, I know. The Sophomores have been handicapped by a small class and because as everybody knows the Soph year

is especially the year of long hours, lots of "lab" and finishing up disagreeable (?) required subjects. But they've been mighty loyal. They've always had their teams when the game was called and nobody but the Sophs have known what a hard job that's been. In their games, they've worked hard every second of play to bring victory to their class. Their loyalty to class has been their one big inspiration. Because they have faced defeat both in hockey and basketball but come back again with a stronger determination to win shows they're pluck. I am proud of their "spirits." It will bring victory some of these days. And our Freshmen! I have enjoyed watching their athletic appetite grow and it is growing steadily—watch out for them next year. They have the spirit of their sister class—a love of fair play and real fun to be gotten out of their games. That class is full of good material. In another year they will know more the value of good team work and a new loyalty to class and college will come to them. Think what they did in our past outdoor meet—15 points, to their credit, leading every class by 7 points—I thank you Freshmen and I am proud of your first year's work,

Do you know, each of you, Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshman, what you have made possible this year. I have had to give you many hours of class work; to buy new apparatus and find the work that would hold you in classes. It has been possible to have a series of inter-class hockey, basketball and baseball games, an outdoor field meet, and two tennis tournaments, one in singles and one in doubles. It is true we have just started things but look at the beginning you have made. That spirit back of that beginning will build in your heart and I feel sure you will keep moving ahead with more and more stunts next year. I know you won't be satisfied with anything less. If you want it you can have it. Oh, I do thank you for your spirit of this year. It has been my incentive and inspiration. You have made me feel that only my best could be given you. I have been discouraged packs of times, but just about that time someone of you as a class has brought me back to a willingness to work harder to acquire results. I thank you for that loyalty.

Some girls I have hapened, because of their offices, to be thrown with more often than others. They have been "birds." I speak of the President of Athletic Association, of the basketball manager, of the captain of every team we have had and of special girls who have helped me to arouse a genuine love for sports—hockey, basketball, tennis or anything that has been done. You all have the spirit, you wanted to come out and through the work of these agents we have brought you out for the first time. After that it has been easy. I could talk for hours but must stop. I do thank you from my heart. Go on as you have begun. You are helping your college and yourself in one of the noblest ways possible. "Pep" is a little word but "pep" and "spirit" (sort of first cousins), are two things that make every college and every woman.

Physical Taining Department.

AUTOGRAPHS

1918

Sense and Nonsense

Class Officers

DEAN FLORENCE K. ROOT	Honorary Member
JANET L. HILL	President
ESTHER W. EVANS	Secretary
RACHEL L. ALEXANDER RUTH D. LOGAN	Treasurers

Senior

Yellow Book

An Elite Directory

and

Class Register

Edition of 1918

Containing

Prominent Members of the Class of 1918

of the

Pennsylvania College for Women

Arranged in the Order of Their
Alphabetical Importance

ALEXANDER, RACHEL—"Rach."

Hobby—Rover.
Favorite Study—Dogology.
"Oh, Heck!"
Ideal of Bliss—Ask Mack—he knows.
Strong Point—Staying up to watch storms.

CORNELIUS, KAMALA—"Camile."

Hobby—Cutting Classes.
Favorite Study—Art.
"Please pass the buttah."
Ideal of Bliss—Seeing India again.
Strong Point—Getting fat.

DAVIDSON, MOLLIE—"Mollie."

Hobby—"Herb."
"He had to try them on."
Favorite Study—Pedagogy.
Ideal of Bliss—Trenton.
Strong Point—Silence.

EGGERS, ELIZABETH—"Elizabeth."

Hobby—Stiff courses.
"I believe there's something wrong with my mind."
Favorite Study—Anglo-Saxon.
Ideal of Bliss—Life with Dorothy.
Strong Point—Tact.

EVANS, ESTHER—"Esther."

Hobby—Vocalizing.
Favorite Study—Aesthetic Dancing.
"That Kind of Thing, Don't You Know."
Ideal of Bliss—Tripping the light fantastic.
Strong Point—Artistic entrance into the classroom when late.

FOURNIER, EULALIA—"Lala."

Hobby—(He lives in Beaver Falls.)
Favorite Study—The calendar.
"Oh, peanuts!"
Ideal of Bliss—Out on the farm.
Strong Point—Raising mice.

FULLER, ELEANOR—"Eleanor."

Hobby—Gardening.
Favorite Study—English Literature.
"I'm going home to work in my garden."
Ideal of Bliss—Psychologist.
Strong Point—Exit from German Club.

GOLDSMIT, ELINOR—"Ellie."

Hobby—Lab.
Favorite Study—Other people.
"Well, but look here. That's all very true, but—"
Ideal of Bliss—When Julian comes marching home.
Strong Point—Continued attendance at classes.

HILL, JANET—"Jay-nut."

Hobby—The couch.
Favorite Study—"A Study of the Human Will—How to be Prompt."
"You Poor Fish! If there are any ladies present, please leave!"
Ideal of Bliss—Atlantic City.
Strong Point—Bearing the woes of 1918.

HUNKER, CHARLOTTE—"Char."

Hobby—Receiving French Mail.
Favorite Study—Architecture.
"Dashed attractive."
Ideal of Bliss—Oil dressing.
Strong Point—Fondness for Haysiness.

KATES, EMILIE—"Emylya."

Hobby—English courses.
Favorite Study—Spiritualism.
"You ask her!"
Ideal of Bliss—After Christian Endeavor.
Strong Point—The Sergeant-Major.

KAUFFMAN, RUTH—"Ruth."

Hobby—Physics Lab.
Favorite Study—Eugenics.
"Now girls!"
Ideal of Bliss—Wedded!
Strong Point—Men.

LOGAN, RUTH—"Iky."

Hobby—My car, Jip."
Favorite Study—Philosophy.
"Listen Everybody—Attention!"
Ideal of Bliss—Perfect understanding.
Strong Point—Saying little in much.

LONG, RUTH—"Ruth."

Hobby—Rummage sales.
Favorite Study—Math.
"I'm going to see Dr. Acheson."
Ideal of Bliss—Teaching school for a fabulous sum.
Strong Point—Composing tuneful class songs.

MARKS, ANNETTA—"Annetta."

Hobby—Brilliant adornment.
"I must admit I am smart."
Favorite Study—The Anthropology of the Peloponnesian Isles.
Ideal of Bliss—At the head of the class.
Strong Point—The things other folks can't do.

McKENZIE, ELIZABETH—"Betty."

Hobby—Athletics.
Favorite Study—Black Mark System.
Favorite Expression—Not passed by censor.
Ideal of Bliss—Teaching school.
Strong Point—Love for Holland.

MINOR, DOROTHY—"Dot."

Hobby—"Kat."
"I'll push his face in!"
Favorite Study—Deutsch.
Ideal of Bliss—Life in Philly.
Strong Point—Pink cheeks and the ballot.

MYERS, KATHRYNE—"Kit."

Hobby—Playing the vampire.
"Is it, though!"
Favorite Study—Advanced Psychology.
Ideal of Bliss—Life on a farm.
Strong Point—Continued membership in the German Club

PAUL, JOSEPHINE—"Jo."

Hobby—Dilling the Nut Brigade.
Favorite Study—Nothing.
"I should kiss a cat, yes!"
Ideal of Bliss—Staying at school over the week-end.
Strong Point—Writing Prize Songs.

SHEPPARD, ELIZABETH—"Betty."

Hobby—Luncheons.
Favorite Study—American Literature.
"I'm sorry!"
Ideal of Bliss—In the arms of the Morpheus, especially in class.
Strong Point—Chapel attendance.

STERLING, VINONA—"Nona."

Hobby—Chasing mice out of Suite 21.
Favorite Study—Mathematics.
"Oh, pickles!"
Ideal of Bliss—Farm Life.
Strong Point—Furnishing the dorm with clothes.

TEMPLE, MARTHA—"Martie."

Hobby—Trying to stir up trouble.
Favorite Study—"Reading!"
"When I was at Eaglesmere."
Ideal of Bliss—Slumber parties.
Strong Point—Eating candy.

VAN KIRK, LORENA—"Bill."

Hobby—Attending Mrs. Sheridan's parties.
Favorite Study—F. A. F.
"Give me a ham sandwich."
Ideal of Bliss—"When the war is over."
Strong Point—Cleaning pictures.

WOLF, OLIVE.

Hobby—The 5:15.
Favorite Study—Spoken English.
"O girls, that's mean; we'd better not."
Ideal of Bliss—Auburn.
Strong Point—"Beowulf" in modern slang.

TUNEFUL DITTIES SUNG BY SENIORS

Tune: The Long, Long Trail.

We're the Class of 1918
And very proud of it, too.
Now we know we must be leaving
And say farewell to you.
We are very fond of College
And we will miss these old halls,
Where we've gained a lot of knowledge
Which we'll put to use next fall.

Tune: Indiana.

At Pennsylvania on the hill top
There's a lively senior class.
With their nut brigades and rummage sales
They've been famous in the past.
In years to come, in halls of fame
Their names will all be seen,
When you think of Pennsylvania on the hill top.
You will think of the Class of '18.

Tune: We're Going Away for a Long, Long Time.

We won't be back for a long, long time,
A long, long time, a long, long time,
But now we're here, let us cheer
For 1918 and our Alma Mater dear.
We will extol you through all our days.
Sing your praise, your banner raise,
And we'll be just as true to you as to the Red, White and Blue,
Though we're going for a long, long time.

Tune: You Said Something When You Said You Loved Me.

We are the Seniors of the Class of '18
Our yellow banner can most always be seen,
If you want someone to help you, just call.
We've been through History, through Psych, and Math.
and every mystery.
We wrecked the flag pole and had fun galore
We've given parties and fine spreads by the score,
You've seen something when you've looked upon us
So, hurrah! 1918!

SOME DAY

Masontown Girl's Engagement Announced

The home of Mrs. James Beyers Hays, of Bellevue, was the scene of a charming afternoon party, given in honor of Miss Winona Sterling, whose engagement to Mr. Iam Ewers, of Chicago, was announced. The decorations were in yellow and white. Among the out-of-town guests were Mrs. Kenneth Babbit, of Beaver Falls, Pa., and Miss Elizabeth McKenzie, of New Cumberland-on-the-Rhine. Miss McKenzie has just returned from New York and Newport, where she has created quite a sensation in society.

Mr. and Mrs. Babbit leave for their southern home next week.

P. C. W. in Washington Society

Mrs. O. U. Curls, who before her marriage was Miss Lorena Van Kirk, is sharing honors with her husband in the Army circles at Washington.

Book Reviews

"The Ultimate Constitution of the Electron," by Elinor Goldsmit, Fellow in Meloney Institute. Price $1.98. This book

is well worth your reading, being the most imaginative and fantastic scientific work ever evolved by man or woman.

"Are You the Descendant of Ape?" by Elinor Fuller, Professor in Paleontology at Wilkinsburg College for Girls. Price $1.23. This scientific treatise is stirring to a great degree and leads one to think more kindly of the monkey family.

"After Thoughts of the After World," by Emilie Kates, noted journalist. Price $1.58. A book of free verse, filled with sobs and fears and sighs and tears. It is especially enjoyable after meals.

Wilkinsburg Girls Prominent in Canada

Miss Ruth Logan, champion exponent of women's winter sports in Canada, will give a fancy skating expedition at Toronto, next week.

Miss Janet Hill entertained the class of 1918 of P. C. W. yesterday afternoon. She announced the great honor which has been recently bestowed on her, namely her election for presidency of the National Swimming Teachers' Association of America. Her friends rejoiced with her.

Advertisements

Is Your Dog Ill? If so bring him to the Pups Rendezvous! A first-class sanitarium for first-class dogs. Good situation, ten miles from city. Good food, air and care.

Proprietresses—R. Alexander, J. Paul.

The Wolfonian Institute. A school for little girls. Special instruction in Anglo-Saxon. Neatness and precision emphasized.

Principal—Olive Wolf.

Mademoiselle Kathryne Meyers has opened a studio of Music in the Canary Building. Mlle. Meyers recently returned from abroad, where she studied under Monsieur Screechalotsky.

Club Notes

At a meeting of the Intellectual Fervor Club last week, Miss Annetta Marks read an original thesis written in Latin. The subject was "The Convenience of Latin in the Home." At the same meeting Miss Ruth Kauffman was elected president of the club for the ensuing year.

At the Theatres This Week

Miss Esterre D'Evanne and Miss Dottie Minoir will present their latest dance hit "The Tomato Apache" at the Grant this week. Their grace and originality are supreme and yet startling.

Miss Elizabeth Eggers is appearing at the Savus this week. She will sing songs written especially for her by Miss Ruth Long, the noted Pittsburgh composeress.

Lectures for the Week

Two women speak on India.

The Dean of the Woman's College of Madras, India, will speak at the Twentieth Century Club on Wednesday. Her subject being "Scientific Women in India." At the same meeting, Miss Martha Temple, who has been doing missionary work in india, will give an address on "The Y. W. C. A. in the East."

Noted Ornothologist to Speak Here.

Miss Elizabeth Sheppard, formerly of Pittsburgh, one of the best authorities on birds in the world, will lecture at the Hotel Schenley, next Tuesday evening. Miss Sheppard has just returned from an extended tour around the world and will lecture on "Feeble-Minded Birds of the Tooloo Islands."

A Radical Lecture

Miss Naomi Molly Davidson delivered a sensational lecture last evening at the P. O. O. on "Marriage, Past, Present and Future."

Last Will and Testament

We, the Class of 1918, being in full possession of all our mental faculties, do hereby make and publish this our, our last will and testament, the same to be executed with all due respect and reverence by the Faculty and Trustes of the College.

(Item 1.)

We, the Senior members of the On-the-Couch Club, do hereby bequeath to the Sophomore members, all the necessary equipment of the afore-mentioned club, namely couches, blankets, flashlight and the ability to sleep under trying conditions, together with the hope that said articles will prove as efficient in future years as in the past.

(Item 2.)

We, the Senior Day girls, the well-known business dealers and salesmen do hereby bequeath the choice and cherished possession of their "copyright for Rummage Sales" to their able assistants in the Sophomore Class.

(Item 3.)

We, the members of the Senior Class in Spoken English, in partnership and mutual agreement, do hereby bequeath our fifteen copis of "Sherwood" to the next Senior Class to be used in the production of their class play.

(Item 4.)

We, the entire Senior Class, in patriotic fervor, partnership and mutual agreement, do hereby will and bequeath our anti-German tendencies to the Deutscher Verrin.

(Item 5.)

I, Rachel Olive Wolf, in a beneficent mood, do hereby bequeath my comb to any one in the Senior Den, whose hair is unruly.

(Item 6.)

I, Lorena Ann Van Kirk, always solicitous for the health of under-graduates, do hereby bequeath my Fresh Air Farm to the students of the second floor of Woodland Hall.

(Item 7.)

I, Ruth May Kauffman, do hereby bestow my privilege of giving spiritual lectures in the Senior Den to Margaret Hamilton to be used next year in connection with her student government work.

(Item 8.)

I, Esther White Evans, in order that day girls may arrive on time for their 8:30 classes, do bequeath my short journey down from Mt. Washington on a winter's morning, to any one who likes to travel.

(Item 9.)

We, Eulalia Fournier and Elizabeth Winona Sterling, in perfect understanding and mutual agreement, do hereby bequeath our effective mouse-trap, which catches on the average of one mouse a night, to the next occupants of Suite 21.

(Item 10.)

I, Elizabeth Catherine McKenzie, the well-known student in Advanced Education, do hereby bequeath my own candle-light parlor to the students of the second floor of the dormitory.

(Item 11.)

I, Josephine Brown Paul, do hereby bequeath my colonelship in the Nut Brigade to Lillian Applestein.

(Item 12.)

I, Janet Lockhart Hill, with my hat on straight and my books under my arm, do hereby bequeath to Ethel Perry, Sophomore, my morning run up to Point Breeze to catch the Hamilton car.

(Item 13.)

I, Ruth Isabel Long, after much serious consideration, do hereby bequeath my nerve to dop Calculus in the middle of my Senior year, to any member of the next advanced math class, to be used only in case of extreme need.

(Item 14.)

I, Rachel Longwell Alexander, do hereby sadly bequeath Rover and his friends to Jane Lobmiller.

(Item 15.)

I, Emilie Serle Kates, "clothed and in my right mind," do hereby somewhat reluctantly bequeath my much-used but still instructive private course in Advanced Themes to Robert Applestein, who had always exhibited a keen interest in aforementioned study.

(Item 16.)

I, Dorothy Simpson Minor, do hereby will and bequeath my suffragist tendencies to our dear friend and advisor Mr. Putnam, for use in his new business career, where he may have need of them.

(Item 17.)

I, Ruth Douglas Logan, do hereby bequeath my hard-used but still effective ability to bluff to Mrs. Witherspoon, in case of future need.

(Item 18.)

I, Charlotte Marie Hunker, do hereby bequeath "Al" (Aluminum Cup) to the next occupant of room 13, hoping it will still prove useful in the future years.

(Item 19.)

I, Kamala Cornelius, in a hesitating and doubtful mood, do hereby bequeath much valued polette and brushes to Mary Crawford to be used in her future art work.

(Item 20.)

I, Kathryne Hannah Myers, do hereby bestow my privilege of being present at every class and never being required to take examinations to my best friend, Helen Leitch.

(Item 21.)

I, Annetta Marks, in full possession of my sound mind, do hereby bequeath to an incoming freshman, my ability and aptitude to memorize.

(Item 22.)

I, Eleanor Fuller, do hereby will and bequeath to some advanced student my expensive and amply-filled English and history note-books.

(Item 23.)

I, Elizabeth Voegtly Eggers, do hereby bestow to Margaret Hare my regular place at the lunch-table in Berry Hall.

(Item 24.)

I, Elizabeth Woolslayer Sheppard, having completed my College career, do hereby bequeath my general leadership in Athletics to Winifred Black.

(Item 25.)

I, Naomi Mollie Davidson, do hereby bequeath my extensive literary abilities to Laura Taber.

(Item 26.)

I, Elinor Beatrice Goldsmit, do hereby bequeath my skill in Physics to Roberta Gilmore.

(Item 27.)

I, Martha Agnew Temple, do somewhat reluctantly bequeath my waste-paper basket to Gladys Fournier.

In witness whereof, we, the Senior Class, aforesaid, have hereunto subscribed our names and affixed our seal, this the 20th day of May, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and eighteen.

Olive Wolf	Esther Evans
Lorena Van Kirk	Eulalia Fournier
Ruth Kauffman	Winona Sterling
Elizabeth McKenzie	Josephine Paul
Janet Hill	Ruth Long
Rachel Alexander	Emilie S. Kates
Dorothy Minor	Ruth Logan
Charlotte Hunker	Kamala Cornelius
Kathryne Myers	Annetta Marks
Eleanor Fuller	Elizabeth Eggers
Elizabeth Sheppard	Mollie Davidson
Elinor Goldsmit	Martha Temple

Then and there signed, sealed and published by the Senior Class 1918, as and for their Last Will in the presence of us, who at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto set our names as witnesses.

Florence K. Root, SEAL

George W. Putnam. SEAL

Mary W. Brownson, SEAL

In Memoriam

Lora Virginia Jeffers

December 12, 1917

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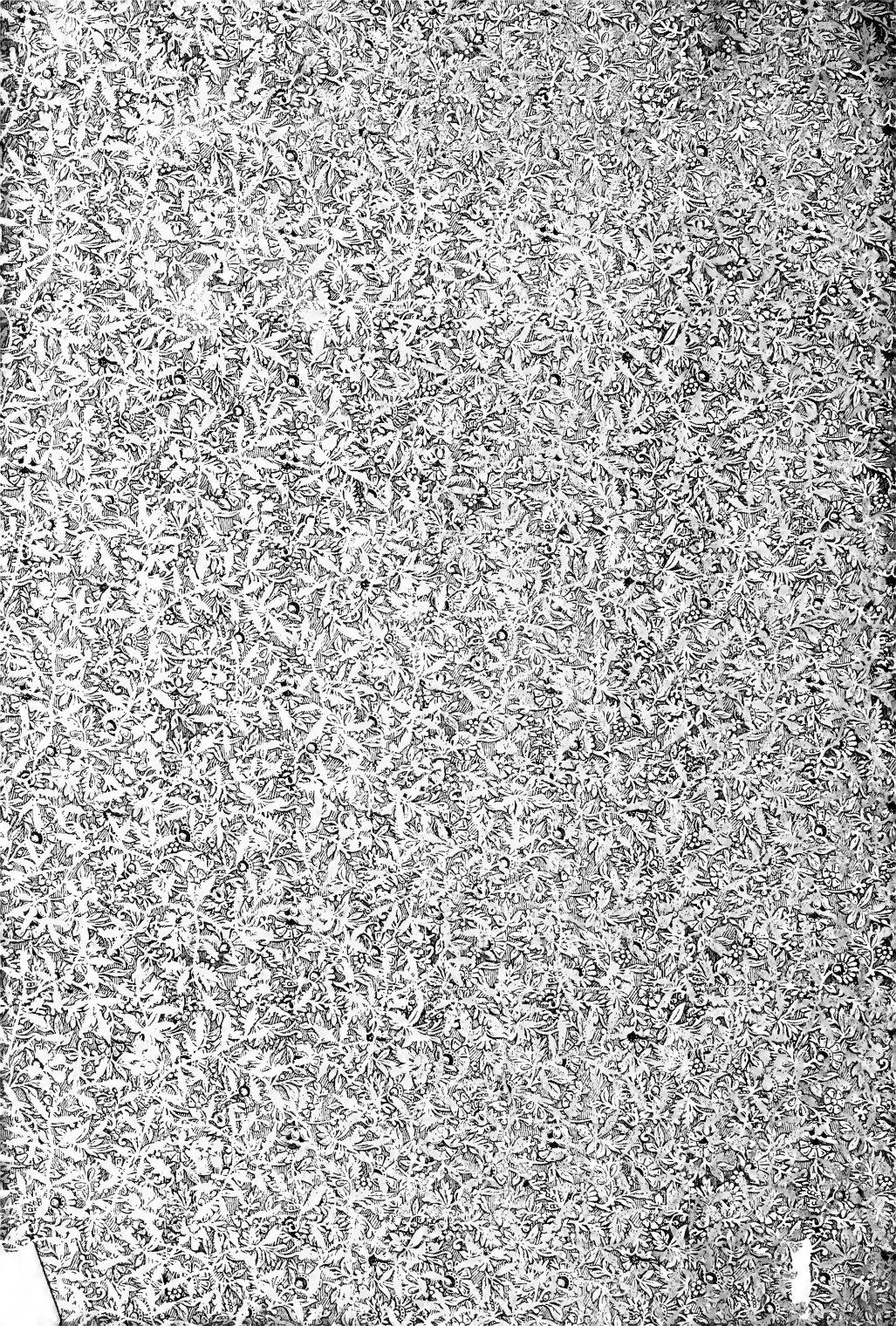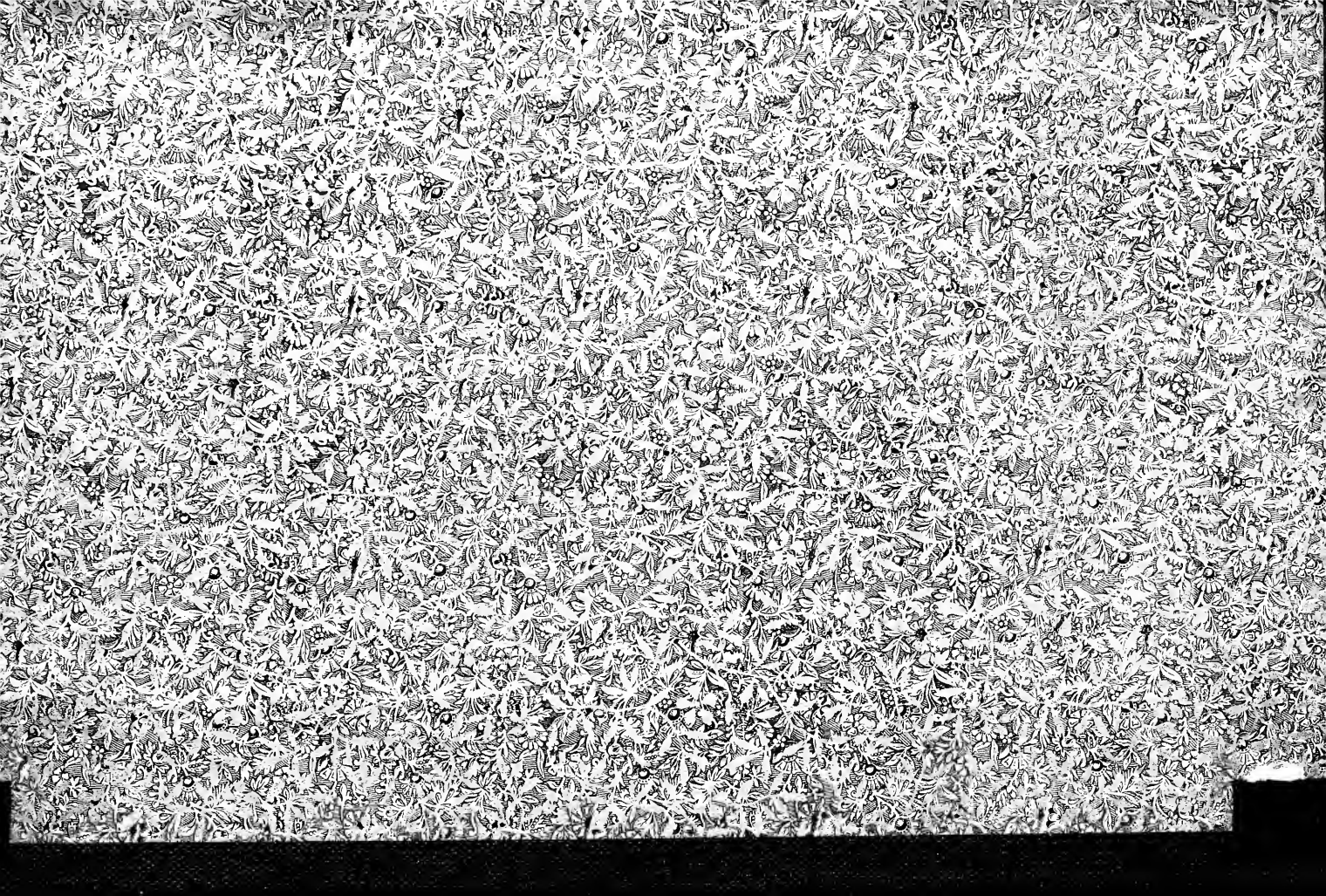
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